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THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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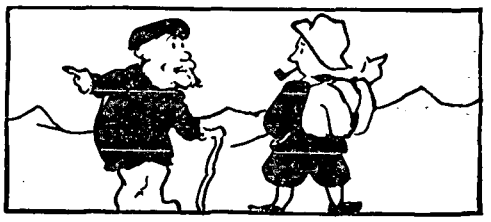


The Guide Post

A HUNDRED years ago, Americans who were 'internationally minded' were privileged to enjoy *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, then published in Philadelphia. In the year 1844, E. Littell of Philadelphia removed his printing and publishing business to Boston, where THE LIVING AGE took the place of the predecessor periodical. Littell explained in a foreword to the first number of THE LIVING AGE that the removal from Philadelphia was principally for the reason that in Boston he would receive the foreign periodicals earliest, since that port had been recently selected as the American terminus of the first steamship line connecting Great Britain with the United States. But arrivals did not always synchronize with publication requirements, for in THE LIVING AGE bearing the date May 11, 1844, it is recorded: 'As we go to press we hear the noise of the steamer's arrival and know that our periodicals are on board, *but we cannot use them for this number.*' At the time this was written, sailing vessels still made the quickest transatlantic crossings, but the steam packets were considered more dependable as to schedule and were principally used for the mails. So it was that Littell declared nearly eighty-five years ago, as we have had frequent occasion to note, that 'the *steamship* has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood,' also stating that 'much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.' But the early numbers of the magazine sought to inform intelligent Americans of the condition and changes of foreign countries, principally by reprints from the British press. It was not until a more recent period that the publishers conceived that the main purpose of the periodical, which has never changed, could best be served by including important and significant translations into English from the press of foreign countries.

To paraphrase the proverb, the way of the translator is hard. His art is so difficult that it may never be claimed that translations, however well done, can

(*Continued on page 396*)

World Records

—As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

—Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

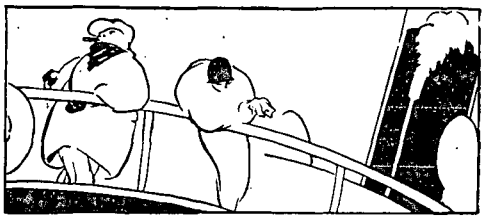
¶ TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELERS. William and Daniel O'Brien, twin boys aged four months, who are the youngest holders of passports ever to cross the Atlantic, recently arrived at Liverpool by the White Star liner, *Celtic*. They traveled in the care of a stewardess on the ship, their mother having died the day after they were born. The young travelers had been sent to live with their grandmother, a Mrs. Collins, of Trevis Street, Barry Decks, South Wales, and they reached their destination happy, safe, and sound.

¶ MATRIMONY. A divorce after but forty minutes of married life is claimed by the *Times* (London) as the world's record for the 'shortest marriage.' The husband was a workman in Leningrad, and his wife a girl of humble station. They were wed by Soviet law, and left the magistrate's office. In less than three-quarters of an hour they reappeared to ask for and obtain a divorce. They had spent their brief honeymoon on a tram, quarreling as to where they should live. They could not agree as to this, but agreed not to live together.

¶ MURDER AND SUICIDE. The first recorded case of suicide in an airplane, accompanied also by murder, is claimed by Belgrade dispatches in a tragic narrative in which the fiery passions of the Balkans and the picturesque lethal possibilities of modern air navigation were fatally combined. Sergeant Major Firowica, one of the most daring air pilots in Yugoslavia, took his sweetheart aloft for a ride in the sky. Soon they quarreled, and Firowica turned his plane downward in a death-dive. He was killed instantly. The young woman lived only long enough to murmur that they had disagreed, the Sergeant Major then having exclaimed desperately, 'Now we die together!'

¶ BARREL ROLLS. Eighty 'barrel rolls' were recently made by Thursder Johnson, St. Paul (U. S. A.) aviator, before he was forced to descend. For those who don't know, a 'barrel roll' is described as a manœuvre whereby a plane turns upon its axis with a screwlike motion as it proceeds upon its forward flight. It is difficult for the pilot of the plane to endure because of the uncontrollable nausea induced. The previous consecutive barrel roll record was twenty-six. It was in doing a slow barrel roll too close to the ground that Lieutenant

(*Continued on page 400*)



World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. *March* 26th, 'Holy Sepulchre' in all churches.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP, COURTRAI, etc. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
BRUGES, GRAMMONT, etc. *February* 17th, carnival.
BRUSSELS. *January* 8th, Festival of St. Gudule.
LIÈGE. *February* 10th, musical festival commemorating birth of Grétry.
LOUVAIN. *February* 9th, Festival of St. Apollonia.
ROCHEFORT. *March* 31st, Grottoes of Han are open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 7th, Masaryk Day; 28th, Komensky Day.
BOHEMIA. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras carnivals.
PRAGUE. *March*, entire month, Prague Sample Fair.

DENMARK

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
DRAGÖR. *February* 12th, annual game of 'Killing the Cat in the Barrel,' attended by Royal Family.

ENGLAND

LONDON. *January* 5th, All-England fold dance festival, Royal Albert Hall.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 5th, Runeberg's Day festivals.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 5th, Epiphany Eve, celebration of the 'Galette du Roi'; *February* 12th, Mardi gras.
NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 7th, Mid-Lent celebration (*Mi-Carême*).
CANNES. *February* 8th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
LOURDES. *February* 11th, Day of Our Lady.
NICE. *February* 8th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
PARIS. *January* 1st, Fête of the Circumcision (parades and exchange of gifts); 3rd through 11th, Festival of St. Geneviève; 4th, 6th, 11th, 13th, 18th, 20th, 25th, 27th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; *February* 1st, 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; *March* 1st, 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, 29th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 26th through 28th, *Foire aux jambons* (Ham Fair).
ST. MALO (NORMANDY). *February* 27th, Great 'pardon' of Newfoundland fishermen.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 3rd, Bonfire celebration of Little Candlemas.
BERLIN. *January* 1st, International Riding & Driving Tournament opens; 26th, 'Green Week' and Hunting Exposition opens.

(*Continued on page 380*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

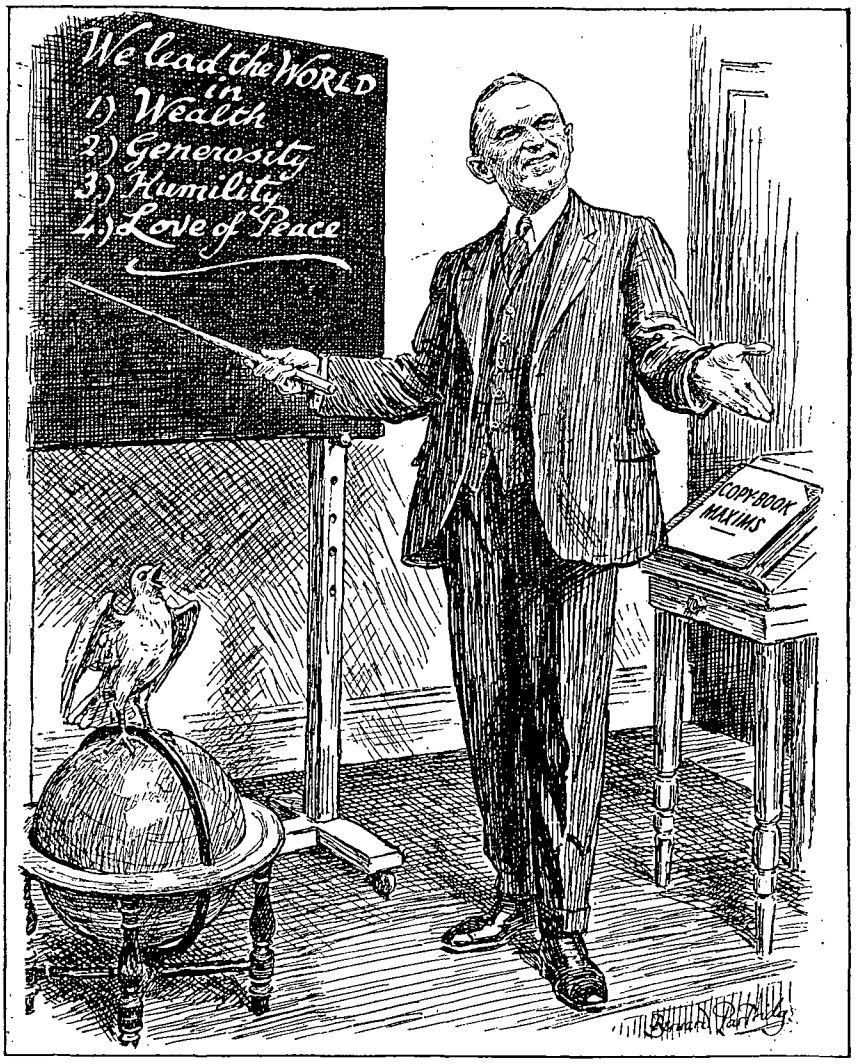
VOLUME 335 JANUARY · 1929 NUMBER 4337

The World Over

MR. COOLIDGE PREPARES FOR MR. KELLOGG'S PEACE

EUROPE is still echoing with President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech, in which he rebuked the Powers for their failure to disarm and in the same breath proclaimed that 'world standards of defense require us to have more cruisers.' Coming at a time when the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty is shortly to be discussed, both in the United States and abroad, his speech strikes even the most friendly European critics as lacking in tact; and, though the subsequent debates in the British House of Commons have been censored before publication in the British press, it is known that the question was frankly asked: 'Are we contemplating war with America?' That the questioner was promptly hushed does not make his question any less significant.

Of course foreign comment overlooks one phase of the situation. So far as the United States Senate is concerned, the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty is made easier and not more difficult by preparedness pronunciamentos by President Coolidge and President-Elect Hoover. Anomalous as this may appear, its explanation is simple. Conceivably a number of Senators would vote against ratification of the Kellogg Treaty if they thought it would interfere with a programme for adequate military preparedness. Stated another way, any Senator, however belligerent, should be willing to vote for the renunciation of war in theory, if he were assured that the United States would make adequate provision for war in reality.



Punch, London

A BRITISH VIEW OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S SPEECH

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE: 'And what is our logical conclusion from this, my friends? Obviously it is that we must build more warships.'
AMERICAN DOVE: 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

Of course the chief danger in the present situation is the possibility of competition in naval armaments between Great Britain and the United States — a rivalry which would not be any less menacing to the peace of the world because the United States at present undoubtedly does possess an economic strength which would enable her to build more ships in less time than Britain. The world is now face to face with the very problem that was foreseen at the close of the World War, when Colonel House and President Wilson, especially the former, sought to persuade the British that they had more to gain than any other nation by proclaiming the future 'freedom of the seas' in war as well as in peace.

The British standpoint is easy to understand and commands ready sympathy. The island of Great Britain supplies only a quarter of its own food and cannot exist unless the sea-lanes leading to its ports are kept open. The present British Government believes that the

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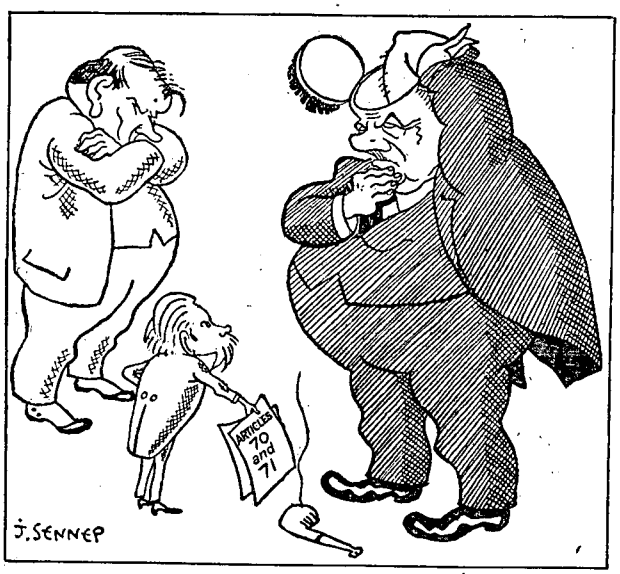

Écho de Paris, Paris

THE ARTICLES WHICH UPSET A FRENCH CABINET

M. HERRIOT, resigned Radical Socialist Minister, 'ransacks his memory' in a vain effort to recall ever having seen the famous pro-Clerical Articles 70 and 71 of the French Budget which an irate member of his party accuses him of having tacitly approved. Another Radical Socialist Minister in a similar quandary stands in the background.

only way to assure the safety of the sea-lanes is an adequate supply of small cruisers, capable of defending commerce everywhere on the high seas. But small cruisers require naval bases not too remote, and the American Government cannot entrust the defense of its own immense sea-borne commerce to small cruisers, because it lacks the necessary naval bases. Its demand — to which President Coolidge lent support in his Armistice Day speech — is for a number of larger cruisers, to which the British Admiralty is unalterably opposed. On this point the Geneva Naval Conference broke down completely, and there seems no near prospect of agreement, unless the Labor Party, with its traditionally pacific policy, should come into power at the British General Elections next Spring.

If the two countries — now the greatest naval powers in the world — fail to reach agreement, competition in naval armaments seems inevitable; and three centuries of British naval history show how dangerous such rivalry is to the peace of the world. Spain, Holland, France, and Germany have successively challenged the supremacy of British naval power, and have been crushed in consequence.

It is all too easy to draw from those facts a deduction as inexorable in its logic as it may be terrible in its consequences. That such gloomy forebodings are suggested while the Kellogg Peace Treaty is awaiting ratification by its signatories must be discouraging to every friend of peace.

M. POINCARÉ STUMBLES AND GOES ON

RAYMOND POINCARÉ, after having been forced to resign the premiership in one of the most curious upsets in French parliamentary history, is Premier once more. This is his fifth occupancy of the office, and he now has the distinction of being the first Premier of France who does not at the same time head a government department. In his last Cabinet, which was overthrown by the Radical Socialists early in November, M. Poincaré was Finance Minister; but in the present ministry he has given up this post to M. Henri Chéron. The reason for this unusual step is to be found in the fact that France is at present carrying on a series of extremely important diplomatic negotiations, to which M. Poincaré wishes to devote his undivided attention.

The political crisis through which France has just passed, and which led to M. Poincaré's momentary downfall, was occasioned by the sudden reappearance of the old bogy of Clericalism — which in France means the meddling of the Catholic Party in the affairs of a laicized State. The upset came as a complete surprise; for only last June the Poincaré Government had an overwhelming majority in the Chamber, and public confidence was generally thought to have increased since that time.

The whole upheaval was caused by what now seems to have been a ludicrous blunder in the Finance Ministry, though it may have been a deliberate effort by some unidentified politician to precipitate a crisis and thus work off a grudge against Poincaré. Some twenty years ago, the French Government expelled all monastic orders from France. This had numerous embarrassing results, not the least of which was the gradual substitution of Italian for French missionaries in the French colonies. Someone appears lately to have come to the conclusion that it would be a good thing for the French to have their own missionaries — especially since France had always been jealous of Italian influence in her colonies, particularly those in French North Africa. Accordingly, two articles — soon to be known all over France as Articles 70 and 71 — were providing for the restitution of limited rights to several monastic orders slipped into the pending Budget. M. Poincaré consulted several members of his Cabinet individually concerning these articles, but did not bring them formally before a Cabinet meeting. It was here that his arch enemies, M. Joseph Caillaux and M. Louis Malvy, both of whom had been convicted of treasonable practices while Poincaré was President during the War, but who have nevertheless since managed to make their way back to some degree of political power, saw their chance for revenge.

Their party, the Radical Socialist, was about to hold a national conference. Four members of Poincaré's 'Cabinet of National Union' were Radical Socialists. Malvy and Caillaux used their influence to persuade the party — which has always been noted for its anti-Clerical feeling — to vote a resolution condemning the now famous Articles 70 and 71 of the Budget. This compelled the resignation of the four Radical Socialists in the Cabinet; for, by not protesting, they had lent their tacit approval to the measures that their party spurned. Not the least amusing feature of the whole proceeding was the spectacle of each of these ministers attempting to explain how the disputed articles had slipped by him without his knowledge, when the Budget which contained them had been available in printed form for several weeks!

In spite of this loss of four ministers out of his Cabinet of twelve, M. Poincaré has been able to make a new choice among the innumerable French parties and to form a new Cabinet in which the Radical Socialists are not represented at all. He has lost M. Herriot; but he still has a majority of forty-eight votes in the Chamber of Deputies and is therefore expected to be able to maintain his fifth Cabinet in power.

That he should do so at this time is of almost as much importance to the world at large as it is to France. With new steps being taken to settle the vexed questions of reparations, war debts, and disarmament, it is highly desirable that French opinion be voiced by a strong government. Had M. Poincaré been unable to return to power, much past negotiation would have had to be done over again. Now, however, it seems certain not only that he will be able to keep the franc, which he stabilized several months ago, at its present position, but also that he will be able to continue negotiations which may solve three of Europe's most troublesome post-war problems.

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Mr. Hoover Would See for Himself

No man is likely to accuse President-Elect Hoover of provincialism. In the course of his conspicuous career as a professional engineer and as a 'reconstructive specialist in catastrophes,' he has lived and worked on every continent save one. But Mr. Hoover has hitherto possessed no first-hand acquaintance with South and Central America, though two terms as Secretary of Commerce have, of course, given him a wide knowledge of Pan-American trade relations, as seen from the United States.

His present journey, therefore, has two obvious motives. It will add to his knowledge of the nations with which he will have to deal during the next four years, and of their leaders. While it would be idle to pretend that during the whirl of official visits and receptions which mark his tour Mr. Hoover can gain any very profound information of political or economic conditions in the nations he visits, he will nevertheless, as the semiofficial representative of the United States, gain that vivid, and very real — though not readily definable — understanding of the affairs of other nations which no amount of theoretical knowledge can convey and which can come only from having seen with one's own eyes.

Mr. Hoover's visit should also make easier his future task of fostering Pan-American good will. The smaller nations of the two Americas have sometimes seemed to suffer from a kind of international inferiority complex. Unmindful that some of the greatest nations of history have also been the smallest in territory and population, they allow themselves to feel overshadowed by the very bigness of the 'Colossus of the North.' The countries which Mr. Hoover is visiting ought by all the laws of reason to stand in close and permanently friendly relations with the United States. Although the newspapers have not yet reported Mr. Hoover's use of the quotation, The Living Age recommends to Mr. Hoover, as appropriate for an occasional postprandial speech, lines used by Senator William Edgar Borah, of Idaho, when he was discussing the relations between Mexico and the United States:—

'God has made us neighbors
Let Justice make us friends!'

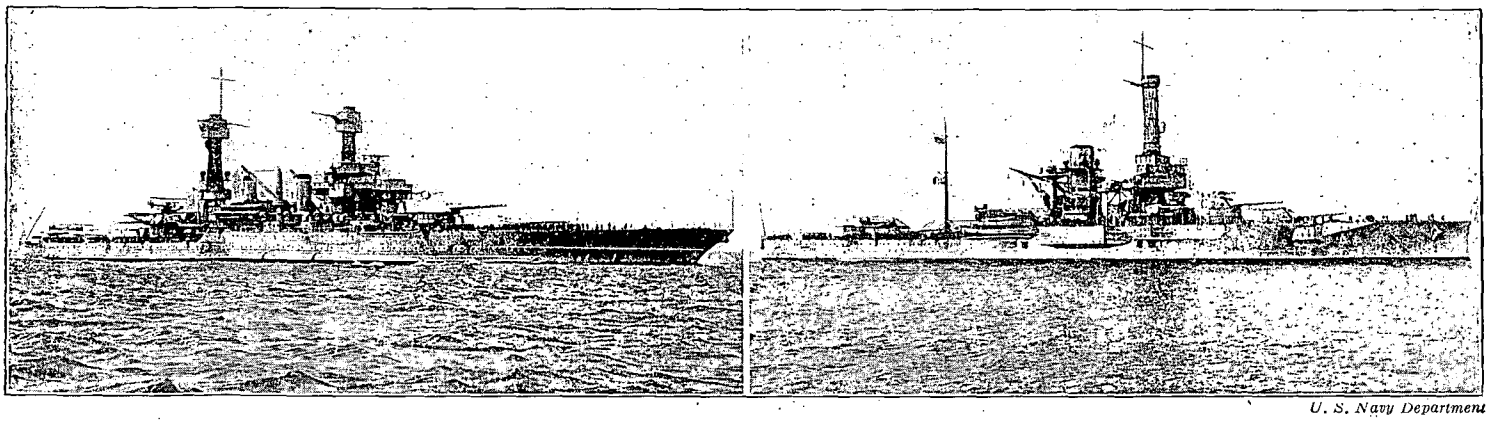
Certain it is that the Latin-American nations share with the United States essentially similar forms of government and common economic interests. As customers of the United States, the Latin-Americans are second only to the Europeans. United States investments in Latin-American countries amount to nearly five billion dollars, and the United States' annual trade with them amounts to about two billion.

Yet the relations of the United States with her Latin-American neighbors, though close, have never been free from constraint. Language has been one barrier, and the differences between Latin and Anglo-Saxon customs and ideals another. But the gravest barrier to mutual understanding, and the barrier most difficult to remove, has been the suspicious attitude of even the largest and most powerful Latin-American states as they contemplate the stupendous growth of the United States.

Latin Americans, then, should find a peculiar gratification in the fact that the first act of the internationally famous President-Elect is to pay them a visit — in spite of the circumstance that his good-will voyage is made on fighting ships. The result of the tour should make far pleasanter the official relations which will begin next March. But Mr. Hoover's task will still be sufficiently difficult, due in part to his inheritance of the Coolidge policies, which Hoover has unreservedly approved. These have never been popular in Latin America.

The journey of the President-Elect suggests an interesting query. Mr. Hoover already possesses a unique knowledge of European states and statesmen. His Latin-American tour will provide him with a somewhat similar, though more cursory, knowledge of men and affairs in South and Central America. Thus equipped with an international knowledge and acquaintance that few Presidents have possessed, will Mr. Hoover as President fall into the same error as did an illustrious predecessor within recent years, and attempt to be his own Secretary of State?

It may be claimed with confidence that the most efficient and successful administration of the office of President of the United States requires that this high functionary should, in most matters affecting international relations and in many matters involving internal policies, remain somewhat in the background, while his Cabinet members 'feel out' public sentiment, try experiments, and, inevitably, make mistakes. A Cabinet member sufficiently loyal will try to have it this way. Appeal can then be made to the President, who, with fuller information, and advantaged by sober second thought, should set matters right, and so receive credit for most real achievement and escape as much blame as possible for bungling. In other words, an Executive, with a Cabinet, should be a court of last resort and not of original jurisdiction. It is only by such methods that President-Elect Hoover will be able to escape the wear and tear and strain and utter devitalization resulting from the responsibilities of the most onerous and exacting public office in the world.



U. S. Navy Department

The Ships Which Are Taking Mr. Hoover on His Good Will Tour

On the left, the battleship *Maryland*, which took the President-Elect down the west coast of South America: launched in 1920, displacement 32,500 tons, oil fuel, speed 21 knots, armament 8 16-inch guns, 12 5-inch guns, 8 5-inch anti-aircraft guns, 2 21-inch torpedo tubes, 3 U20 scouting planes. On the right, the battleship *Utah*, which is bringing Mr. Hoover back from Buenos Aires: launched in 1909, modernized in 1927, displacement 21,825 tons, oil fuel, speed 21 knots, armament 10 12-inch guns, 12 5-inch guns, 8 3-inch anti-aircraft guns, 2 U20 scouting planes.

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Mussolini Plans the Future Italy

THE merciless grip in which convention and respect for tradition hold the minds of even the most outwardly unconventional of men is one of the more amusing anomalies of human nature. The conqueror, the fire-breathing dictator, no matter how secure he seems in his position, eventually feels the need of cloaking the nakedness of his power in the garments of recognized, conventional authority.

Benito Mussolini, Dictator of Italy, seems to be moved by much the same desire. Perhaps the rumors that his daughter is to marry an Italian prince will remain only rumors. But his whole political life, from his 'appointment' as Prime Minister by the King in the conventional manner, after the Black Shirts' highly unconventional march on Rome in 1922, to the final approval of his latest law setting up the Fascist Grand Council as a legally recognized organ of the Italian State, has been one long process of breaking the conventions (in most cases those established by the Italian Constitution), and then carefully legalizing the position that he had reached by extra-legal means. He has never hesitated to break the rules; but he has been just as quick to make new rules afterward to justify his action.

The Dictator's latest successful experiment in justifying his position — the legalization of the Fascist Grand Council as the dominant organ of the State — is the crowning glory of six years of autocratic rule. By it, Fascism becomes no longer a party in a parliament that nominally governs Italy, but the government of Italy itself. It is as if, by amendment to the Constitution of the United States, one particular party were empowered to draw up all laws, control all nominations for public office, and dictate the succession to the presidency. Also the new Grand Council Law provides for a successor to Mussolini himself, and thus for the permanent continuance of the régime.

The Fascist Grand Council — composed of the Prime Minister (Mussolini), the Cabinet officers, the President of the Senate, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, and leaders of all branches of the Fascist organization — has long been in existence, but has never before had its prerogatives clearly defined. The new law, passed by the Senate by 181 votes to 19, with only such 'unenlightened' persons as the world famous physicist and medical authority, Vito Volterra, and the great philosopher, Benedetto Croce, dissenting, now gives the Council four principal powers. First, it is to draft all important legislation. Second, it is to approve candidates for Parliament, who are not only to be suggested by subsidiary Fascist councils, but are to be the only candidates upon which the electorate votes, and, when elected, are to pass upon laws which the Grand Council itself initiates. Third, it is to name all ministers, including the Prime Minister and Head of the Government (Mussolini's present official title), and is to proceed immediately with drawing up a list of persons suitable to take Mussolini's place when he dies. Finally, it is to dictate the successor to the throne itself, should any question over Victor Emmanuel's heir arise.

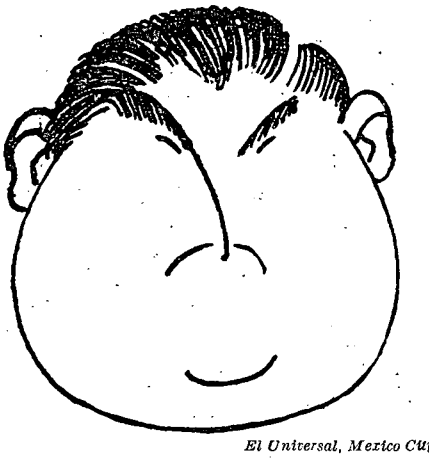
A question of much interest is whether Mussolini, in bringing about the passage of a law which gives the Grand Council such wide powers, has to any extent abdicated personal control. Not enough of the internal organization of the Council is known to make possible a categorical reply; its meetings are known to be secret, its members are immune to arrest save at the Council's own command, but its method of voting has not been announced.

The Dictator, however, is proceeding as if his personal position remained unchanged. He has just announced a crowded programme for the winter and early spring, ending with the election in April of a new legislature by the new method of voting, which insures a unanimously Fascist Chamber. Presumably he is counting for continued personal authority upon those talents which led a brilliant but somewhat unintelligible Italian savant who recently visited the United States to call him a 'charismatic leader' — a gentleman who has a miraculous influence upon his listeners. Certainly the Duce's prestige remains undiminished among his people, and it seems likely that Mussolini and Fascism have come to Italy to stay.

Mexico Organizes the Forces of Revolution

MEXICO, for the first time in her troubled history, has safely passed through the combined trials of a presidential election, the assassination of a president-elect, and the appointment of his successor; and she has ended with a stable government which rules in law and commands the respect of the nation. José de Leon Toral, self-confessed assassin of the late President-Elect Obregón, is condemned to die; both he and his supporters have accepted the court's decision without murmur. Emilio Portes Gil, broad-shouldered and thick of jowl, has publicly taken the oath that makes him Provisional President of the Mexican Republic for a term of fourteen months. And Plutarco Elias Calles, once pointed out in fear as the dark man who would make himself another Diaz, dictator of his country, has at the close of his presidential term stepped quietly down from official position.

Calles, however, is a man of tremendous energy, of firm purpose. What are his plans, now that he no longer holds the official position which for six years provided an outlet for the blind forces of idealism that swell within him? Will he retire to the model farm, twenty miles from Mexico City, that is the pride of his private life? Will he go back to his home state of Sonora on the Pacific, to take up again the educational work that first brought him into political prominence? He has said no. Instead, he will carry forward his struggle for the welfare of the workman and the farmer, his fight against factional rule, against the 'personalized' government that has been the curse of Mexico since the days of Porfirio Diaz; but he will do so in a new way. The only man in Mexico sufficiently powerful to maintain harmony between the various revolutionary groups, Calles has set out to build up a great National Revolutionary Party, a sort of political federation of the agrarian, labor, and Obregónista forces of the country, fused into a single political weapon capable of defending the liberties of the people. It is a work of education and of organization, in which Calles is gathering together all the forces of the Revolution — which in Mexico always means the revolution against Porfirio Diaz and the rule of the 'men on horseback.' When the work is done (the aim is to complete it before new presidential elections take place next November), the Mexicans will have been organized into the strongest and most inclusive political party the country has ever known — with Calles at its head.



El Universal, Mexico City

Emilio Portes Gil

A Mexican caricature of the new President, who succeeds President Calles for an interim term of fourteen months.

It is possible to see in this tremendous personal undertaking the development of a sort of Mexican Fascism based upon loyalty to the State, the formation of a single national political party that will sweep its leader into power when the interim presidency of Gil comes to an end. Equipped with the prestige he already enjoys, and with such an overwhelming new force behind him, it would be easy for Calles to rule again. But such a purpose is foreign to everything that he has said and done since Obregón's assassination.

His aim, to judge from what he says, is to weld the forces of democracy into an organ of such towering force that Mexico can never again slip back into

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anarchy, and that a recurrence of 'personal' rule will be forever impossible. If he can do so, and can at the same time resist the temptation to use that force for his own ends, he will have turned a more brilliant trick than Mussolini himself. The Italian Dictator seized power illegally, and only now is replacing that power in the hands of the great national party that he has since built around him. Calles, if his plans succeed, will also have placed his country's government safely in the hands of a great national party, but without having traveled the stony road of dictatorship in order to do so.

The Prince of Wales in Africa

JUST as President-Elect Hoover was beginning his semi-official tour of the Spanish American countries in the interests of international good feeling, the Prince of Wales brought to a close a tour of the British Crown Colonies in Africa, which was designed to foster good will within the British Empire.

To any far-seeing American, the British African possessions and the Union of South Africa must be of absorbing interest, for their successful exploitation might well mean dangerous competition for many of our most valuable natural products. In the 'Union' — a group of old colonies now having Dominion status in the Empire, and including, roughly, the tip of the continent up to Victoria Falls (a glance at the map on page 364 will make clear this geographical detail and those to follow)— all the agricultural products of a temperate climate can be even more successfully raised than in the United States, for there is less unevenness of weather than in North America. In the Crown Colonies, which extend all the way up through the heart of the continent to Egypt and the Mediterranean, and which include Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan, cotton, sisal hemp, coffee, and wheat are already being grown in great quantities and with marked success. In a few years, African wheat and cotton may well threaten European markets of the United States for these products — a threat particularly menacing in view of the already economically unsound condition of American agriculture. Nor do the riches of Africa consist in agricultural products alone. There is likewise a mineral wealth such as no other continent possesses. The natural resources of the country are almost unlimited, and they are controlled by the British Empire.

It is no wonder that the royal advisers thought it well for the heir apparent to the British throne to visit this Golconda Continent. The trip was announced a full year ago and was prepared for with the utmost care. It was announced in the press that the Prince was going to hunt game, visit friends, and make private investments in African developments. The result has been that things African have become exceedingly fashionable in London; titled leaders of society are spending the winter months in Kenya and Tanganyika instead of at Cannes or Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

Finally, in September, accompanied by Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the Prince of Wales left England for Egypt via Marseilles. He took ship from Isma'ilîya (Suez Canal) for Mombasa, Kenya's main seaport; went inland to the region of the great African Lakes, traversed Uganda, and hunted in Tanganyika. Wherever he went, he was greeted with enthusiasm by the natives, the British residents, and the Boer settlers from the once disaffected colonies of South Africa. Upon his unexpected return to England, because of his father's ill health, he had substantially covered the ground he set out to cover, and was merely obliged to forego the last phase of his trip, a Christmas holiday with personal friends at Capetown.

The Prince's visit seems certainly to have strengthened 'Empire feeling'; more than this, it has dramatically called the attention of the world to the hitherto unrealized riches of the African Continent, one phase of the development of which is discussed elsewhere in this number.

'Trouble in the Balkans'

EVER since Mr. Kipling, in *The Light That Failed*, gave currency to the phrase, 'trouble in the Balkans,' that stormy peninsula has more than lived up to its reputation. Just at present there is 'trouble' of one kind or another in at least three of the five Balkan states.

Most serious is the turmoil in Bulgaria over the 'Imro,' or Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, whose activities last summer led to the assassination of General Protogueroff and precipitated a Cabinet crisis. Macedonia is the region north of the Ægean Sea where the frontiers of Greece, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria meet. Most of it is now in the possession of Yugoslavia and Greece; the rest lies in Bulgaria. The 'Imro,' a terrorist organization described at length on pages 332 to 335 of this number, demands ostensibly the creation of an independent state of Macedonia, but its enemies suspect that it might be contented with the enlargement of Bulgarian territories to include those portions of Macedonia now within Greek or Yugoslav frontiers. Any activity by 'Imro' leaders has immediate repercussions in Bulgaria, where many Macedonian refugees have entered Government employ and have risen to positions of power. General Athanase Buroff, the Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, for example, is of Macedonian birth, and his partisans in the Cabinet are inevitably inclined to favor the Macedonian demands. In doing so, they necessarily offend the Yugoslavs, who have fallen heir to a great deal of Macedonian territory. But to all Yugoslav protests, the Bulgarians have hitherto replied that they possess no means of controlling the Macedonian *comitadjis*, who appear suddenly from their rocky mountain fastnesses and disappear with equal ease. Now, however, apparently in compliance with French and British demands, the Bulgarian Government is said to have sent troops against the Macedonian revolutionaries; but, since the entire Bulgarian Army is not much larger than a war-strength American division, it is doubtful whether it will prove very effective against the elusive agents of the 'Imro.' Ivan Michailoff, their chief, has not hesitated to threaten Bulgaria with civil war, though the report that he threatens to march on Sofia with his outlaw bands is probably not authentic.

The fact that the Yugoslavs have not voiced more emphatic protests of late is to be explained by their own domestic difficulties. The 'triune kingdom' of Yugoslavia is made up of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; but, since the assassination of the Croatian leader, Stepan Radić, a few months ago, the Croats refuse to take any share in the government. They have long demanded autonomous, or semi-independent, government within Yugoslavia and were it not for their fear of Italy they would probably seek independence, even at the cost of a Yugoslav civil war. It is now feared that by next spring feeling will have become so bitter that the Croats may then resort to arms — especially if their fears of Italian aggression grow less.

While Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are thus struggling with internal discord, Rumania — which, though situated in the Balkan peninsula, prefers not to be called a Balkan country — seems to have taken precisely the right step to prevent domestic disorder. Until very recently there has been danger that the newly enfranchised peasants, unable to make head against the aristocratic groups which have long controlled the government, would revolt to secure their rights. But now that their leader, Iuliu Maniu, whose career is described on page 354 of this number of The Living Age, has become Premier, a peaceful adjustment of Rumania's most vexing domestic disputes is to be anticipated. One of the new Premier's first acts was to announce a programme of agricultural reform, which should mollify the peasants.

Though Balkan problems were the starting point of the Great War in 1914, they do not present quite so great a menace to the peace of the world to-day. This is true largely because the perennial rivalry of the Hapsburg and Romanov empires has been eliminated by the fall of both, while the present rivalries of other powers in the Balkans have not yet attained the former degree of bitterness. It is therefore possible to contemplate the difficulties of the Bulgars and Yugoslavs with relative equanimity; and to find genuine ground for hope in the turn that affairs have taken in Rumania.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NICARAGUA

On January first, if all goes well, a new government, elected under the supervision of the United States, will officially step into control of the Republic of Nicaragua. When the recent election was over, and it was known that the Liberal candidate, José Maria Moncada, had been chosen President, General McCoy, American Chief of the Nicaraguan Board of Elections, pronounced himself satisfied with the result of his work, and said that he saw no reason why the people's choice should not be heartily approved. All that is lacking to make the election official is the approval of the Nicaraguan Congress when it reconvenes just before Christmas.

This body, according to the Constitution of the Republic, has the duty of making a final examination of the figures sent in from the various election districts, and has the right to approve or disapprove the result of the popular vote. Its sovereignty is complete. Should it disapprove of the choice of the people, it may call new elections for a future date, and name a Provisional President to serve during the interim. It was by this means that the present President, Adolfo Diaz, obtained the then disputed office from which he is expected to step down on January first. That the Congress this winter will disapprove of the choice of Moncada, however, is considered as unlikely by the Nicaraguans as it is by General McCoy; and all reports are careful to indicate that the country is fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm at the work the Americans have performed.

American correspondents, in fact, report such a plethora of sweetness and light in Managua that one has difficulty in recognizing the country which only a few months ago was pictured as a volcano crater of revolution and violence. Diaz, the retiring Conservative President, admits that he is pleased, though his party was defeated. Moncada, the new President — a quiet, dignified, almost bashful little revolutionary leader who sixteen years ago was living at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn — is reported to be beaming with satisfaction. He has called General McCoy — no doubt in a pardonable access of gratitude — 'the most honorable, intelligent, and unbiased American who ever came to Nicaragua.' The Managua Municipal Council proposes to erect a statue of the American supervisor of the recent elections in what is soon to be named 'General McCoy Plaza.' A crowd of ten thousand grateful Nicaraguans, attracted by the report that Herbert Hoover had at last decided to include their country in his Good Will Tour, stood bareheaded in the sunshine outside the American Legation all one morning, cheering the Presidents-Elect of their own country and of the 'Colossus of the North,' while flags waved and bands blared 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The whole country, if reports may be believed, seems positively to be purring with satisfaction, a feeling which was strikingly epitomized in the amazing banquet which took place on the deck of the battleship *Maryland* when President-Elect Hoover finally arrived.

The banquet table, set on the ship's quarter-deck, glistened with glassware and with the *Maryland's* famous silver plate, got out especially for the occasion. On Mr. Hoover's right sat President Diaz, the Conservative whose recognition by the United States in November of 1926 precipitated the Liberal revolution which was stopped the following May by Colonel Stimson. On Mr. Hoover's left sat President-Elect Moncada, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Liberal forces in that revolution. And on Mrs. Hoover's right sat the Conservative, General Emiliano Chamorro, whose dissatisfaction with his defeat by a Liberal presidential candidate in the elections of 1924 started the whole train of revolution and counter-revolution that led to American intervention. Thus, in the benign presence of the President-Elect of the United States, the three men who have been responsible for most of Nicaragua's troubles during the past four years broke bread together at a long table wedged under the *Maryland's* formidable sixteen-inch guns, and united in praise of the United States and all its works. From a banquet that symbolized a harmony almost too perfect to be true, only one guest was absent — Sandino; his shadow fell unnoticed upon the others, like that of a thin, brown Banquo's Ghost.

Two hundred miles back in the hills from the capital city, that impenitent Liberal soldier still runs free; no one knows exactly where he is hidden, no one knows how strong his forces are. The Americans prefer to ignore him; but those of Spanish blood still think that he, rather than Moncada, is the true chief of the Liberal Party and the hope of Nicaragua. A month before the recent presidential election took place, *El Sol*, Madrid's great Independent Liberal daily, was predicting the victory of Moncada; but it was calling him 'the official candidate of the United States,' who by acceding to Stimson's demands had betrayed a Liberal Party whose real leaders are in exile or with Sandino's troops.

For most observers, however, the picture of the love feast aboard an American battleship seems more significant than that of the lone rebel in the hills. Sandino may still proudly call himself 'the Defender of Nicaragua's Sovereignty'; but the three leaders who dined with Mr. Hoover raised their voices in an almost deafening pæan of praise for American intervention, for the retention of at least a thousand American Marines on Nicaraguan soil, and for the possibility of Mr. Hoover's interesting himself in a Nicaraguan Canal.

There are, after all, two ways in which a troubled country may ultimately reach a position of self-respect and political stability. One is by a revolution like the Mexican Revolution, which attempts to bring to power strong men who help their own country to help itself. This is the bold way, Sandino's way; but in Nicaragua, at least, it has failed. The other is by accepting for a time the help of a richer, more powerful nation, even when this means temporary relinquishment of some of the attributes of sovereignty, in order to build up national prosperity to the point where there is no cause for dissatisfaction among the people, and where peace and stable government become the normal state of affairs. This is the modern way, the way which Mr. Hoover suggests. That it is the method which will prevail in Nicaragua seems likely, and the beginning will be made when the new government is installed in Managua on the first day of the New Year.

AN UNKNOWN DICTATOR ENDS HIS RULE

Mussolini raising his hands to heaven before a crowd that lifts the throaty cry of '*Viva Il Duce!*'; Primo de Rivera in a shining, plumed helmet reviewing his faithful army in the flag-hung streets of Madrid; Mustapha Kemal Pasha teaching school children the new Turkish alphabet — these are dictators who have not hidden their lights under a bushel, and whose picturesqueness foreign correspondents, hard put to it for colorful news, have not failed to seize upon. That it is possible to wield an equally absolute power, and yet remain quite unknown and without benefit of press agent, is proved by the case of the mild gentleman who has been Dictator of Ecuador for nearly two years, and only now is stepping quietly down from power. His name is Isidro Ayora. He came to supreme authority in his country not as an experienced politician, not as a scarred soldier of fortune, but as the most respected and brilliant medical practitioner in Quito, the capital city.

Two and a half years ago the government of Ecuador under President Cordoba had become so obviously undermined by graft and incompetence that revolution seemed a patriotic duty. A group of young army officers, more enthusiastic than experienced, staged a *coup d'état* that drove the President from power, and set themselves up to rule their country as a Military Junta. Though they did their best and did it honestly, at the end of nine months they were sincere enough to admit that they were incompetent to govern longer. They looked about for someone in whose ability and honesty two million Ecuadorians could have full confidence, chose Dr. Ayora, and made him Provisional President with full powers to administer the government independently of the Ecuadorian Congress.

The new Dictator set to work to purge Ecuador of political poison as efficiently as he would clean the wounds of one of the blanketed Indians who filled his Quito clinics. He surrounded himself with young, enthusiastic ministers; he cleared officialdom of graft; he began roads and railroads, including a new one from Quito to the coast port of Esmeralda, which, when finally completed, will cut the distance from the mountain capital to Panama to four days; in eighteen months he stabilized the country's currency and returned it to a gold basis for the first time in decades. All this he did with no blaring of trumpets, working quietly in a great, glass-partitioned office where all could watch him, frowning upon pomp and show, permitting any petitioner to see him at any time, even saving out two or three hours a day to continue his work at his free medical clinics in the city.

Late this fall he considered his quiet task of dictatorship concluded. He called a freely elected Congress to meet in Quito, and asked them to reform the Constitution and proceed to the election of a Constitutional President. Whether he will accept the call that will almost certainly come to him to become the legal occupant of the office which he has held illegally for so long, he has not said. But when he went down to the port of Guayaquil to meet the cruiser that was bringing the visiting President-Elect of the United States to shore, early in December, he came as a Dictator who had turned his country back to the representatives of the people after his work was done, and who had proved, as Calles proved in Mexico, that out of revolution can sometimes come the stablest kind of government.

A MODERN MONARCHY IN ANCIENT DRESS

The world has lately been impressed by the ceremonies performed in Kyoto to signalize the coronation of Hirohito as Emperor of Japan — impressed as much by the knowledge that these same ceremonies have been performed in the same manner throughout the ages, as by their highly colorful character. But it is not to the distant past that the sacrilegious political scientist turns to seek the true source of present-day Japanese imperial authority; for the picturesque genuflections at Kyoto would to-day be empty forms, were it not for the handiwork of the astute nineteenth-century builders of the New Japan.

It was an oddly assorted group of leaders that undertook to modernize the Island Empire (and succeeded in doing so in an incredibly short space of time), but they constituted as loyal a body of imperial servants as the history of any monarchy can show. They realized that the

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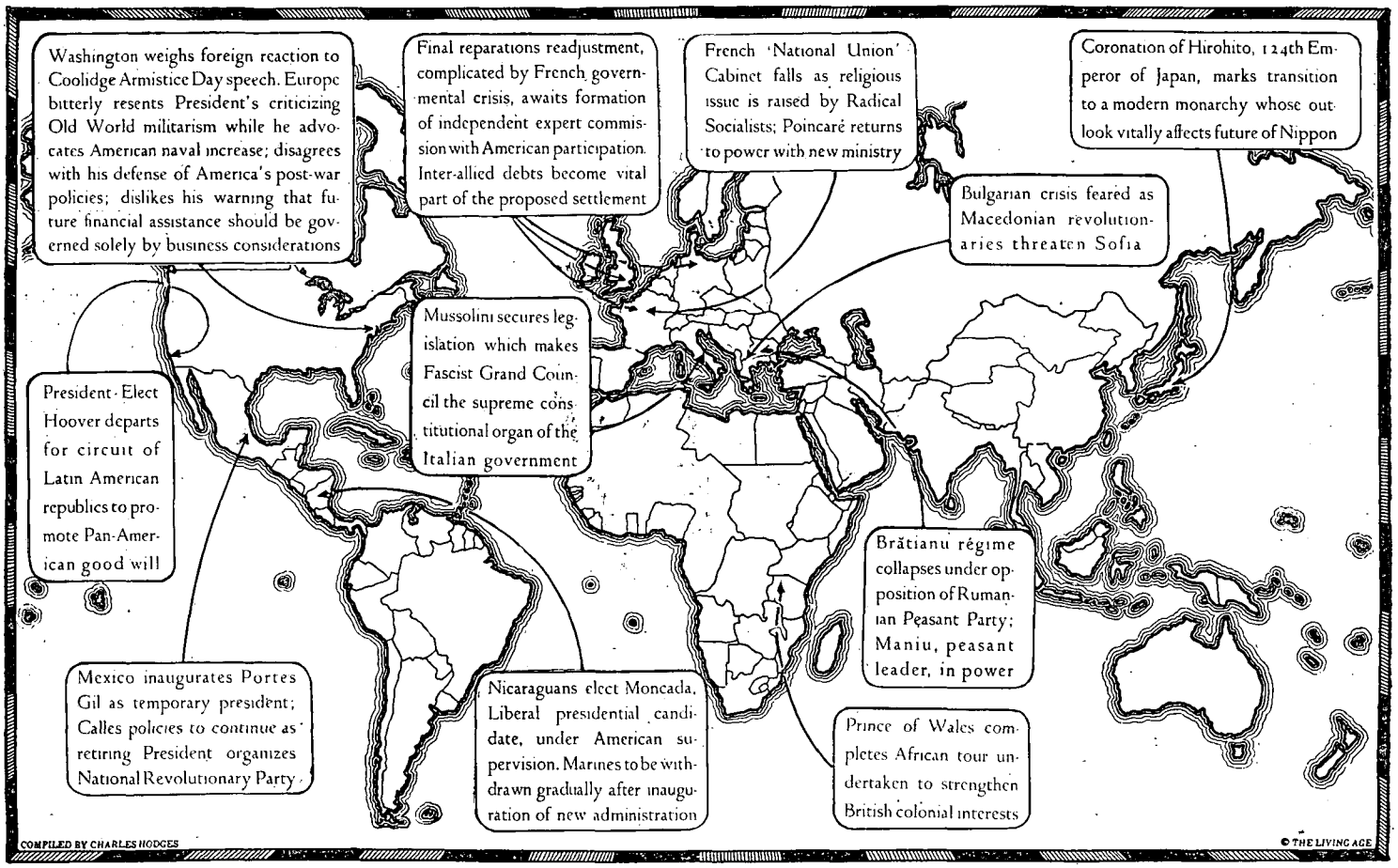
Washington weighs foreign reaction to Coolidge Armistice Day speech. Europe bitterly resents President's criticizing Old World militarism while he advocates American naval increase; disagrees with his defense of America's post-war policies; dislikes his warning that future financial assistance should be governed solely by business considerations
Final reparations readjustment, complicated by French governmental crisis, awaits formation of independent expert commission with American participation. Inter-allied debts become vital part of the proposed settlement
French 'National Union' Cabinet falls as religious issue is raised by Radical Socialists; Poincaré returns to power with new ministry
Coronation of Hirohito, 124th Emperor of Japan, marks transition to a modern monarchy whose outlook vitally affects future of Nippon
Bulgarian crisis feared as Macedonian revolutionaries threaten Sofia
Mussolini secures legislation which makes Fascist Grand Council the supreme constitutional organ of the Italian government
President-Elect Hoover departs for circuit of Latin American republics to promote Pan-American good will
Brătianu régime collapses under opposition of Rumanian Peasant Party; Maniu, peasant leader, in power
Mexico inaugurates Portes Gil as temporary president; Calles policies to continue as retiring President organizes National Revolutionary Party
Nicaraguans elect Moncada, Liberal presidential candidate, under American supervision. Marines to be withdrawn gradually after inauguration of new administration
Prince of Wales completes African tour undertaken to strengthen British colonial interests
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

restoration of the Meiji Dynasty, accomplished in 1867, after the casting down from power of the barons, could endure only if some centripetal force could be found to rally every Japanese to the long-forgotten throne. Accordingly, the cold facts of regal authority were cloaked in the theocratic glamour of a King descended from the Gods. The Japanese ruler, made into the personal embodiment of an idea of government, became the living centre of a twentieth-century cult of Mikado worship.

Hirohito's grandfather, the justly revered monarch of the 'Enlightened Era' of Japanese history, was the first to be enshrined by his astute supporters as a popular deity commanding a loyalty that the Japanese Throne had not known for a thousand years. This same loyalty, in which was mingled a religious fervor difficult for the Western World to understand, surrounded Mutsuhito, Yoshihito, and now surrounds Hirohito himself.

This device of making the Emperor sacrosanct, however, involved two dangers. It was possible that the deification might be carried too far, and that later emperors might, like their predecessors of three centuries ago, become once more elevated beyond the ken of the common people and lose their influence in the practical affairs of government. There was likewise the possibility that intrigue within the charmed circle of the imperial court might jeopardize the throne.

These two dangers follow like shadows behind the figure of the new Japanese ruler. His father's reign witnessed Japan's most bitter constitutional struggles: first, the attempt to popularize the government, which involved a battle that extended from efforts to break up the strangle-hold of State officials on the Cabinet to the fight for manhood suffrage and a popularly elected parliament; second, the struggle to prevent the weakening of the dynasty by unduly exaggerating the divine character of the occupant of the throne. Into these struggles comes the figure of one of those remarkable women who occasionally mark the pages of Japanese history — the Dowager Empress, Hirohito's mother. After the World War, she struggled stubbornly to carry through her programme of the re-orientation of the Empire toward the West, and succeeded in having Hirohito, the Crown Prince, sent abroad in order that he might see the New World toward which his dynasty was to look. Her success in bringing about this epochal tour to Britain and the Continent in 1921 was followed by the Crown Prince's marriage to Princess Nagako, a match which the Empress brought to a successful conclusion in the face of court intrigue. Thus, the new ruler of Japan has already shattered one tradition — that no Japanese crown prince should leave the country; and, thanks to his mother, he begins his reign with his eyes open to a world far larger than his predecessors knew.

'WAR AND PEACE' Has a profound reaction set in since the panegyrics upon peace resounded at or about the time of the signing of the Paris Pact? We should dislike to believe that this is true, though the utterances of celebrated statesmen the world over have suggested the disturbing thought.

Our regular readers know that a feature of each number of this periodical is the department *War and Peace*, consisting of a symposium of 'conflicting views on the one great question that vexes all the world.' We note that this month's *War and Peace* contains more of war and less of peace than will be found in any of the recent numbers of THE LIVING AGE. It is as though the statesmen and publicists of every nation were seeking to reassure their respective constituents that they, the statesmen and publicists, had not been misled by a rhetorical renunciation of war, but were, on the contrary, disposed to recommend vastly increased armaments in consequence of it. If this is the correct explanation for the great increase in the war-like spirit of recent pronouncements on war and peace, it is a tragic commentary upon the civilization of the world.

One of the paragraphs quoted in *War and Peace* in this number is an utterance of Colonel Samuel G. Vestal, Chief of the Historical Section of the United States Army War College. Colonel Vestal makes the point that the American people, through their control of the Government, brought on each foreign war in which the United States has become involved. No doubt the same may be said of representative democracies everywhere. But Colonel Vestal adds this impressive idea: that, because the American people, through their control of their Government, control its entrance into war, '*it behooves our citizens to inform themselves upon international questions and conditions if they would have their country avoid foreign wars.*'

THE LIVING AGE is happy to feel that it is performing an important public service in informing monthly an increasing number of American citizens about 'international questions and conditions.' It is of striking interest, furthermore, that this has been the special purpose of THE LIVING AGE since its foundation nearly eighty-five years ago. In a preliminary announcement Eliakim Littell then said: —

'*Much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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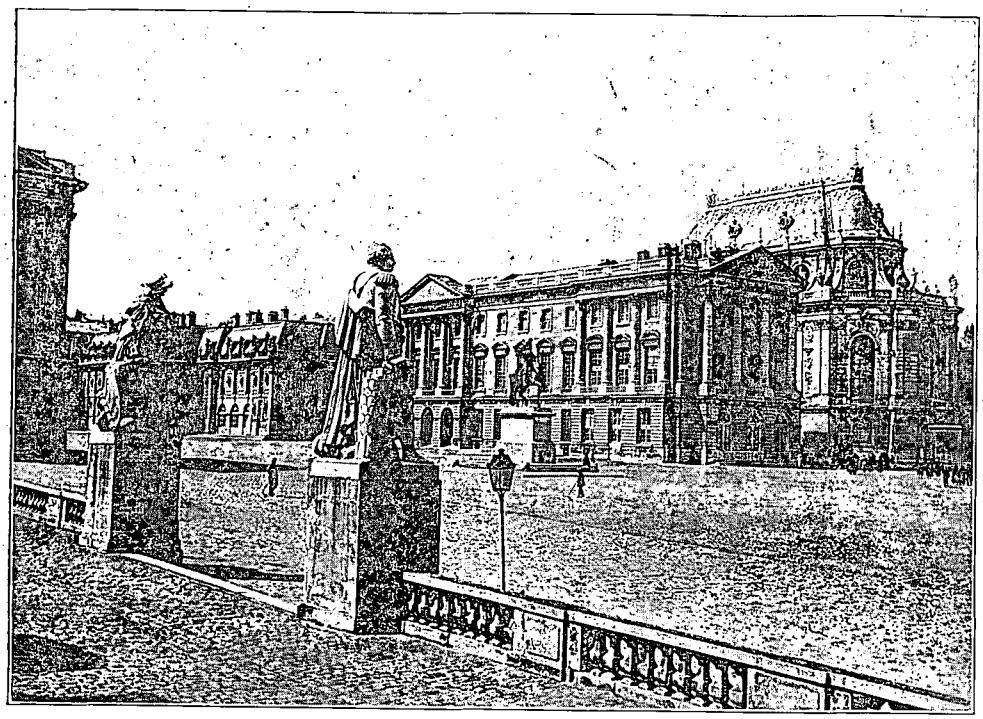
A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days



Ewing Galloway

FRANCE: THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

A FAMILIAR SIGHT to generations of travelers, it is to be restored to the condition it was in before the French Revolution.

ARGENTINE

SOUTH AMERICAN tourists this winter need have no fear of being delayed at Buenos Aires by a dockmen's strike, even though Hipolito Irigoyen, Argentine's new President, whose biography appeared in a recent number of THE LIVING AGE, is a fiery Laborite and might naturally be expected to uphold striking longshoremen. He has, however, done no such thing, as all such recent disputes have been arbitrated by his Ministry of the Interior. President Irigoyen's administration is hailed with equal enthusiasm by the labor unions, the financiers, and the farmers — who received prompt relief when their crops suffered from cyclones. Farm relief in Argentine is no doubt less of a governmental problem than in the United States, though in this respect Mr. Hoover, President-Elect, may yet wish to take a leaf from the notebook of a Labor President who also satisfies the agriculturists and financiers.

FRANCE

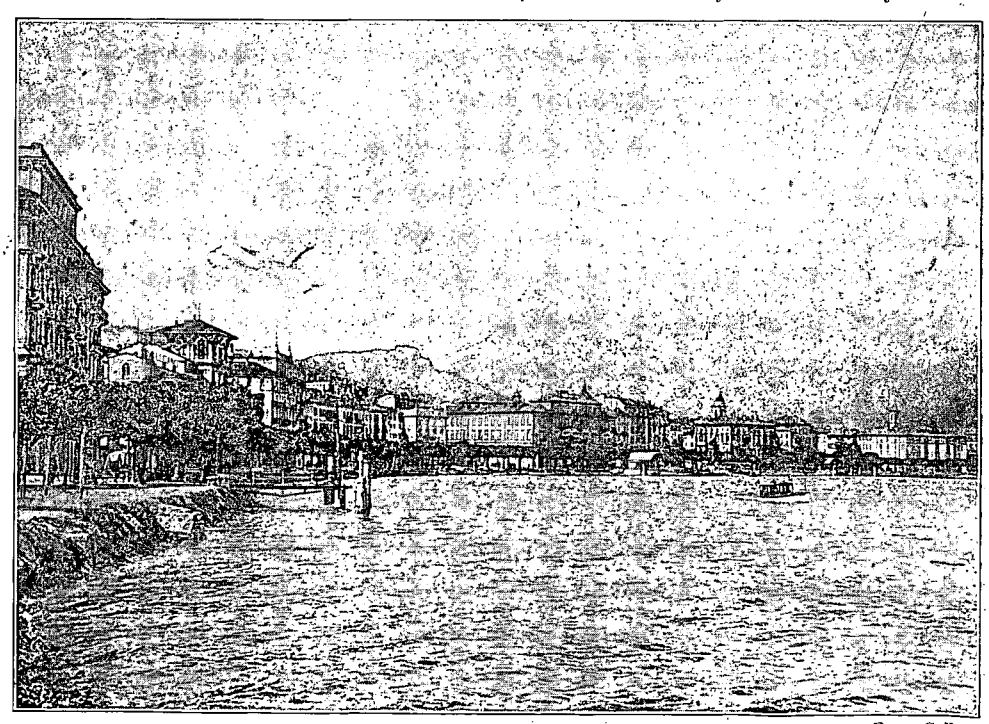
THE Palace of Versailles! Six years ago it was in such bad repair that many millions of francs were needed for restoration. It is characteristic of France that, although many another nation felt in 1922 almost a national pride in the palace where the peace had been signed, France asked for no help. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as soon as the need was known, gave a large sum of money. Three years later he gave more, the total sum of his benefactions reaching 31,000,000 francs. With an additional fund provided by the French Government, it is hoped that the Palace and the Park may soon be restored to the same condition as before the French Revolution. Mansard's beautiful colonnade has been cleaned by a special steam process, as have also the marbles of the Grand Trianon. Next year the Marble Court is to be raised to its original height and the grille inclosing it will be set up anew, as originally designed by Mansard. The 'Hamlet' of Marie Antoinette is also to be restored. Fountains are being renovated in every part of the park, while many a gallery within the palace itself is being strengthened, renewed, and restored to original form.

GERMANY

WHO sets store by the old German universities — Heidelberg, Göttingen, Halle, Marburg, Munich? In the smoky, beery halls of student life still resound those sonorous and stirring anthems, *Bier hier* and *Gaudeamus igitur*. Since 'The Student Prince' appeared on the New York stage, one is tempted to think only in terms of Heidelberg. Many an American has found inspiration there, truly, and has sung '*Ich hab' mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren*' with honest fervor. But Göttingen, with its drowsy promenades, mossy ramparts, and crooked, cobbled streets, has lately taken on a dignified and deserved glamour. Professor Adolf Windaus has won the 1928 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for analyzing the Provitamine. From it is derived Vitamine D, a cure for rickets. Three years ago there was equal rejoicing in Göttingen when Professor Richard Szigmondy won the same prize. The University of Göttingen is without impressive buildings, but its traditions and atmosphere never fail to stimulate the scholarly American.

INDIA

VISITORS in Delhi, India's capital, recently saw an acrobatic East Indian climb to the roof of his house brandishing a bomb in one hand and a dagger in the other. He had just exploded bomb No. 1, injuring his wife and babe and killing his brother-in-law. When apprehended by the vigilant British police, the culprit sought to escape by the acrobatic exploit just described. While on his elevated perch, the police, rather annoyed, considerately shot him



Ewing Galloway

ITALY: THE CITY AND LAKE OF LUGANO

ON THE ITALO-SWISS BORDER, through which men and goods have been smuggled in and out of Il Duce's country ever since smuggling has been practised.

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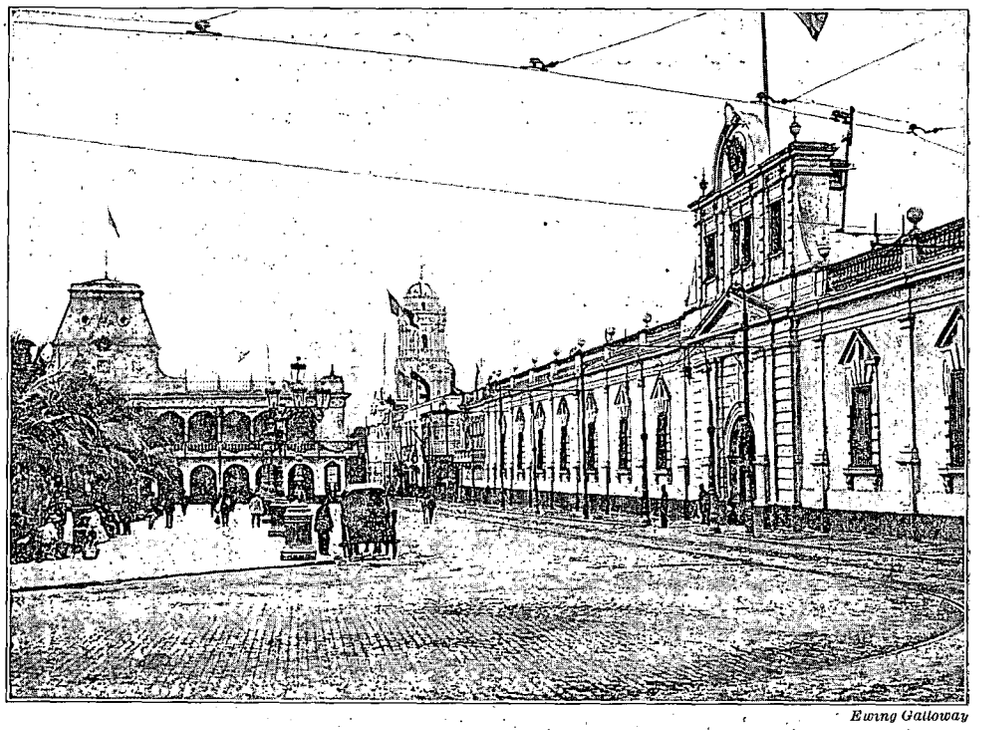
in the leg, whereupon he surrendered without further violence. He turned out to be an opium addict, and the British are now treating him in the hope of effecting a cure. What punishment he will suffer for his crime has not been decided.

Italy

FOR the inhabitants of Lugano (Switzerland), the Italo-Swiss frontier on the opposite side of the lake is a never-failing topic of conversation. During the War there were tales to tell of Campione, the isolated Italian village on the lakeside, some twenty minutes' ride by launch from Lugano. To Campione, Cesare Rossi, ex-Fascist fugitive, was decoyed; and now the searchlight of an Italian naval vessel, lying at anchor in the eastern end of the lake, plays over the waters every night in search of smugglers or anti-Fascist refugees.

Manchuria

IN HARBIN, 'the Paris of the Far East,' the high cost of living sometimes shocks visitors, though one enthusiastic gourmet is said to have declared that a Harbin tiffin is alone worth the trip from America. First comes *sakuska*, the Russian appetizer course, which may include a herring from Finland, red caviare, black caviare, smoked salmon, a variety of sausages, many kinds of bread, pickles, mushrooms in brine, sweet butter, breast of the hazel hen — and vodka, of many kinds and colors. This, of course, is only the beginning of the meal. There will follow soup, fresh mushrooms, fish, meat, salad, dessert, coffee and cheese, fresh fruits. In addition to vodka, wine, beer, champagne, and finally a liqueur will be served. For this, the one who has lunched may tender a twenty dollar American Travelers Check, the value of which will first be calculated in Japanese yen and then in Harbin dollars. The calculation of exchange between American dollars and Harbin dollars is complicated, and only a financial expert can be sure of exact results, though an approximation, which will prevent more than slight advantage being taken of the stranger within the gates, is not difficult.



Ewing Galloway

PERU: GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT LIMA

BEFORE the entrance stand armed guards. A painting of President Monroe, who gave his name to the Monroe Doctrine, has been hung in one of the buildings to the right.

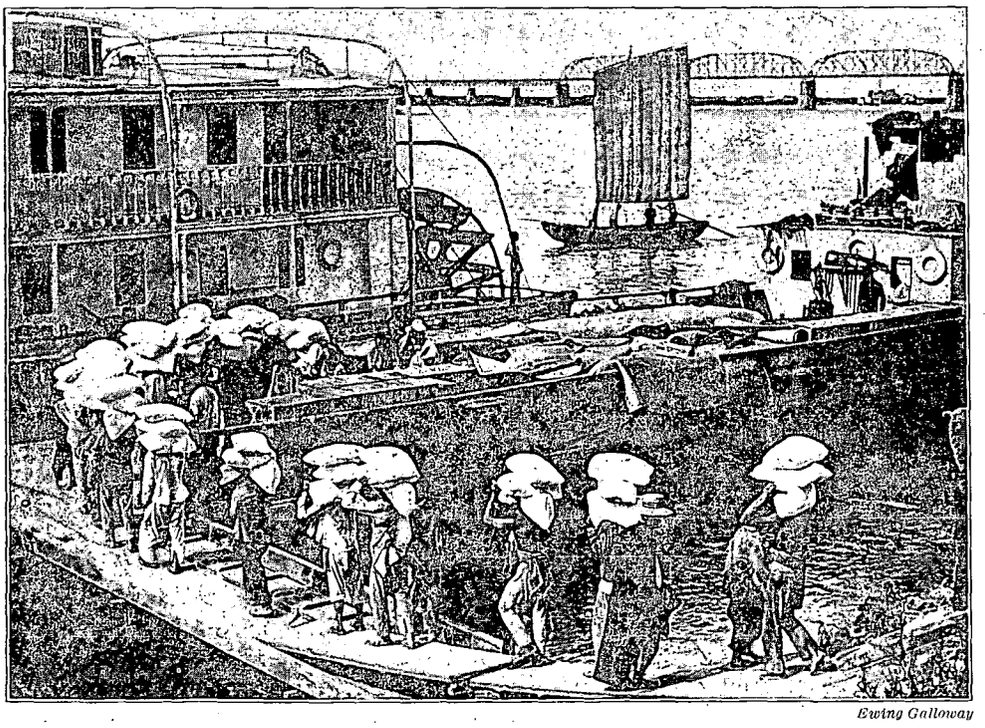
Peru

VISITORS from the United States to Lima, Peru, will now find a portrait of President Monroe hanging in the Parliament Building. It was lately unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, Premier Rada y Gamio apotheosizing Monroe as the founder of independence on the American continent. How much independence there is now on the American continent, in the sense of personal liberty, may be open to speculation; but certain it is that visitors from the United States to Lima in looking at the portrait of President Monroe will gaze upon features unfamiliar at home. For in spite of President Monroe's association with the Monroe Doctrine, veneration for his memory is not so great as for that of many other patriots of bygone days.

Among the permanent residents of Lima are many citizens of the United States representing home interests, and many large commercial organizations are owned and operated by Chinese and Japanese. But the Orientals are not very popular in the historic city from which the viceroys of the Spanish kings once ruled over the New World, after the civilization of the Incas had disappeared.

Ancient masonry ruins, remnants of an early era, are still visible in the city and on the neighboring hills.

A two-day trip from Lima takes one to Lake Titicaca, which is connected with many legends of the Incas. There are a number of small islands in the lake, one of them bearing the same name as the lake itself. This was a sacred place of the Incas and the legendary birthplace of the Sun. Ruins of a temple of the Sun, a palace, and a convent still exist on it.



Ewing Galloway

MANCHURIA: LOADING FLOUR AT HARBIN

ON THE SUNGARI RIVER, a city which is often called the 'Paris of the Orient,' and where East and West meet in river steamers and native sailing craft.

Turkey

THE Mediterranean tourist who forges as far afield as Turkey need not be surprised to find only one variety of bread, and this manufactured from the cereals most accessible in the district where he happens to be. This, because Turkey now has a Minister of Economy who has recently made an extended tour of the Republic, examining into economic conditions. He reports of Anatolia that this year has been the worst, agriculturally, ever experienced. Also, that there have been exceptional invasions of locusts from the Moroccan and Sudan deserts, and that other voracious insects have added to the devastation. In China, too, locusts ravage the fields, but the insects themselves are an article of food so highly esteemed that their presence in numbers is not an unmixed calamity. In Turkey, locusts are eaten so rarely that they do not even partially compensate for the havoc wrought.

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The Secret Government of Macedonia

How One Man from His Mountain Fastnesses Issues Commands for Life or Death

By Stoyan Christowe

Former Balkan Correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

IMRO' is the nickname derived from the initials of the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization — an illegal society formed thirty-five years ago, whose aim is to win independence for Macedonia. The country which it hopes some day to make an organized nation is the territory at the northeast corner of the Balkan Peninsula where the present boundaries of Greece, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria come together. It is a disputed borderland, portions of which have at various times been held by all three states.

But the Imro is itself an invisible state, with practically all the departments of a well organized government. It has a foreign service, mail-carriers (the famous secret couriers of the comitadjis), tax collectors, postage stamps — and at one time it even considered the possibility of minting its own coins.

The bloodiest page in its history was written in the fall of 1924, when the greatest of all comitadji chieftains, Todor Alexandroff, was assassinated on Mount Pirin while he was on his way to attend the sixth regular congress of the organization. The plot for the assassination of Alexandroff and the vengeful butchery that followed it are now history.

But at that congress there was elected to fill the place of the man whose body lay nearby in the woods a fair-complexioned, scholarly looking youth not quite thirty years of age. He was unknown, obscure. No one had heard of him except in the organization itself and in intimate Macedonian circles. That young man's name was Ivan Michailoff.

WHEN, in 1920, Todor Alexandroff revived the terrible comitadji organization, which during the War had been disbanded and inactive, he had with him a few fiery Macedonian youths who furnished the energy and buoyant spirit that the pessimistic and dispirited Macedonians then needed. One of those young men was Ivan Michailoff. Like many others, he had left the university to join the Imro, becoming Todor Alexandroff's chief lieutenant and personal representative. He showed such versatility and determination that soon he was pointed out by those close to the movement as Alexandroff's probable successor when that great leader should have met the inevitable end of all comitadji chieftains.

There were those who thought that with Alexandroff out of the way the organization could not survive. New conditions in Macedonia made the existence of a revolutionary organization difficult. But in the three years that followed Michailoff's election to the supreme revolutionary body, the Imro showed a feverish, frightful terroristic activity, which at times became a heavy strain upon the Balkan peace. More than once it nearly led to invasion of Bulgaria by Yugoslavia, because the latter country asserted that Bulgaria was allowing the comitadjis to organize their bands and mature their terroristic schemes on Bulgarian soil.

It had been supposed that as a result of Alexandroff's assassination and the subsequent disappearance of lesser leaders — some killed by orders of the new central committee, others won over to the Federalist faction in Vienna — the Imro would lose its vitality. But, instead, it resumed activity against the occupants of Macedonia with greater zeal and determination than before, gaining new prestige and power under the leadership of young Michailoff. Its threats against the lives of Yugoslav officials in Macedonia so exasperated the authorities in Belgrade that Yugoslavia closed its frontier to all Bulgarians and Bulgaria found itself compelled to make a declaration of martial law in the districts of Petrich and Kiustendil.

The Imro had been overhauled. New conditions in the Balkans, and particularly in Macedonia, necessitated the abandonment of the usual comitadji tactics and the introduction of new ideas and methods of operation. Comitadjism such as had existed in Turkish days was

ROVING bands of comitadjis — irregular Macedonian nationalist warriors — have long carried on a stubborn, relentless guerilla warfare in the southeastern Balkans, first against the Turks, then against whatever powers succeeded to control of the Macedonian hills. Their activities have many times threatened to disturb the delicate balance of Balkan tranquillity; and, outlaws though they are, their plans and policies are of the greatest importance to peace in a region that has always been recognized as a danger spot of the modern world.

In the recent past their raids have been primarily directed against the Yugoslavs, into whose hands a large strip of Macedonian territory fell in 1913. Now, however, they have turned their rifles to the east and are threatening death to Bulgarian cabinet ministers in Sofia itself. As this article goes to press, the Bulgarian Government, spurred on by Britain and France, is reported to be rushing troops to the terrorist strongholds in a frantic effort to wipe out the guerillas forever.

How are these merciless fighters organized, who leads them, what are their plans? This article not only describes the 'Imro,' their secret government; it is the first description by an eyewitness of their leader, Ivan Michailoff, who sees no way but terrorism to attain Macedonian independence.

That it was difficult and dangerous for the author to reach a terrorist leader with a high price upon his head goes without saying. The obstacles which he overcame to do so may perhaps best be realized from the fact that any of the organizations — both official and unofficial — that are seeking Michailoff dead or alive would undoubtedly have paid large sums for the photographs of him which Mr. Christowe alone has been able to obtain, and which are here reproduced for the first time.

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now obsolescent and ineffective. The older leaders, steeped in the traditions and strategy of the past, had to be dropped out, and young men, most of them with university training, had to be recruited to take up the work and leadership of the organization. These young advocates of new tactics and new ideas found in Ivan Michailoff the leader that they needed. Theoretically, Michailoff has no more power than either of the other two members of the revolutionary triumvirate. Yet they acknowledge him the chief of the comitadji organization, the man who has taken the place of the irreplaceable Alexandroff. Chiefs are not elected to their positions. They assume them. No one elected Mussolini to march on Rome and appoint himself dictator of Italy; no one elected Mustapha Kemal Pasha leader of the Turkish nationalists. But just as these men rose to dominance inevitably, by sheer force of personality, so in the short space of three years Michailoff rose from obscurity to the chieftainship of one of the oldest and most powerful revolutionary organizations in the world. Associated with him were General Alexander Protogueroff, a veteran revolutionist, and Gheorghi Popchristoff, an old *voyvod*, or chief of a comitadji band.

Michailoff's rise led to violent dissensions within the Imro's own ranks, which ended in the assassination of General Protogueroff and factional quarrels in which no less than fifty comitadjis lost their lives.

I SAW Ivan Michailoff for the first time about a year ago in a small mountain hut in Macedonia. I was guided to his camp by two of his most trusted friends. Astride mules, and well guarded by secret militia recruited from neighboring villages, we rode up a wooded mountain in the dark of night. As we rode, I asked one of my companions to tell me something of Michailoff's life.

'He was born,' commenced the man, 'about thirty-two years ago in Novo-Selo, a suburb of Shtip. His father, who still lives there, keeps a shop. Gotsie Deltcheff, one of the founders of the comitadji organization, was a school teacher in Novo-Selo, before Michailoff was born. Todor Alexandroff was also born in Novo-Selo. Shtip has given more men to the revolutionary organization than any other Macedonian city. I might say that the breath and life of the organization now are men of Shtip.'

Some shepherd dogs barked in the night. One of the guards silently warned my companion to speak in a lower tone. My mule groaned; the beech trees rising on either side of the road seemed to me like comitadji sentinels posted there by Michailoff to render safer our conveyance. I felt secure.

My guide continued in the low tone recommended to him by the guard. 'Michailoff studied at the local schools in Shtip and later entered the Bulgarian gymnasium in Saloniki. But when, in 1912, the Greeks occupied that city and closed the Bulgarian schools, he moved on to Skoplje (Uskub) and there entered the Serbian gymnasium, from which he was graduated. The archenemy of the Serbians is a graduate of their own schools. I myself studied at the same school in Skoplje. In 1918, Michailoff went to Sofia and entered the Bulgarian State University, studying for the bar, but he shortly left the university and joined the Imro. Since then, of course, you have been hearing about him.'

WE REACHED Michailoff's hut at midnight. He was waiting for us. Revolvers, cartridges, leather pouches, and other cumbersome comitadji equipment hung from straps and belts which crisscrossed his body. He was armed from head to foot, even more so than most of the comitadjis that surrounded his cottage. A flashlight shaped like a pocket kodak hung at his breast, glowing like an owl's eye whenever he pressed the button to look at a paper or examine something.

Michailoff is of average height, thin, bony, with deep-sunk eyes, hollow cheeks, and square chin. With compressed lips and a sculptural rigidity to his face, he looks earnest, serious, determined. His whole being is bent upon one thing — Macedonian autonomy; his mind is a caldron in which boil a thousand plots. When a man thinks of one thing day and night for years, that thing colors his whole life, twists it, distorts it even.

Nothing is of any value to Michailoff save the work he is engaged in. The world, wealth, culture, civilization, humanity are but empty, meaningless expressions. There is no civilization if one lives in darkness; there is no culture if one is denied it; there is no humanity if one is not accorded human treatment; there is no justice if one has to fight to obtain it.

You can't change Michailoff's views. You can talk to him and he will listen. But he will convince you he is right. He has been thinking one thing for eight years. That thing has stamped itself upon his face.

Still at the threshold of life, he has developed a philosophy, a revolutionary philosophy, to explain which he summons to his aid the whole of nature. The birds, the blades of grass, the forests, the brooks, the leaves on the trees, the sky and the clouds, with which he has communicated these many comitadji years — all these he summons to his aid in order to explain why he is fighting the way he does, why he believes in revolutionary rather than legal struggles, why he shoots generals. He talks in figures, contrasting simple things to show you an even simpler idea which would otherwise be hard to grasp. His speech flows on like a quiet stream, clear, lucid, colorful, for it too passes through nature, amid flowers and grass, under the shade of trees. And the more it winds, the clearer it becomes.

You may not agree with Michailoff; you may think him a fanatic; but you cannot help admiring his passionate idealism, his readiness to sacrifice his

Stoyan Christowe

IVAN MICHAILOFF

CHIEF OF THE 'IMRO,' the Macedonian revolutionary organization which does not hesitate to assassinate generals, blow up bridges, and terrorize the country in its effort to wrest Macedonian independence from the three nations under whose sovereignty that region now lies.

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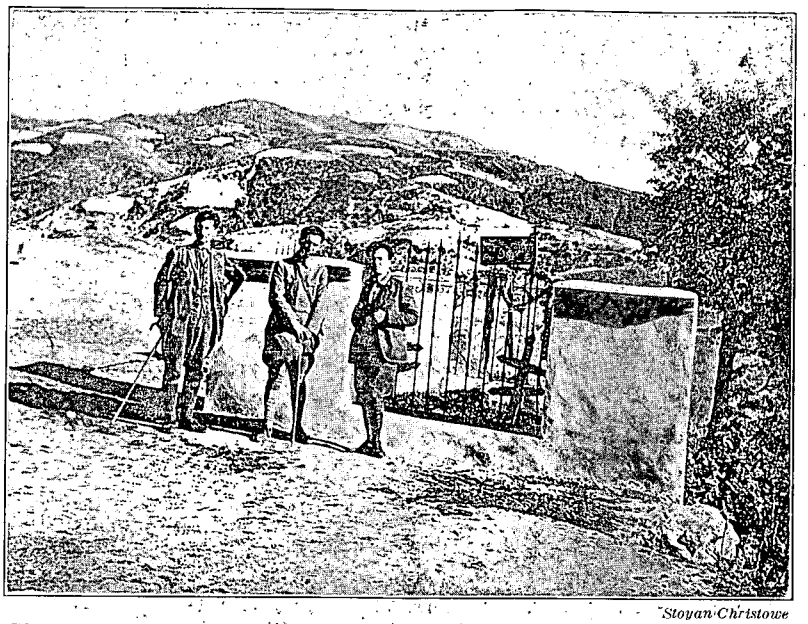
own life and the lives of a thousand comrades if that will help the cause of Macedonian freedom. For twenty-four hours he talked and I listened to him — in a cottage illuminated by the pale light of a petrol lamp, out in the open beneath the oaks, or atop of hills, hidden among the gray rocks. I tried to divert his mind to other subjects, to see what he knew of other things. But always he would come back to his own subject. To talk of other things was to waste time, to dissipate energy; nothing was of any importance until Macedonia was independent. First that, then other things.



Stoyan Christowe

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF AN ASSASSINATED COMITADJI CHIEF

THE GRAVE OF TODOR ALEXANDROFF, Michailoff's predecessor as leader of the Macedonian terrorists, who met the inevitable end of Macedonian revolutionary chieftains. Mount Pirin is in the background.

'But how, how can you believe that such a thing is possible now?' I asked. Michailoff knew all the difficulties. He knew that comitadjism was no longer what it used to be. But it was well he knew it. For knowing that, he would pursue different tactics. Skirmishes between comitadji bands and soldiery are now obsolete. It would be foolish to try to fight openly with Yugoslavia or Greece. No, the aim was the same, autonomy for Macedonia, but the methods had to be changed. Individual terroristic acts. Kill generals, kill civil officials, blow up arsenals, bridges, railroads. Make life uncomfortable and insecure for the rulers of Macedonia. 'The world will think we are barbarians, savages. Let it think so. We prefer to be savages rather than be ruled by outsiders. We know one thing, we shall be free or we shall perish. Liberty or death, that is our motto!'

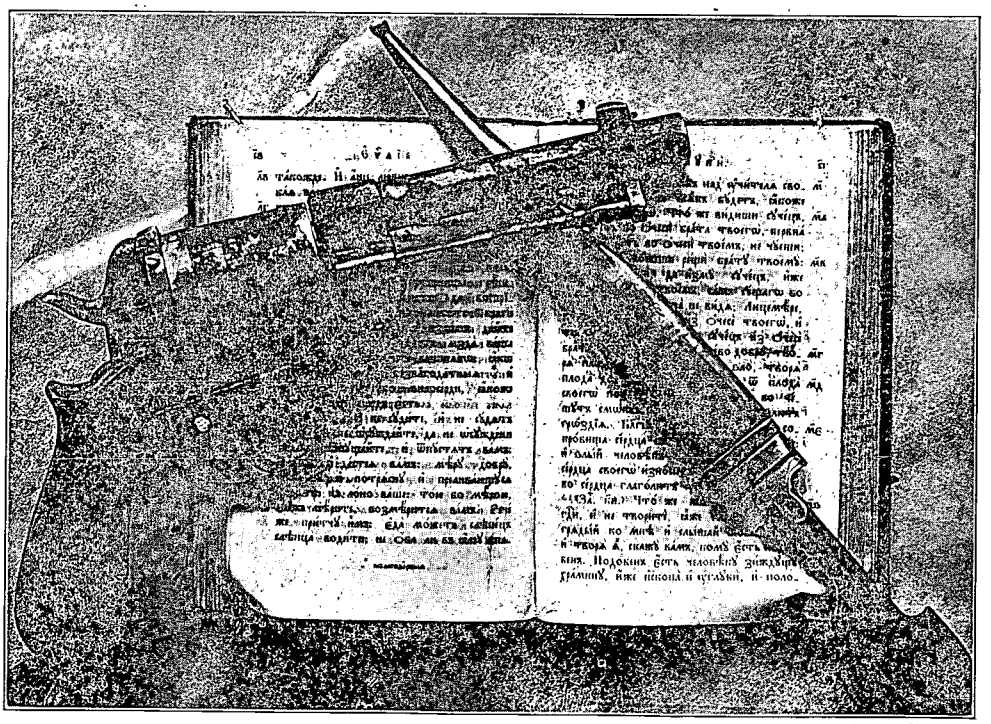
ALL the while Michailoff and I conversed we did not know what his two friends, my guides, had come to tell Michailoff. It was in the afternoon. The young comitadji chieftain and I were lying in the freshly turned earth of a plowed patch of ground amid the oaks. The autumn sun fell warm upon the ground. On a hill across from us a tiny flock of sheep crawled amid the rocks, the tinkling of bells singing in the air like the voices of happy children. Once or twice we heard the shepherd whistling to his dog. At length one of the two delegates who had come with me joined us, courteously suggesting that if we had finished our conversation he should like to have a word with the chief alone. I walked away and sat with the other man, a few hundred yards distant. Without losing time he told me what his friend was now telling Michailoff. The night before last while Michailoff's father and elder brother were returning home from their shop in Shtip they had been killed on the bridge connecting their village with the city. They had both died before they could divulge the identity of their assassins.

'But why did not you tell me this before?' I demanded.

'It would not have been fair for you to have had to interview Michailoff knowing that such a tragedy had befallen him. And, of course, we would not tell Michailoff until you had had ample opportunity to talk with him under ordinary circumstances.' I understood.

Not a tear did Michailoff shed. What was the death of his father and brother? An incident in the long struggle for Macedonian freedom. They were but two of the thousands of victims. That was to be expected. 'It is not chivalrous,' he commented calmly, 'to shoot an innocent old man simply because he happens to be the father of an enemy. This probably is just a trick to decoy us into foolish reprisals, but they are sadly mistaken. We take only such measures as are deemed advisable and expedient without regard to any provocations on the part of our enemies.'

The strange thing is that, though he must have been deeply touched and grieved, Michailoff talked of the situation just as coldly as if the two victims had been any of the Macedonians



Stoyan Christowe

SACRED TO REVOLUTION

THE KNIFE, PISTOL, AND OLD SLAVIC NEW TESTAMENT upon which all comitadjis must swear allegiance to their cause.

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who have lost their lives in the struggle. It was not right that he should show greater concern over his father's death than he would for any other Macedonian dying for his country.

IN THE dark of night, as we had come, we all left the mountain hut and set off in different directions — our party for the comfort and security of the city, Michailoff and his band for another hut on another mountain.

I never expected to see the young Macedonian revolutionist again, but, some months after that first encounter, we met once more. During the intervening period much had happened in the organization. Mara Buneva, a young Macedonian girl, had shot Velimir Prelitch and herself on the bridge over the Vardar river in Skoplje. Ivan Momtchiloff had walked into the office of Jika Lazitch, the commander in chief of the Serbian police, and shot at him four times, then turned his revolver upon himself. General Alexander Protogueroff, veteran member of the central committee of the Imro, had been killed in Sofia by order of Ivan Michailoff himself. The organization had split, and violent internal conflicts shook it to its foundations. Scores of comitadjis fell victims to the weapons of their own comrades. Michailoff was called an ambitious despot who was clearing his way for mastery in the organization. The faction which had bewailed Protogueroff's death sent armed expeditions of comitadjis against Michailoff. But long before these unfortunate groups reached even the vicinity where Michailoff was hiding, the latter's bands either destroyed them in open battle or caught them alive and hanged them on the trees in the forests. Michailoff retained his power. Right or wrong, he saved the organization from going to pieces.

It was in the midst of these internal struggles, soon after the assassination of the old general, that I saw Michailoff again. He now received me in a town at the foot of a mountain. It was again at night. I had waited but a few minutes in the bare room when the door opened and Michailoff walked in with two comitadji bodyguards. There was such a change in him that if I had seen him on the road I should never have recognized him. He was much thinner, his eyes tired and blood-shot. But for the rifle which he snatched from his shoulder and propped against the wall in a corner of the room, he was unarmed. Straps, cartridge boxes, binoculars, and the comitadji equipment which once had dangled from his person were gone. Instead of the pigskin *opintzi* (sandals) he wore brown tennis shoes. The military breeches and the heavy gaiters of natural un-dyed wool were replaced by golf socks and knickers. The face, which had been clean shaven when I first saw it, now bristled with several days' growth of beard. It was evident enough that he had lived through turbulent days, though he seemed cheerful and composed. His bodyguards posted at the door outside, Michailoff and I were alone in the room. For five or six hours we talked. It was inevitable, he claimed, that Protogueroff be shot. He knew well enough what the consequences would be; but he felt it a duty.

'My position was secure,' he said. 'I could not have been so stupid as to invite the scorn and hatred of the people by shooting an old and revered general. But I could not look coldly on when the principles of the Imro were at stake. I was compromising my own position as far as public opinion was concerned, and possibly jeopardizing my well-being, when I signed Protogueroff's death warrant. Of all that I was fully aware. The split in the organization did not come after the assassination. It had come before that. Protogueroff's death was but the first step in an effort to put an end to the internal dissensions which for a long time we tried to suppress and which had paralyzed the life of the Imro. 'My comrades vested authority in me with the expectation that I should exercise it when need of doing so arose. It would be far from commendable to enjoy authority when everything goes well, and then fail to do your duty when danger hangs over what you are supposed to guard with your life. We place the principles of our organization above our personal welfare. If those principles are menaced, even by people who once served them faithfully, we do not hesitate to act.'

Stoyan Christowe

THE TERRORIST LEADER AND HIS INTERVIEWER

IVAN MICHAILOFF (right), stubborn chieftain of the Macedonian comitadjis, with the author of this article, during their meeting in the wooded Macedonian hills. Note the pigskin sandals, the heavy woolen gaiters, the rifle which almost never leaves his hands, and, in the centre of his breast, the round eye of the flashlight which hangs always from his neck.

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AN OLIVE TREE ON MALLORCA

MALLORCA, or Majorca (the two are identical), is rich with old olive orchards filled with such picturesque trees as these.

Browsing in the Balearics

Mallorca and Minorca, Two Little-Traveled and Delightful Mediterranean Islands

By Margaret Law

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

BASKING like a lizard on a sunny wall on your terrace in El Terreno, you resent the dull-clad tourist figures that swarm there on the pier of Palma like black flies seeking sweets. You bemoan the fact that dark-nosed prows of cruising ships are ferreting out the enchanting, far-away Balearics. Obviously, when the world and his wife arrive they break one's mood of 'dolce far niente.'

As you watch resentfully, the restless figures clamber into the whimsical little white-covered carriages, half prairie-schooner, half boudoir. They are taking that 'preliminary drive' prescribed by Herr Doktor Baedeker! With the sinking of the sun, however, the unwelcome ship slips silently into unknown night, and you are left alone listening to the unmitigated wash and plash of sea against stone. There across the waters of the bay the cathedral rises like a phantom from the sea and a many spired city, now gray, now gold, encircles it.

You begin again to preen yourself that dramatically, unexpectedly, you have stumbled upon an ancient and dignified civilization where courtesy is still a commonplace, leisure and livelihood not incompatible, and commercialism but little known; where a woman may still walk the main streets with her hair plaited in a firm pigtail, and where the poorest lad may refuse a tip with an air of finality. Without forewarning this little country has endeared itself; who would not love a land that does not know beggars or haste or noise?

Compact and complete, Mallorca (or Majorca, as you will) seems a nation in miniature rather than a Spanish island possession. Only sixty miles across at its farthest distant points, this largest of the small islands of the Balearics offers 'multum in parvo' — a neat little capital city, neolithic remains for those of archæological bent, delightful people of to-day for those who prefer living in the present, also architectural achievement and scenic beauty, each in quantity

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sufficiently small to demand little effort.

Seeking quality rather than quantity, eclectic continental travelers have wandered over the Balearics for years — Germans, French, Austrians. The English have set up a resident colony with their inevitable tennis courts, saddle horses, and tea rooms, but they have no more altered the spirit and habits of the Mallorcans than have the conquests and conquerors of ages. For there is about these people something enviably static, amazing to find in this twentieth-century world of flux and shifting standards.

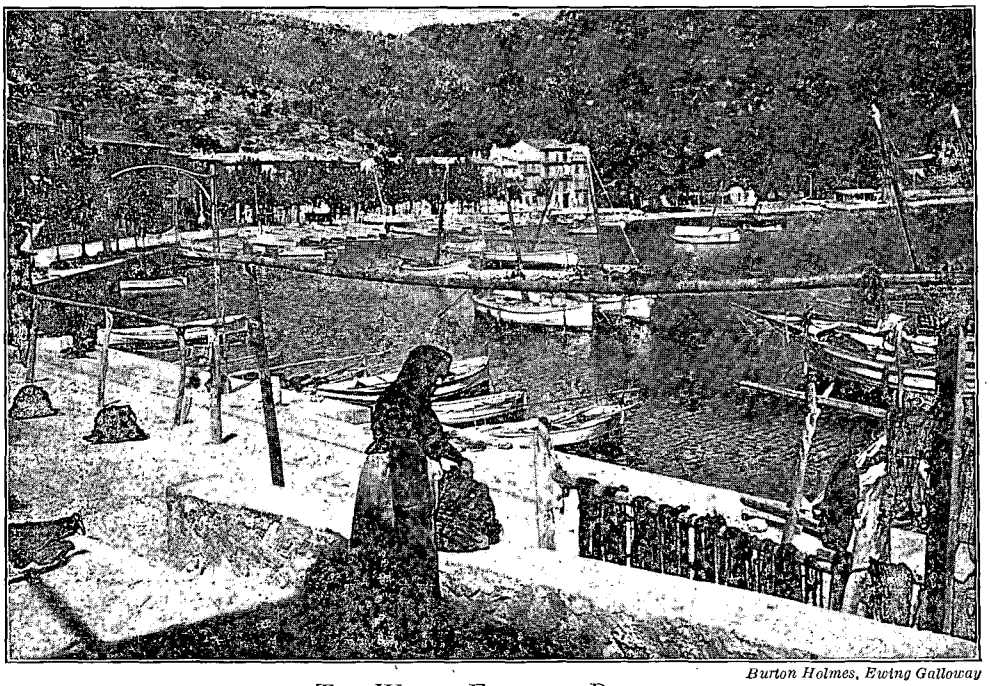
INDEED the proud Mallorcans are a folk apart, so different in appearance, habits, and dialect from their Spanish neighbors that one is constantly surprised to realize that they pay political fealty to Spain, and that the islands of Mallorca, Minorca, Iviza, and the various Pityusae are geologically parts of Andalusia. But in the last analysis, no islanders are like mainland folk. Irrevocably cut off by nature from national elbow-rubbing, they develop a remarkable self-reliance, amounting in the extreme to self-satisfaction and that content which is the dry rot of ambition. But Mallorcan content is different, well founded and highly contagious, based on that intimate contact with the elemental — earth and air and water — which leads to a fine disregard for man-made fripperies and the struggle thereafter. Moreover, when one little island can yield so much, why should islanders in their heart of hearts acknowledge fealty to those self-esteemed lords of earth who happen to own a larger lump of the world's area? Why extend one's horizon uncomfortably far? Indeed, if one were set the task of designing for Mallorca of to-day a crest, it would bear beneath the outspread sun's rays a palm tree and a Spanish galleon, and in the device would be woven first of all the word 'content' and after that 'honesty, dignity, cleanliness, and kindliness.'

Mallorcan happiness is no laughing matter of the moment, no sunshine presaging storm. Mallorcans are, indeed, less gracious and smiling than the Italians, less glibly courteous and nimble witted than the French, but they exhale a sense of innate well-being not to be found elsewhere. Women sit on iron-railed balconies dandling red-cheeked babies, and big sisters fondle their small charges as if they were a rare and precious possession. Young men linger on street corners to talk graciously to old women with folded kerchiefs over their heads, and small wonder it is, for here 'growing old gracefully' is an actuality. The years achieve some strange miracle with a woman's face not to be accomplished elsewhere. In defiance of all physical law, old women are prettier than young. Instead of fattening and coarsening like most Latins or becoming haggishly thin, they only take on a certain purity of expression which suggests that life has yielded them boons not granted to women of other climates. Look into their clear untroubled eyes and you may rightly wonder what or why it is. Can it be that, not asking too much of life, they gain all that they desire?

You may see them at the market place any morning, women of all classes, buying and selling food of all types, with a few stray artists trying to capture the inimitable 'atmosphere' — scarlet strings of small tomatoes, flaming red peppers, plaits of gleaming onions, oranges gold as apples of Hesperides, tawny-colored dates fresh from nearby palm trees, piles of glistening silver fish, each article arranged with meticulous precision.

After market in the noonday's sun everyone strolls along the *Rambla*, delightful name for a broad, smooth way which shoots direct as an arrow through the centre of the town, flanked by stone seats where loiterers gather, bordered by cafés with bright colored awnings, broken here and there by a small plaza with age-old palm trees and sweet-scented blossoms. Here on the Rambla old women seek their well-merited spot in the sun, here young girls stroll with mantilla'd mammas, and soldiers in uniform pass briskly by.

WHEREVER you stroll, on the Rambla or up the various narrow cross streets which are constantly swept and garnished, you will be impressed with the remarkably good proportions of the buildings, whether old or modern. Over-ornamentation, straining after half-understood importations of style have at all periods been avoided. There is an architectural dignity, individuality, and sense of proportion justly expressive of the people. To understand how they have for their present-day models public buildings of such outstanding worth as the Cathedral, the Almudiana, the Lonja, the San Francisco Cloisters, the Belver Castle, one must turn back to the history of Mallorca and learn that late in the thirteenth century, Jaime II, son of the Conquistador who routed the Moors from Mallorca, summoned to his island domain the greatest architects and artists to be found. Those were days when Palma was the residence of kings, the capital of a far-flung realm; when her ships together with those from Barcelona controlled the commerce of the whole Mediterranean. It was at this time, too, that many of the houses of Mallorcan aristocracy were built, houses so restrained as to exterior, so indifferent to outward display of ornament, that it is only after one has passed through the still patio with its beautifully wrought iron grilles, up the leisured time-worn stone stairs and through the great paneled doors, that one realizes how great is the cultural heritage of centuries. Here are richly brocaded walls where kings and queens of the past and



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE WATER-FRONT AT PALMA

A TYPICALLY PICTURESQUE view of the capital of Mallorca, a city where civilization has flourished under Spanish rule for more than six centuries.

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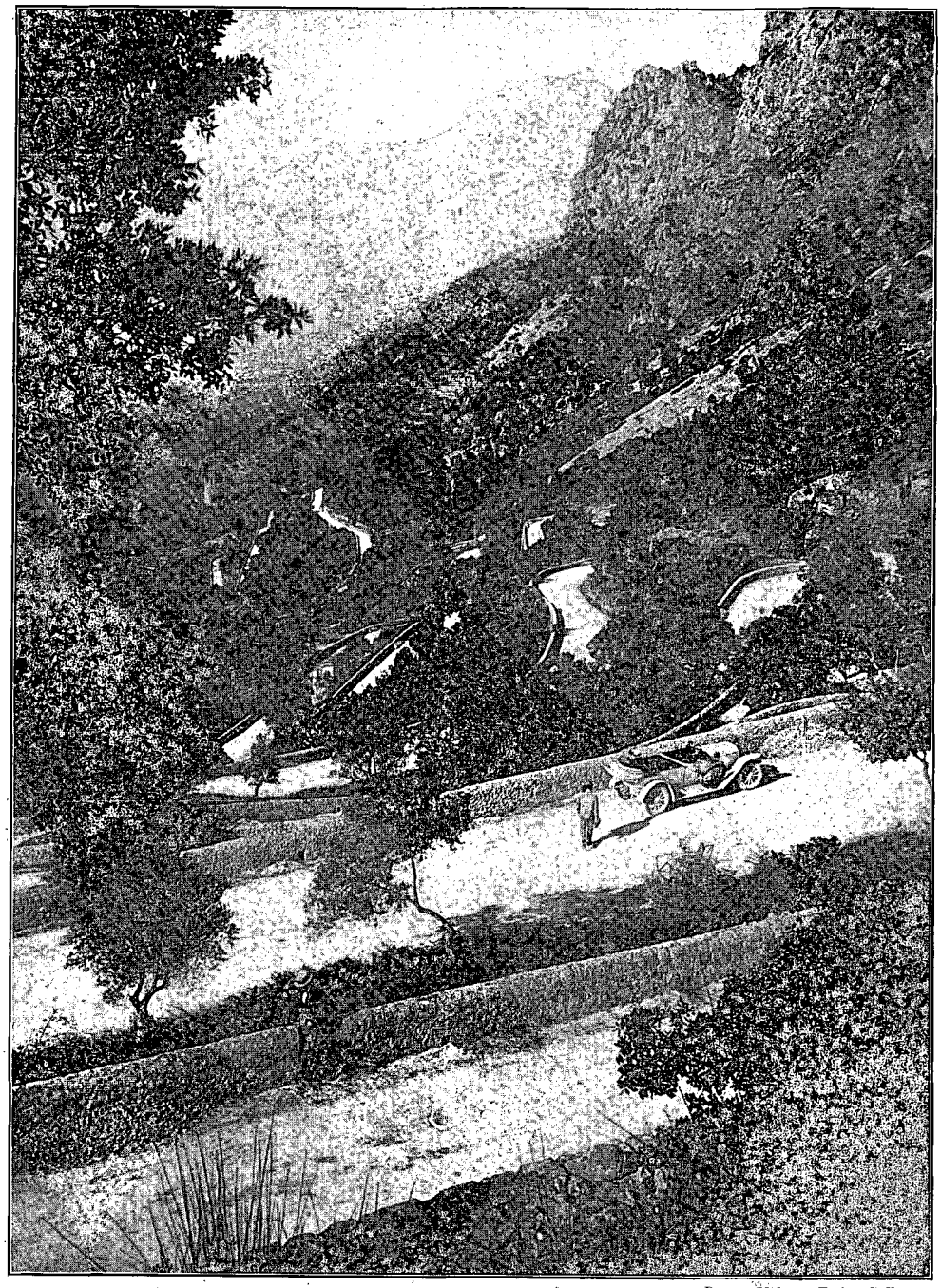

Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

INLAND FROM PALMA

THE ANCIENT winding roads for which the Balearics are famous and which make motoring through them a delight to the traveler.

present have been received, here are *Cinquecento* chairs upholstered in old red velvet, *braseros* of fine metal work, beds draped in old stuffs stiff with broidered gold. Here are libraries such as dreams are made of, where vellum-bound volumes handed down through the centuries reach from floor to ceiling. Here are huge kitchens where the gleaming copper things have been in the family for three and more centuries, as supplements to the great banqueting halls. In such rooms one cannot wonder at the punctilious hauteur of the Mallorcan aristocracy — nine families originally it is said — who are masters of the fine art of rendering to Anglo-Saxon acquaintances a perfected courtesy and then retiring behind the barrier of ancestral walls, an intimacy completely 'defendu.'

A fit place for such ancient aristocracy to worship is the Cathedral which, indeed, justly ranks among the world's foremost. No other than Ralph Adams Cram, dean of American architectural criticism, creator of the New York Cathedral and lover of all things perfectly Gothic, has declared it to be among the first four in existence. Certain it is that rising straight from the sea, free of surplus ornamentation, and a perfected expression of the best of its period, the cathedral is at first glance breath-taking. Then, too, gazing down the great nave toward the altar and the rose window, one is impressed with the magnificence of proportion and scarcely conscious of the narrow aisles or the slender columns which mark them. Even lacking much of the glass designed for clerestory windows, the lighting is successful. One feels in some way perfect proportion and sense of uplift. Nor are there many cathedrals where one hears the eternal lapping of the sea and, when the south door opens, sees the deep blue waters. There is an air of sunlit cleanliness unlike the dark, incense-laden atmosphere of Spanish cathedrals. Over all broods a rare sense of sincerity found in the spiritual life of Mallorcans as well as in their surface manners to strangers; it is not surprising that Spain sends here for many of her bishops.

Here on Sunday mornings you may see women slipping in at the great doors, women leading their children by the hand and carrying their folded stools under their arms. The young girls with bobbed hair as well as those older women of finely accentuated feature have mantillas over their heads. Here are canons in scarlet bibs, monsignors in purple cassocks; here march crucifer and torch bearers, thurifers with smoking censers. Here, half-hidden under richly brocaded dalmatics, are deacon and sub-deacon; yonder one sees the mitred celebrant under a golden cope. With an air of aloof patronage struts the olive-skinned beadle in his black cassock and white cotta. There is antiphonal chanting which reverberates from wall to wall. And in the midst of all this pageantry a serious, disputative sermon which savors of Calvinism!

OPPOSITE the Cathedral, with its own marvelous view across the sea, is the Almudiana, ancient palace of the Moors, most interesting architecturally as is also the Lonja, once the exchange when trade was brisk, really a fifteenth-century Gothic castle with crenelated balustrade, doorways and windows of beautiful tracery, and, within, those unforgettable twisted columns branching high overhead as if in stone perpetuation of the palms outside on the Rambla.

Both public buildings and houses pique one's interest to learn more of the history of Mallorca. Whether or not the original inhabitants were Iberians none can say, but certain it is that Mago, that colorful young brother of Hannibal, when only twenty-five, subdued the islands for Carthage in 210 B.C. and left his name forever immortalized in Mahon, capital of Minorca. Pollensa, so named from Pollentia, the powerful, and Palma,

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which signified the palm of victory, were founded when the islands were under Roman dominion. Vandals and Moors in turn held sway, and it was another young man in his twenties — the fair, broad-shouldered, all-conquering Jaime I, the Conquistador — who with ships and spears and swords and sailors braved a stormy sea to win Mallorca for Spain. After bloody battle and still more ghastly siege, he overpowered the Moors, sacked the city of Palma and imposed Christianity upon the island. Further subjugation involved dropping firebrands into the caves where the Moors had hidden like foxes driven to cover, those same caves which travelers of to-day can see. The internal intrigues and struggles of the Balearics under Jaime II and his immediate successors form a long and involved story; suffice it to say that at one time an Austrian yoke was cast off, at another there existed a Bourbon régime, and an English occupation of Minorca — all of which have left their traces.

It is not only in the city of Palma that one is conscious of rich historical background but in wandering over all the islands, whether by train, by motor, or afoot. At Alfabia, for example, there is that enchanting half-ruined place now owned by the Zaforetza family, once the home of Banahabet, Moorish ally of Jaime II. One enters the house through an enormous Arab gateway with an Arab inscription reading: 'The Law is from God. Power is from God. Mercy is from God. God is most great. There is no other God. Wealth is from God,' an inscription which has endured the ages while religious creeds have come and gone, and which, in the last analysis, might as well have been written of one as of another. Here at the end of a long, entangled arbored way fountains play, here cocks crow and birds sing, here violets blossom in purple carpets, and roses climb high over the roof of an empty, voiceless house, here there is no human sound, and one is conscious everywhere of the ghosts of the past. The dead it is who verily people this enchanting place for you, a place of crumbling stone, sad memories, and ever fresh spring blossoms. Yes, a house can die just as a person or a nation can, and this place is dying now.

Turning regretfully from Alfabia you wind your way over mountain roads where white clouds lift and drift over bare rocky peaks, and, twisting and turning back and forth over the curves, you come, at the foot of the towering Puig Mayor, to Soller, a little spotless town which should be Dutch for its cleanliness, and which boasts a little fishing village beyond the town where oranges, olives, and fish are shipped, where strangely rigged schooners with gay, colored hulls lie anchored.

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POLLENSA, MALLORCA

FOUNDED in Roman times, this ancient valley-town appeals for its classic quiet and peaceful beauty.

GOING from Palma to Valdemosa you may pass through groves of venerable and strangely contorted olive trees. Flocks of sheep may block your way, and goats scamper over rocky walls as your car approaches. Here civilization is forgotten till unexpectedly you come to the town of Valdemosa perched high on its craggy height. Here it was that Sancho, son of Jaime II, early in the fourteenth century built his castle with the superb view. In 1399 it was turned into a Carthusian monastery, a church was built in 1717, and the whole place was immortalized for the public by those unconventional lovers, George Sand and Chopin, who, after the monks were ejected in 1838, lived here one winter with their wee cells and a small garden with its oranges and lemons, for a mere thirty-five francs a year. Here genius burned, even though warming fires for the cells did not, and here Chopin, in spite of physical misery, wrote his *Thirteenth Nocturne*. Gazing from the very walls where the two great lovers lived, one can well understand the secret of a year's happiness in being here.

(*Continued on page 399*)

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From Berlin to Peking by Air

Will Passenger Planes Soon Be Flying Regularly Halfway Round the Globe?

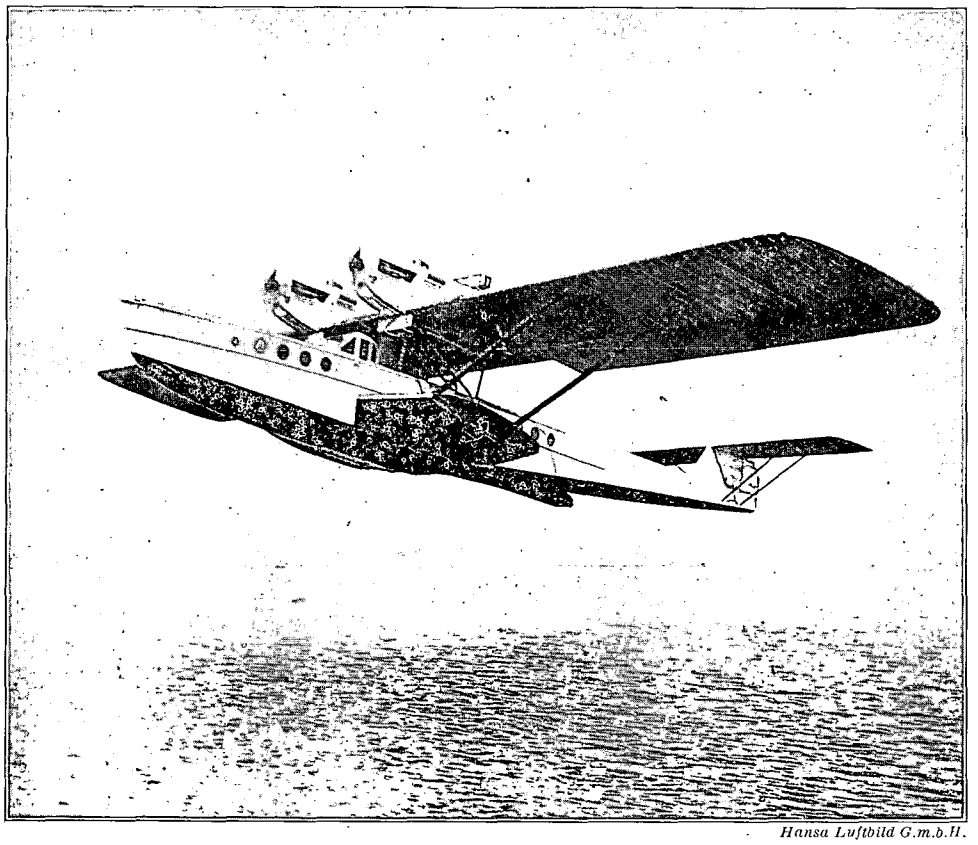
By Martin Wronsky

Director of the German Airways, *Deutsches Luft Hansa A. G.*

Translated from *Reclams Universum*, Leipzig Literary and Scientific Monthly

THIS title invites the reader symbolically to take a long-distance flight. Before undertaking it, let us review briefly the development of air traffic since the end of the World War. After the War, a large number of air companies did their flying from 'church-steeple to church-steeple' so to speak, using inadequate wartime aircraft. Near the end of the inflation period two great air concerns emerged from the throng: the German Aëro-Lloyd A. G., and the Junker Air Service, as an independent division of the Junker Aircraft factories. In the beginning of 1926, these two enterprises in the field of air service were merged in the German Luft Hansa A. G. Thus German air service has had nine years of existence. In March, 1929, there will be a celebration of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the first air route, which connected Berlin and Weimar.

Technically and in terms of air politics, we can look back to significant advances. Economically or, more precisely, in its development toward financial independence, German air service has also progressed, but at a slower pace. In any case, peacetime commercial air traffic has already struck its roots so deep that it has become indispensable as a vital means of communication. We look forward to the future with buoyant hope, knowing that technical science has acquired an irresistible impetus. And again in terms of the politics of the air, every civilized nation is coming around to the viewpoint that the very nature of air traffic makes it impossible that it should be confined to narrowly limited areas. Approaches to and exits from a country across official boundaries are coming to be essential.



Hansa Luftbild G.m.b.H.

A DORNIER-SUPERWAL HYDROPLANE

A TYPE OF PASSENGER-CARRYING AIRCRAFT designed especially for long distance overseas travel. Hydroplanes have not yet been used in non-stop transatlantic flights.

To-day one can make the illuminating observation that the average length of flights has begun to increase appreciably. If one opens the voluminous time-table of the German Luft Hansa, one finds under the heading of 'Express' an extensive list of through flights. Berlin-Paris, Berlin-Zürich, Berlin-Vienna: here are flights accomplished without any intervening stops at all. Naturally there are secondary lines with stops along the routes between the places mentioned. For instance, on the route from Berlin to Vienna stops can be made at Dresden and Prague. Technical science has not yet, however, made such strides that one can contemplate the possibility of non-stop flights from Berlin to Peking or of regular non-stop flights across the Atlantic Ocean.

Developments will be such that the so-called air service 'by hops' that was characteristic of the early days of air activity will be supplanted by longer runs. The length of these will undoubtedly depend on the flying radius of modern aircraft. The Berlin-Paris flight, about 800 kilometres in length, can just be made nicely by the passenger planes now available. When one is dealing with air traffic, in which every assurance of safety is necessary, one cannot take a sporting chance of flying 'empty,' relying on the last drop of fuel. For a through flight from Berlin to Moscow (1800 kilometres), airplanes of ordinary construction, that is, those made without a reserve fuel reservoir, have already proved obsolete. Step by step development expands, and there is little doubt that passenger planes, with capacity equal to these and even greater distances, will gradually be put into service. We do not want to engage in any fantastic flights for record height or distance in contrivances whose motive power is supplied by rockets; we must keep our feet firmly planted on the ground of established facts, and use our time upon the few considerations that have validity for the immediate future of air traffic.

IT IS clear from my introductory remarks that any unit of air service is heavily dependent on progress in technical science. If the flying radius of

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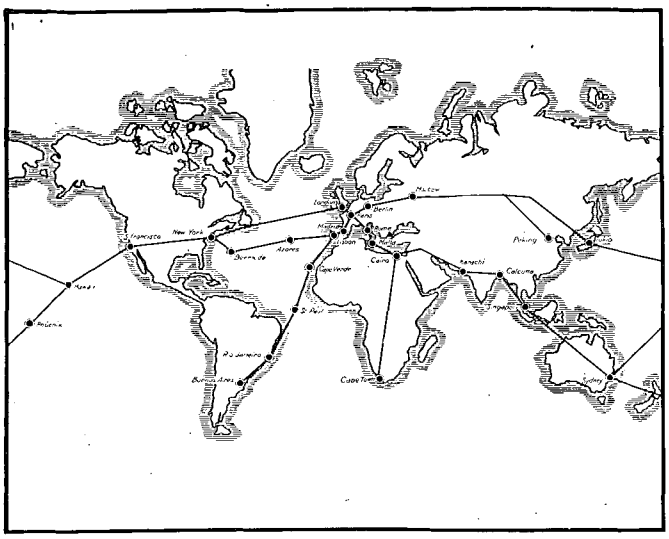


Hansa Luftbild G.m.b.H.

A MAP SHOWING FUTURE ROUTES FOR WORLD AIR TRAFFIC

an airplane is insufficient, even the Berlin-Paris flight is impossible. If the machine can mount no higher than a few hundred metres, the route over the Alps from Munich to Milan is out of the question. If it has a limited array of instruments, night flying cannot be attempted. In short, engineers and constructors must always be on tap. Widespread changes in the system of air routes are to be joyously greeted whenever they imply the elimination of the impractical and the attainment of the practical. If one or two local routes in the closely interwoven system within Germany happen to fail on account of lack of patronage, we ought not to take the affair too tragically. We shall try to find some way to initiate an emergency service which will not conform to a set schedule. The financial outlook for such a service, however, is not very promising, in view of the heavy burdens now weighing on the regular service. Because of this, the only possibility of success seems to lie in increased concentration on lines which link up places that have substantial mutual economic interests. This would involve installation on these lines of more frequent daily runs as well as runs by night. It would be ridiculous, from this point of view, to measure routes with a yardstick, so to speak, thus eliminating 'jumps' because they are too short when the traveling salesman or tourist might find considerable use for just those lines.

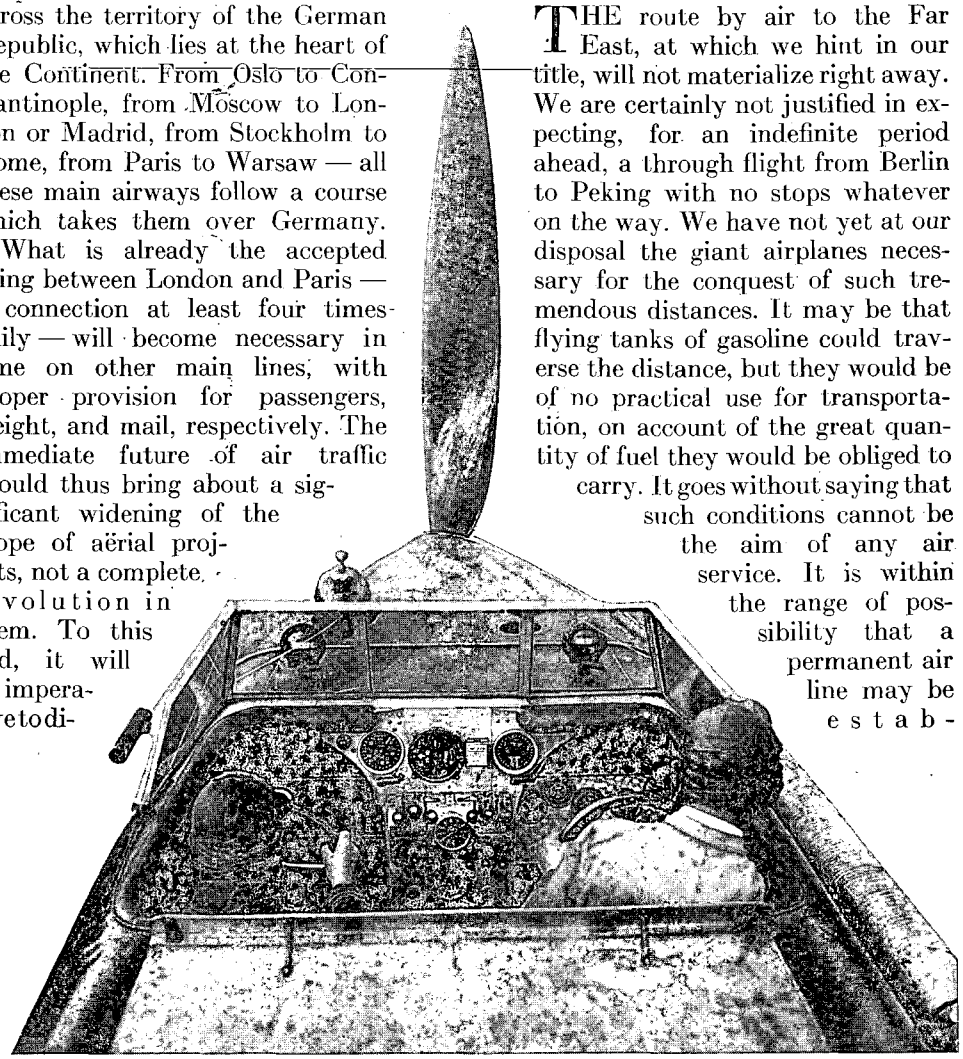
Before I forecast an air system which seems feasible for the near future and which could be carried out with the technical resources now at our disposal, I should like to stress the development of special freight and postal routes. Practical experience has already forced us to maintain a special air service for freight. On a number of existing routes it is no longer possible to use the same planes for freight, passengers, and mail. The resulting division of the functions of aircraft must be taken into account in any plans for the future.

MOST of the important European air routes are already scheduled on the time-tables of the German Luft Hansa. Therefore, it would not be necessary to alter fundamentally the system of routes, as certain people have suggested. There could be an elimination of some 'thin' local lines in the interest of intensive exploitation of main lines. Almost all European capitals and chief cities have air connections with one another. It is worthy of remark that most of these routes have to cut across the territory of the German Republic, which lies at the heart of the Continent. From Oslo to Constantinople, from Moscow to London or Madrid, from Stockholm to Rome, from Paris to Warsaw — all these main airways follow a course which takes them over Germany.

What is already the accepted thing between London and Paris — a connection at least four times daily — will become necessary in time on other main lines, with proper provision for passengers, freight, and mail, respectively. The immediate future of air traffic should thus bring about a significant widening of the scope of aërial projects, not a complete revolution in them. To this end, it will be imperative to direct special attention to the development of lighting by night along many routes. The air service of the United States, devoted almost exclusively to carrying mail, has in this respect forged ahead of European air traffic. More than half the American air system is adapted for night flying, while here in Germany the night routes from Hanover to Berlin and from Berlin to Königsberg represent only a mere fragment of the extensions that are desirable.

The European air system does not yet constitute a complete circuit. In the Balkans, that is to say, in the general direction of Belgrade, Bucharest, Athens, and Constantinople, the network of routes still shows many gaps and is sadly in need of exploitation. Poland also remains outside the present Central European air system. It will be only a matter of time before the circle closes in in the directions mentioned, for there are no technical obstacles. Technical resources available to-day are fully capable of meeting the demands of this particular development.

THE route by air to the Far East, at which we hint in our title, will not materialize right away. We are certainly not justified in expecting, for an indefinite period ahead, a through flight from Berlin to Peking with no stops whatever on the way. We have not yet at our disposal the giant airplanes necessary for the conquest of such tremendous distances. It may be that flying tanks of gasoline could traverse the distance, but they would be of no practical use for transportation, on account of the great quantity of fuel they would be obliged to carry. It goes without saying that such conditions cannot be the aim of any air service. It is within the range of possibility that a permanent air line may be estab-



Hansa Luftbild G.m.b.H.-Aëro-Digest

IN THE COCKPIT OF A GIANT ROHRBACH TRANSPORT PLANE

THIS PICTURE, taken in actual flight, makes vivid the sensations of flying.

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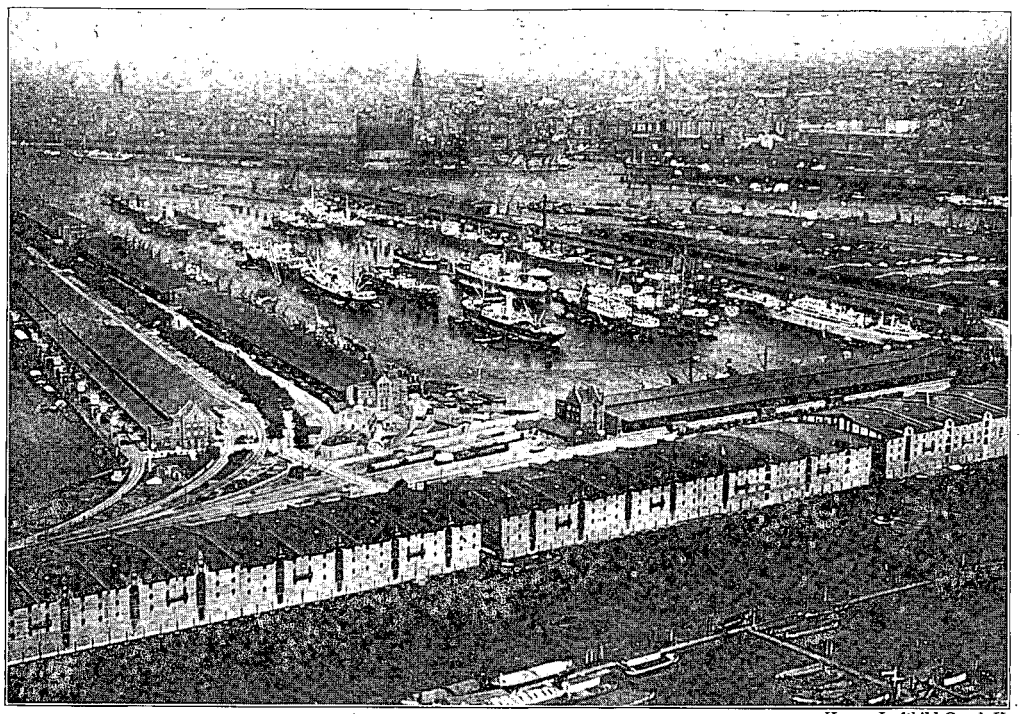
lished in stages along the course of the Siberian Railway, from Central Europe to the Middle Empire. The feasibility of this plan has already been proved by the German Luft Hansa expedition of 1926, undertaken by two large airplanes under the leadership of Dr. Knauss.

In any consideration of this question one must also reckon with national regulations concerning heights at which flying is permitted. Until further airports are built, access to which is permitted under certain rules in normal times, aircraft can be sure neither of being able to enter, nor of crossing, the territory of a foreign power. If it happens that the organization of air service and the technique of aircraft in one country are very much better developed than in another, even then the air barriers which loom up invisibly over frontiers cannot be traversed without special provision. The conclusion of reciprocal treaties between states and between particular organizations for air service will bridge the gap. The enormous air spaces over the seas offer no difficulties. These are free to all the peoples of the earth, and only the so-called 'three-mile limit' along the coasts defines national air territory. On this account our air service must coöperate closely with the shipping lines in efforts to map out airways over the sea and thus to build air bridges across vast bodies of water.



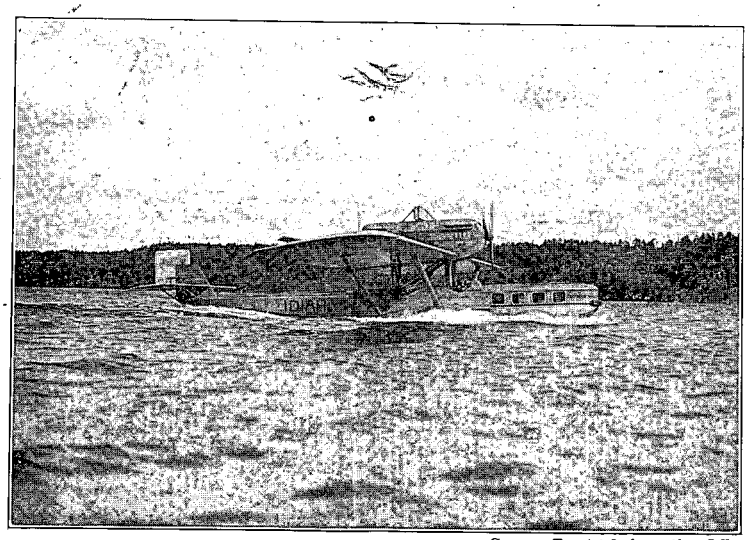
Hansa Luftbild G.m.b.H.

A View of the Harbor of Hamburg

As it appears to the modern traveler who makes use of the facilities offered by the German commercial airways.

WE SHALL not see, in the near future, a regular air service by way of Ireland to New York, or one by way of the Azores and Bermuda. On the other hand, air connections with South America are planned for a not too far distant time. In collaboration with Spanish friends, the German Luft Hansa has just undertaken an extended air expedition from the port of Cadiz to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands and back again with a Dornier-Wal seaplane. We shall not have to wait long for the establishment of a regular air service between Spain and the Canary Islands. From the Canary Islands, the route will lead to the Cape Verde Islands beyond, and from there some 2200 kilometres farther across the South Atlantic to the Brazilian island of Fernando Noronha. From this island to the South American mainland at Pernambuco is only a short hop. The Condor Syndicate of Rio de Janeiro, which coöperates closely with the Luft Hansa, already conducts regular air services along almost the whole length of the Brazilian coast. For that reason, I would not refuse to call this short article 'All Aboard: Berlin–Buenos Aires,' rather than 'Berlin–Peking.' We must, however, remember that the particular type of machine that is necessary for a regular service between the islands off Cape Verde and Noronha is not yet at our disposal. The Dornier-Superwal and Rohrbach-Rocco are splendid machines, capable of sea travel. Their flying radius would be sufficient, but their reserves of fuel would not be large enough.

We know that it makes a great difference whether one flies from New York across the North Atlantic to Europe or the other way round. Contrary winds, although not by any means as frequent as on the northern route, have to be anticipated on the southern route. An almost constant trade wind blows from North Africa to South America. It will increase the speed of passenger seaplanes flying to South America. This means that the flight in the opposite direction, on account of opposing winds, will take more time. Investigations in the meteorology of flying will determine whether one could fly at various levels, since experience has shown that the air at higher levels often circulates counter to that at lower levels. At great heights one might also pick up favorable west winds on the way from South America to Europe. They would in turn be useful as following winds.



German Tourist Information Office

A Dornier-Wal Hydroplane on the Lower Rhine

Air travel in Germany includes surface propulsion upon the picturesque rivers as well as flying over the land.

THE vast economic perspectives which will be opened up by air traffic from Germany to the Far East, as well as from Germany across the Atlantic, are obvious. Especially beneficial will be the encouragement of air mail on these long routes.

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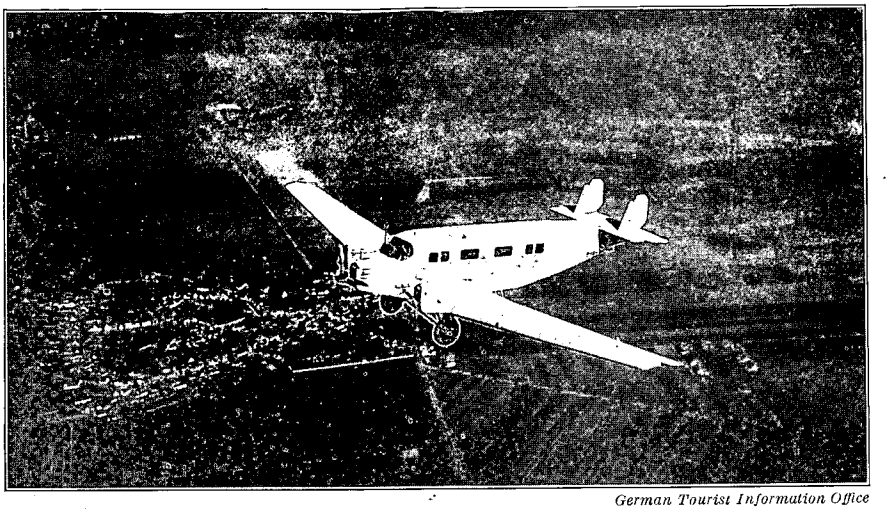
Just recently the 2400 h.p. giant seaplane 'Romar,' equipped with three B. M. W. motors, left the Berlin factories of the Rohrbach Airplane Works to make trial sea flights. This most modern type of large seaplane will have a flying radius of up to 4000 kilometres. Since the trial flights were successful, we shall not have to wait long for regular South Atlantic crossings with this type of plane.

Just as the largest airplane in the service of the German Luft Hansa — the Junkers G 31 type — has been fitted out with every convenience for passengers, so will the seaplanes be furnished, for it is essential that the passengers who undertake such extended trips by air be provided with every possible comfort. The primary requisite in air service is safety, which we guarantee the passengers with the greatest certainty in our power. But we give just as careful attention to their comfort. The air passenger must be able to sit and lie comfortably, to move about in a conveniently arranged cabin, and to have all his needs looked after.

The construction of dirigibles in England and at the Zeppelin works of Friedrichshafen has brought nearer the time when these gas-filled mammoths will also be used in passenger service. With great interest we follow these experiments, and we shall rejoice if dirigibles also prove to be well suited to commercial use. There are certain disadvantages to the dirigible which have to do with its mobility, its speed, its loss of gas, and its ground organization. These offset the following marked advantages: its ability to take off in a fog; its leisureliness of flight; the fact that it holds up well in cold areas; its radius of flight, which at present surpasses that of the airplane; and the new procedure of taking along in the body of the balloon fuel, which weighs almost nothing, to replenish the motors.

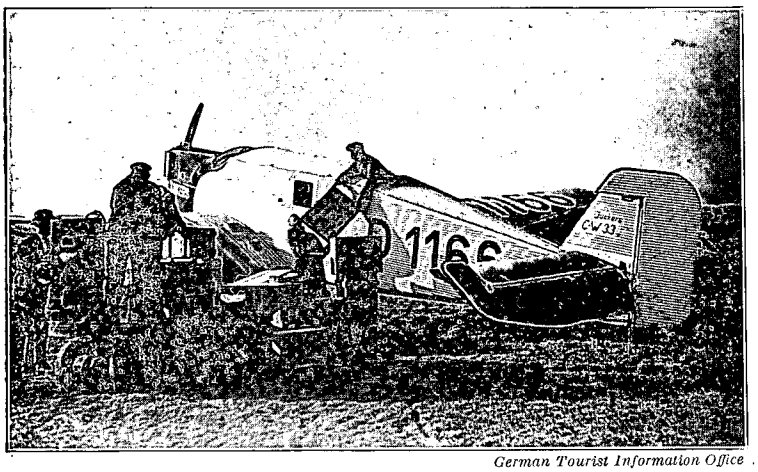
Altogether, we can be sure that our mental image of the air service of the years ahead will include the concentration of air traffic along the main routes in flights by day and by night, and specialization in passenger and freight transport. Further development will take the form of increased exploitation of through express lines, the building of free trade airports, and expansion of coast and oversea routes. The activity of science in airplane and dirigible construction has assured us of safety in the means of air communication now at hand. Already gigantic machines have been conceived by means of which the invitation to fly from Berlin to Peking or to Capetown or to New York will become an actuality. It is to be hoped that our generation will experience conditions in air traffic which would have seemed in 1919, the first year of the establishment of air service, like the maddest and most incredible of dreams.



German Tourist Information Office

A German Passenger Plane in Flight

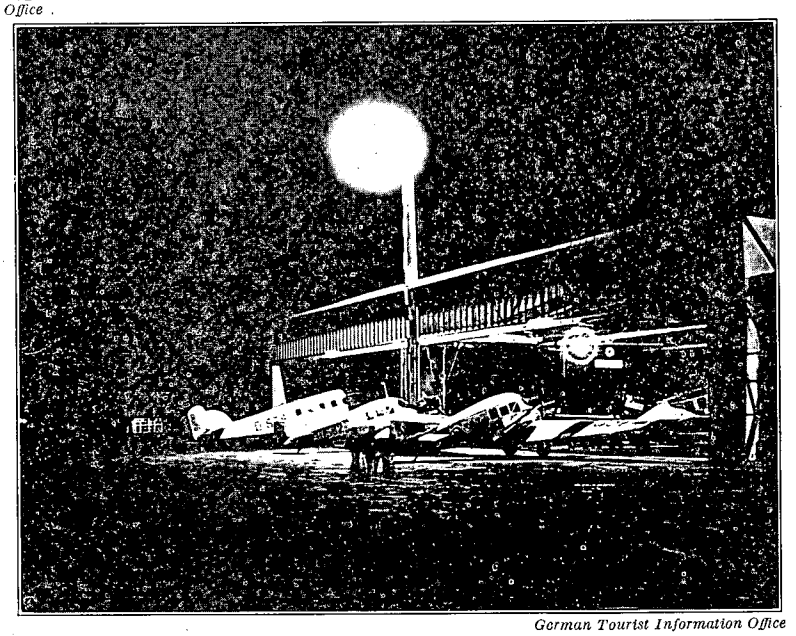
Over the geometrical German landscape, with its tidy little towns and villages.



German Tourist Information Office

Loading Freight on a Heavy Service Monoplane

In Germany not only passengers and mail but heavy merchandise as well are transported by air.



German Tourist Information Office

A Hangar at the Tempelhof Airdrome in Berlin

Brilliantly illuminated in order that service may continue by night as well as by day.

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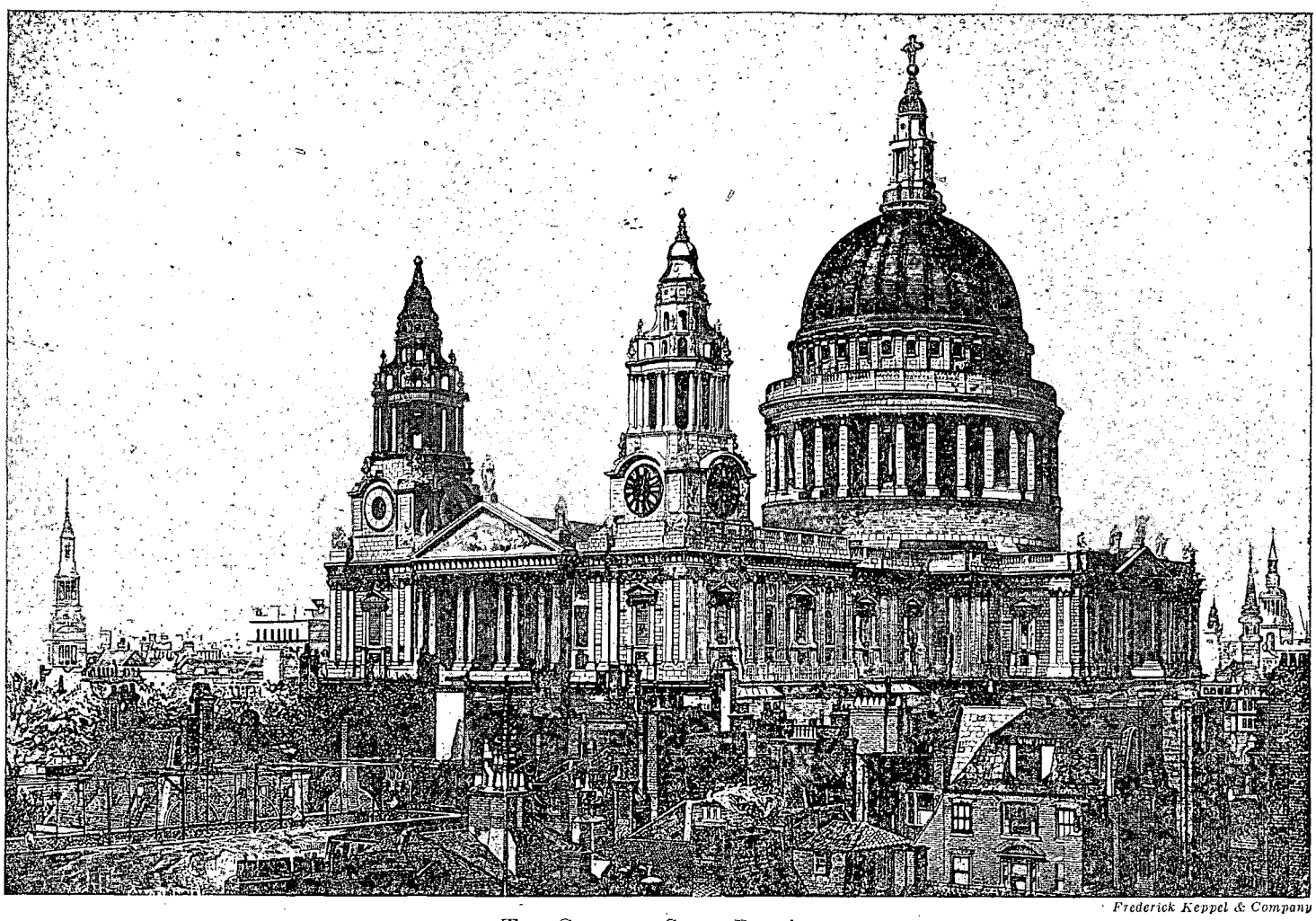

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THE GLORY OF SAINT PAUL'S
FROM AN ETCHING BY A. W. TURNBULL

Curiosities of the London Streets

Little Known Oddities of Thoroughfares in the English Metropolis Described by One Learned in London Lore

By E. Beresford Chancellor

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

THE streets of every great city possess their secrets — secrets known to those who, so to speak, have wooed and won them, but secrets which to the majority are the tantalizing will-o'-the-wisps of fancy or imagination. You may think you know a street — indeed, may know it from end to end in its outward manifestations of alignment and building — and yet its essence will often enough have eluded you; some unknown fact connected with a house or a church in it, sometimes with the very thoroughfare itself, will create, when revealed, a wholly new conception, and clothe its bricks and mortar with an aura of romance and charm. London, more perhaps than most cities, is instinct with this subtle characteristic; and there is what may seem to many a paradoxical reason for this: it is, as the world knows, largely a rebuilt city, and a rebuilt city hides its secrets far better than one whose old gate invites investigation and almost shouts its life history. For, when we see an old house, we at once invest it with interest, sometimes entirely supposititious; whereas a reclothed one will be often enough passed by, although it may be the casket of unstable happenings or, perchance, the one-time home of romance. In a word, the best that is preserved for us is, save perhaps architecturally, not so attractive as the best we create for ourselves; for imagination is our greatest aid to a recovery of what has disappeared, and in London, more than in most places, imagination is needed; for this vast and rather unwieldy city has been growing and putting on a new garb in a way that is out of all knowledge. And so it is that I can point out to you one spot where seemingly matured houses now stand, but which I remember (and I am by no means a centenarian) as encircled ground, where I have seen W. G. Grace batting to Spofforth's (the Demon's) bowling; and another, where a church, surrounded by an integral portion of London's houses, stands on the site of a race course which had a fashionable vogue less than a century ago.

The Londoner himself is notoriously indifferent to such things, which may be likened to inanimate prophets in their own country, but the visitor — the

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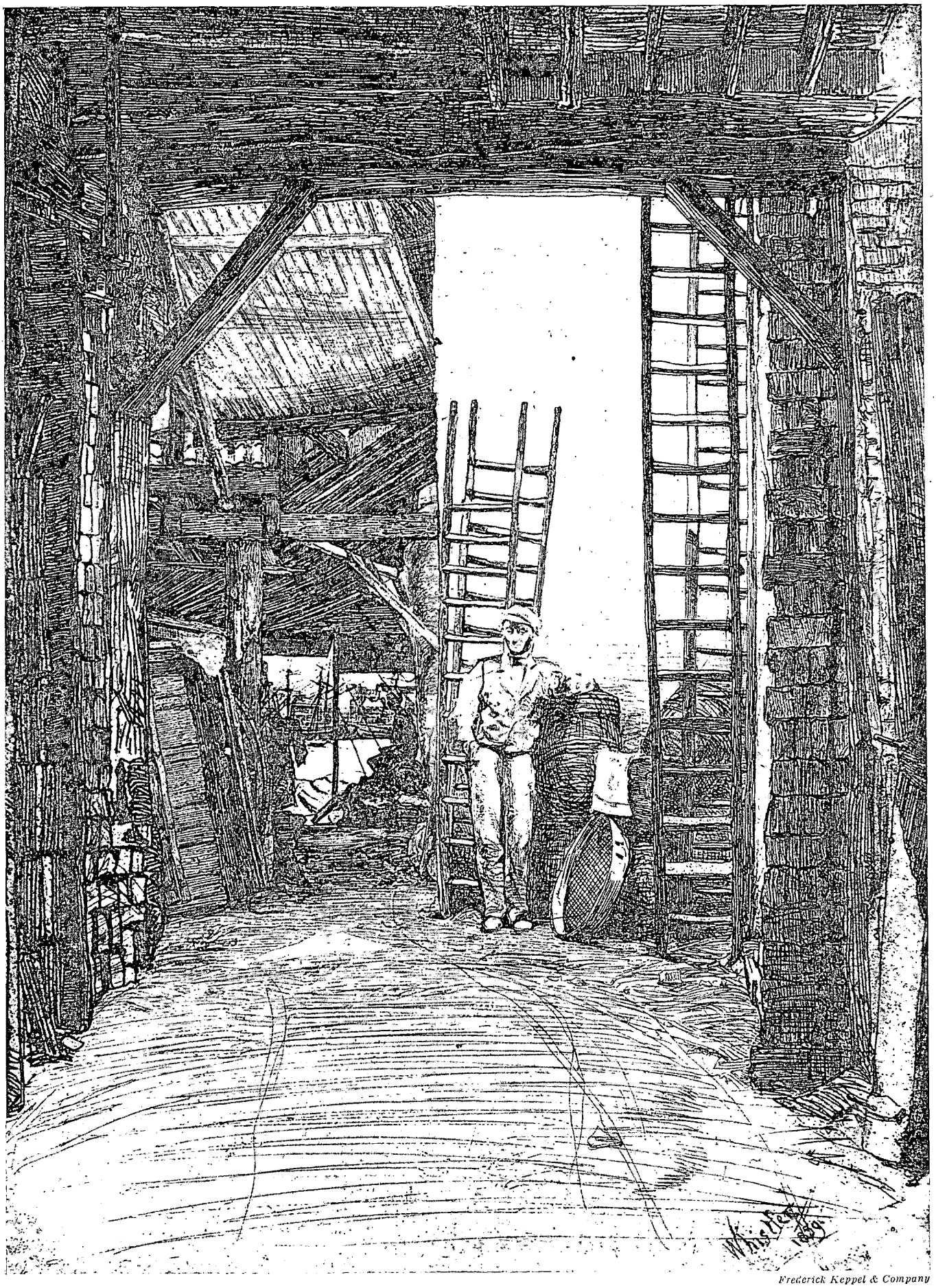

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THE LIME BURNER

FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. MCN. WHISTLER

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American visitor in particular (and I say this to his face as I say it behind his back, and not because I am writing for an American public) — delights in noting them, perhaps because they form a link between him and his forbears, to whom they were familiar in an earlier state.

Well, it is for him that I would point out those things which I call curiosities but which may have escaped even his eagle eye and active investigation. For instance, I would take him to Fetter Lane, not to see the Record Office, which he no doubt knows, or the old houses in Nevill's Court, which cling perilously to life up an obscure alley, but rather to a little chapel close by. And why? Because that building possesses a peculiar and unique characteristic in being the only church in London which is actually in two parishes, so that the preacher in his pulpit is in one, and the congregation in their pews are in another.

AGAIN, all the world that knows London knows Piccadilly. Its tale has been told, nothing seems to be lacking to our appreciation of its past; yet who that walks along it by Sackville Street, where the tailors live, and where the Lammles once abode in factitious splendor, remembers, if he ever knew, that it is the longest street in London without a lamp-post? Or that, to run down to Pall Mall, John Street is the one thoroughfare (the shortest in London) that possesses but a single house? Again, in Piccadilly, under the trees bordering the green park, near the declivity which marks the spot where a small lake once stood in Georgian days, you will see a kind of shelf supported on iron legs. It seems useless, but it once had its uses. For, when men carried packs, the hill here caused no little fatigue and exertion, and someone who had observed this obtained permission to set up a 'rest' for his toiling fellows. To-day, trams and motor buses fly past at such speed that one fails to see this example of past altruism. And, talking of rests, you may have noticed before the entrances to the Athenæum and United Service Club-houses, off Pall Mall, two low, oblong stone blocks. They bear inscriptions, but no one has time to read inscriptions in London. Did they do so, they would find that these were placed there for the convenience of the Duke of Wellington (who was a member of both clubs) when mounting his horse. Nearby is the spot (another fact not generally known) where Mr. Gladstone, while returning to the house he then occupied in Carlton House Terrace, once stopped a runaway horse attached to a hansom cab and thus kept it from rushing headlong down the Duke of York's steps.

Here, in this place, we can re-create, with the aid of old prints, that palace which Nash built for George, Prince of Wales, and which stood where the York Column bearing his brother (to be out of the way of his creditors, the wits said) now towers skyward — the palace where Brummell (or so it is said) asked his royal host to ring the bell, and whose Corinthian columns now form the portico to the National Gallery.

I wonder how many people have wondered at the narrow entrance into Marlborough House; or how many know why it is not more adequate? When Wren created this mansion for the great Duke and his imperious Duchess, the latter, who looked after all these matters herself, negotiated for the purchase of certain houses in Pall Mall, in order that she should have a frontage on the street, but her inveterate enemy, Sir Robert Walpole, heard of her intention, and bought the houses himself under her very nose; on which the furious lady exclaimed that it ought to be wrong to wish any man dead, but it was only common justice to wish Sir Robert hanged. One who called her sovereign 'her neighbor George' might well speak thus of his minister.

As you look at Saint James's Palace, you admire, you cannot do else than admire, the beautiful mellowed red brickwork now black with moss (since Henry the Eighth erected it), but do you know the story connected with the clock on it, which gives the time to Saint James's Street? The clock had to be removed for some reason during the reign of William the Fourth, and, as there was a considerable delay in replacing it, the shopkeepers of Saint James's Street petitioned that it should be again set up. Officialdom proving adamant, recourse was had to the easy-going monarch himself. He made inquiries and was told that the clock was too heavy for the tower, and that that was the reason why it had not been again put up. 'Why,' exclaimed the King, 'when I set out on some procession or other, I always observe that the tower is crowded with sight-seers, and if it can bear them, it can certainly bear the weight of the clock' — and the clock was forthwith reinstated, fractionally heavier than before, as a minute hand had been added to it.

I REMARKED just now on the curious fact of a church being in two parishes, but other churches in London have been connected with strange topographical associations. For example, there is one, Saint Mary Woolnoth, under which a railway station has been built; there was once another which stood in the centre of what is to-day a ruinous Bank of England (its credit is sound, but its structure is being wholly reconstructed), and still within these official precincts is the graveyard once attached to the sacred edifice. As you pass along busy Threadneedle Street by that classic wall which to-day conceals a new Bank rising gradually within, you little think that once Saint Christopher Le Stocks stood there, and that a bank clerk of remote days still lies buried within these precincts. His was the last interment there and it was permitted because, being a giant of seven feet six inches, the temptation to disinter his body might have proved too strong for the resurrection men, had the body been buried in a more easily approached spot.

Many of London's churches have disappeared, apart from those destroyed in the Great Fire which burnt out the heart of the city and left so many ruined edifices for Wren to reconstruct; many have been turned to alien uses, as, for instance, the chapel on the south side of Blackfriars Bridge, which once echoed to the eloquence of Rowland Hill, and is now a centre of boxing; some have been sadly mutilated, either by man or by natural causes. An example of the last is Saint Bride's, whose beautiful steeple is the delight of the artistic, and has been perpetuated by W. E. Henley in a famous analogy. That steeple towers up in Fleet Street, but not to the height it once did. For it was struck by lightning in 1764, and it was thought wise to reduce it by eight feet. Those additional stones are now to be found in the grounds of Park Place, Henley, of all unlikely places! In like manner, the original statue of Queen Anne, once in front of Saint Paul's, is on the grounds of another country house, the existing one being an exact copy of Bird's production, which was removed in 1886. There is a story that on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the suggestion was made to her that this copy should in itself be removed and a statue of herself be set up in its place. 'No,' replied Her Majesty, 'if that were done, what would prevent my statue being removed at some future time for someone else's?'

It is the fashion, by the way, to decry the London statues; and some are, in truth, as bad as bad can be — like the famous leg of mutton off which Dr. Johnson once dined at Oxford. But taking them as a whole, they compare very favorably with those to be found in continental, and avowedly more artistic, capitals. Where they are so often lacking, indeed not infrequently misleading, is in

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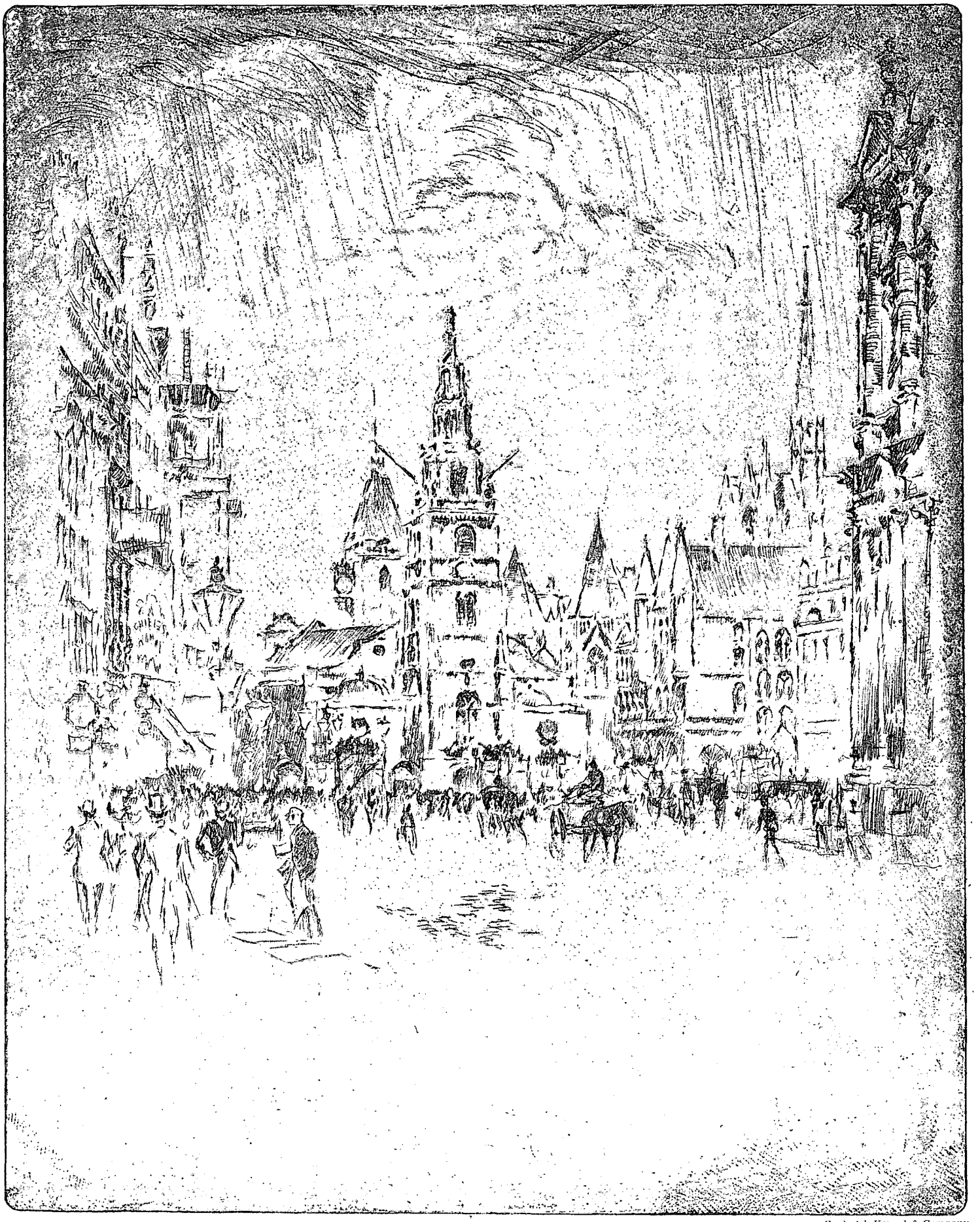

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SAINT CLEMENT DANES

FROM AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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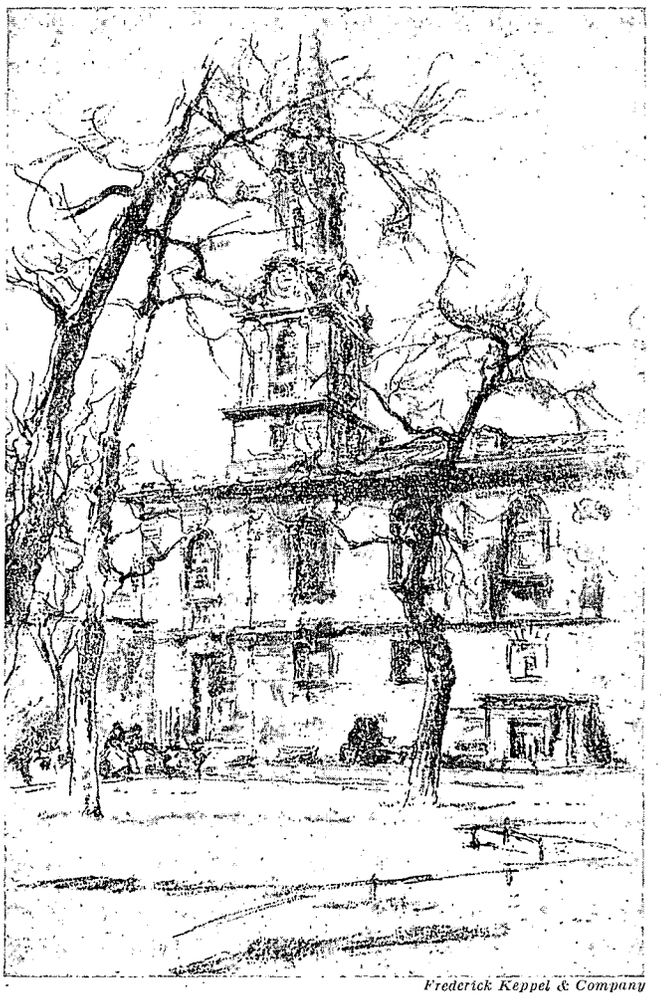
their inscriptions. When that of the Duke of Cambridge was set up in Whitehall, it was discovered that a wrong date had been carved on the pedestal; the more famous one of James the Second by Grinling Gibbons — a much moved statue, having, within my memory alone, been changed as to its site three times — has a glaring error of Latinity in its inscription, an error which officialdom, after two hundred and odd years, has not yet discovered, or at least rectified.



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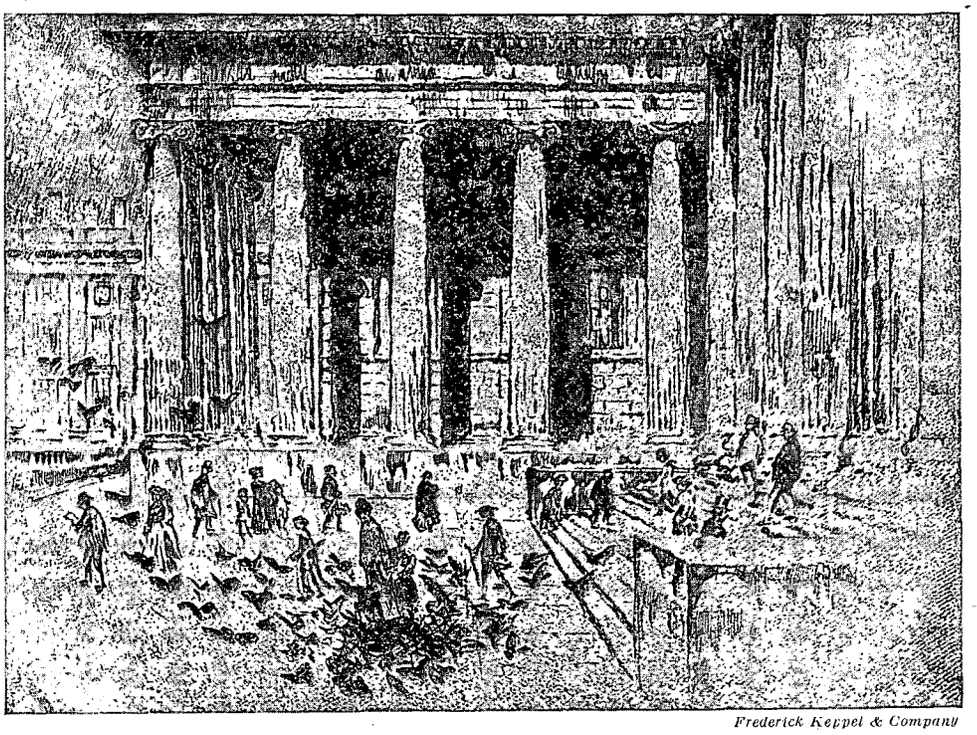
SAINT GILES IN THE FIELDS
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

THOSE who have studied old plans of London have observed various streams running through the city from north to south, and may not unnaturally wonder why they are not to be met with to-day. As a matter of fact, they still exist, but like so many of London's necessary adjuncts, they are now underground. If we could raise the wood paving of Farringdon Road and New Bridge Street, we should find the Fleet Stream still washing its way to the river from its northern heights; could we for the nonce be navvies, armed with pickaxes, we could at length penetrate the roadway to the Westbourne Stream which flows in a sewer beneath it, coming out of the Park by way of Albert Gate, and crossing the railway line at Sloane Square station like some great serpent, incidentally preventing the much needed reconstruction of that portion of the Metropolitan Railway.

There is curiosity, even romance sometimes, in the very street names of London. Some are obvious enough, a few — but far fewer than in Paris, for example — perpetuate great men; but as a rule they are either those of former ground landlords, otherwise unknown to fame, or they recall some feature which has long since disappeared from our midst. Windmill Street, off Piccadilly Circus, speaks for itself and recaptures for us a rusticity curiously alien from that spot to-day; so does Hay Hill, off Berkeley Street, opposite the little but famous Lansdowne Passage, happily still preserved, in spite of wholesale demolition and rebuilding in this quarter. Quality Court, in Chancery Lane, whose remaining old Georgian houses are condemned and on the point of destruction, was so named because of the fashionable character of its inhabitants and the excellence of its houses. In 1720, about the time it was constructed, it was known as New Court, but the more charming and original title given it by common consent has stuck to it ever since. You will no longer find a Hop Enden in Saint Martin's Lane, but the Court of Mist is there to show the former presence of one. As you wander about the streets, that period is here and there recalled by the matured red brick of two centuries of London dirt and smoke, as well as by some of the shop fronts (gradually disappearing as these are) to be found in the purlieus of Soho, and, now that Birch's from Cornhill is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in its most picturesque manifestation by Freyburg's tobacco shop in the Haymarket. That Haymarket really was one in those days, a kind of offshoot of Saint James's Market, which was swept away when Nash created Lower Regent Street. Indeed, none of the many little markets that once existed as necessary adjuncts to building development — Clare Market, Oxford Market, and the rest — remains, save Shepherd's Market in Mayfair, which Mr. Shepherd set up when he built the houses around it. He himself lived in what was then the most important of them, Crewe House, with its garden, which, one fears, will soon follow the



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STEPS, BRITISH MUSEUM
FROM AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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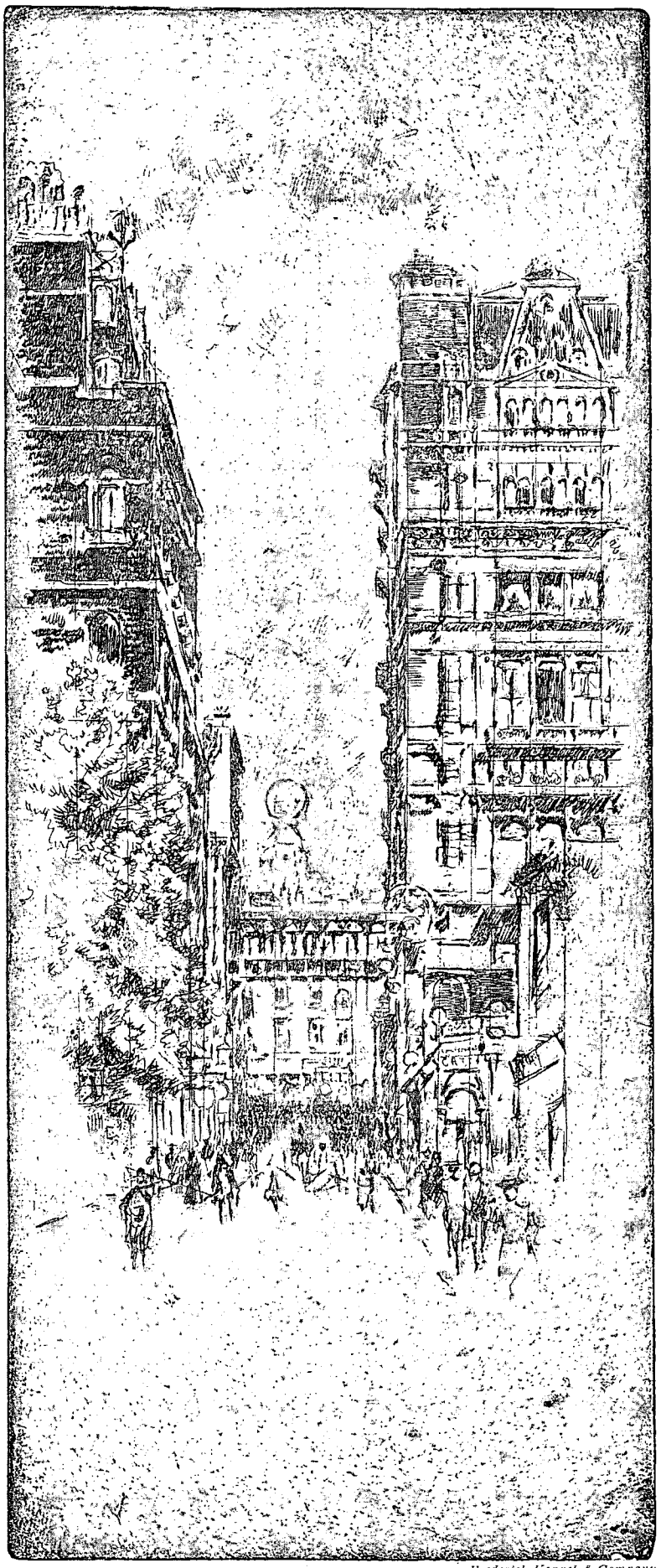
fate of those of other great mansions having this charming adjunct — Devonshire House, Grosvenor House, and so forth.

THE other day, a society hostess bade her guests come dressed in Victorian clothes, and in hansom cabs, to an entertainment she was organizing. But where could sufficient numbers of these once popular vehicles be found? I did see a stray one recently, and there is one in the London Museum. But they are now almost as démodés as Sedan chairs, or horse omnibuses, or the red-coated shoeblacks who once dotted and incarnadined the London streets. Even a carriage and pair is an infrequent sight, and the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club, every year in Hyde Park, is like a reconstructed scene from the Victorian era. One remembers the time when a self-respecting Londoner would no more have been seen in the regions of fashion without a top hat than he would have been seen in knickerbockers. To-day people walk about in Piccadilly and Pall Mall in the afternoon in plus fours, and a top hat betokens that you have either been or are going to a wedding or a funeral, or that you are a bank porter, that excellent class which remains sartorially more royalist than the King himself.

Indeed, one of the greatest curiosities of the London streets is those changes of fashion in dress which mark the progress of time and events more, even, than do changes in architecture. For it is a strange but undeniable fact that in spite of a quite remarkable evolution in the former, — indeed, in the way of living itself, — in the latter there is a strong tendency to 'throw back' to an earlier age, so that the neo-Georgians find themselves living in houses which ape the decorative character of those of the Victorian and the earlier Georgian period; and while ladies wear their hair bobbed and their dresses audaciously tenuous, they surround themselves by the glass-shaded ware prints and the painted, inlaid, and mother-of-pearled tea trays of their grandmothers' more rococo days.



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VILLIERS STREET, LONDON
FROM AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL

AND so the centuries mix and commingle, and so it is that the motor car and taxicab flash past, and aëroplanes fly over the clubhouses of an earlier day — past and over the mansions of a day still earlier, even past and over something remaining here of Wren and there of Inigo Jones — until they reach the Tower on the Norman battlements on which floats the same flag that we have seen floating over the pseudo-Gothic of Barry, where the Mother of Parliaments sits and talks to-day, as it has sat and talked for a thousand years. Were Dr. Johnson alive to-day — and those who believe in reincarnation may perhaps imagine he is, not improbably in the guise of a Scotch laird — he would have more reason than ever to say that the full tide of human existence is to be seen at Charing Cross, but whether he would still affirm that Fleet Street is more delightful than Tempe is a question which the present writer, who knows both, does not feel himself altogether competent to judge.

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Persons and Personages

C. T. Wang, Chinese Foreign Minister — Dwight Morrow, American Ambassador to Mexico — Albert Schweitzer, Doctor of Medicine, Music, and Theology — Iuliu Maniu, Premier of Rumania

C. T. Wang

THE die-hards of Peking's diplomatic corps point to him as a horrible example of the results of foreign education — the Sino-American returned student turned Bolshevik and metaphorically running amuck among the age-old traditions of his people. He belongs to a new breed, this 'C. T.' — this first Chinese diplomat ever to sit in the Waichiao-pu and to be known wherever foreigners gather throughout the length and breadth of China by the American appellative of big business. With the possible exception of Dr. Wellington Koo, foreign ministers have come and gone during the decade and a half of China's republic with few foreigners the wiser, but with the appointment of His Excellency Wang Cheng-t'ing, A.B., LL.D., Phi Beta Kappa, etc., by the Nationalist government, following the Kuomintang's entry into Peking, a new era in China's relations with the outside world began.

Paradoxical though it may seem, it is Dr. Wang's uncanny ability to anticipate the way a foreigner's mind works without losing for a moment his clear perspective of the problems confronting the Chinese people that has raised him head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Although this is by no means the first time that 'C. T.' has held a Cabinet portfolio, — he has served *ad interim* in several other ministries, — it is the first occasion that he has held such an important post so long, with excellent prospects of holding it indefinitely, provided only that he can rise above the storm of Japanese adverse propaganda, which at times seriously threatens to capsize his ship of state.

C. T. Wang is one of the very few Chinese statesmen feared by Japan, feared because he is one of the very few who is not blinded by the gleam of Japanese gold yen. In point of fact, he comes nearer to being a Chinese patriot than any Chinese I have ever known, since he invariably puts country before self, a maxim that by reason of its platonic altruism is little known in Asia.

HIS EXCELLENCY WANG CHENG-T'ING

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS of the Chinese Republic, is a Christian, was educated in America, and has done as much as any Chinese to gain respect for the Nationalist Régime from the nations of the world.

But why should this Chinese statesman not be guided in the main by altruism since he is a product almost exclusively of the Occident, despite the fact that he was born of Chinese parents in Shanghai? His father was an early convert to Christianity and, shortly before Cheng-t'ing's birth, took orders in the Methodist ministry and was assigned to a native church in a suburb adjacent to China's commercial capital.

For the most part the youthful Wang was educated in the Methodist mission schools of Shanghai, but at an early age he was sent to Japan to learn the language, as well as to complete his secondary education. He returned to Shanghai for a year of college and in competitive examination won a scholarship which carried with it the perquisite of coming to America. As a Yale undergraduate he was unusually popular with his class, played baseball, made the debating team, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and graduated *magna cum laude*. Subsequently, he received honorary degrees from the universities of Peking and St. John.

Dr. Wang returned to China during the parlous times of the 'Old Buddha's' régime, and at once threw himself into the work of reorganizing the Young Men's Christian Association, particularly with regard to its activities in assisting Chinese students who had been educated abroad in finding employment in their homeland. It was not long before his zeal, resourcefulness, and plain common sense achieved marked results and won for him the undying gratitude of the men whom he had assisted, as well as bringing him to the favorable notice of his superiors. Less than three years after his return to China he had advanced through successive steps until he was elected national Chinese secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Although 'C. T.' was not among the zealots who stormed the Imperial Palace gates in Peking demanding a Constitutional form of government in 1911, nevertheless he did yeoman service in rousing the returned Chinese students to a proper appreciation of their enormous responsibilities of government.

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Throughout this whole period of transition it was Dr. Wang's voice that interpreted the revolutionary movement in terms which the foreigner could understand. It is not surprising that he was elected by acclamation a member of the first Chinese parliament, an office which he has held almost continually ever since, when not serving as minister with portfolio.

Shortly after his return to Shanghai, 'C. T.' met Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whose fighting spirit and devotion to the cause of revolution found a most sympathetic adherent in the youthful Dr. Wang. Intensely practical both by nature and inheritance, it was 'C. T.' who invariably discovered a *modus vivendi* to bring Dr. Sun's visions down to earth; to make practical application of his glittering generalities; and, diplomatically at least, to pilot the youngest republic through the dangerous rapids of entangling foreign alliances.

It was not until after the close of the World War, however, that Dr. Wang became an international figure in diplomacy. As a member of the Chinese mission to the Versailles Peace Conference, he alone remained unaffected by the prestige of the 'Big Four,' — Wilson, Clemenceau, Balfour, and Lloyd George, — and, when Lloyd George advised the Chinese to accept the treaty, including provisions which gave Japan jurisdiction over the wealthy Chinese province of Shantung, — a proviso which the Chinese had fought against bitterly for months, — 'C. T.' uttered his famous battle cry of 'China for the Chinese' and stated that he would prefer to cut his hand off rather than sign such a treaty.

Dr. Wang's firm stand in rejecting the treaty proved a milestone in diplomatic history, because the Shantung clauses of the Treaty of Versailles were largely instrumental in causing the United States Senate to refuse to ratify it, thereby cementing still closer the ties of friendship between China and America.

'C. T.'s' next appearance on the stage of world politics was as emissary to Moscow to conduct *pourparlers* looking toward the diplomatic recognition by China of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. He went to Russia at the special request of his friend and mentor, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who had completely fallen under the spell cast by Lenin, Yoffe, Karakhan, and Borodin — the last a prominent member of the Third International, and sent to China by the Soviet Central Committee to assist Dr. Sun in his revolutionary aspirations.

Dr. Wang's mission was only partially successful, for while recognition was accorded the Soviet, and the appointment of Comrade Karakhan as first ambassador to the Republic of China confirmed, the actual trade treaties were never ratified by the Chinese parliament.

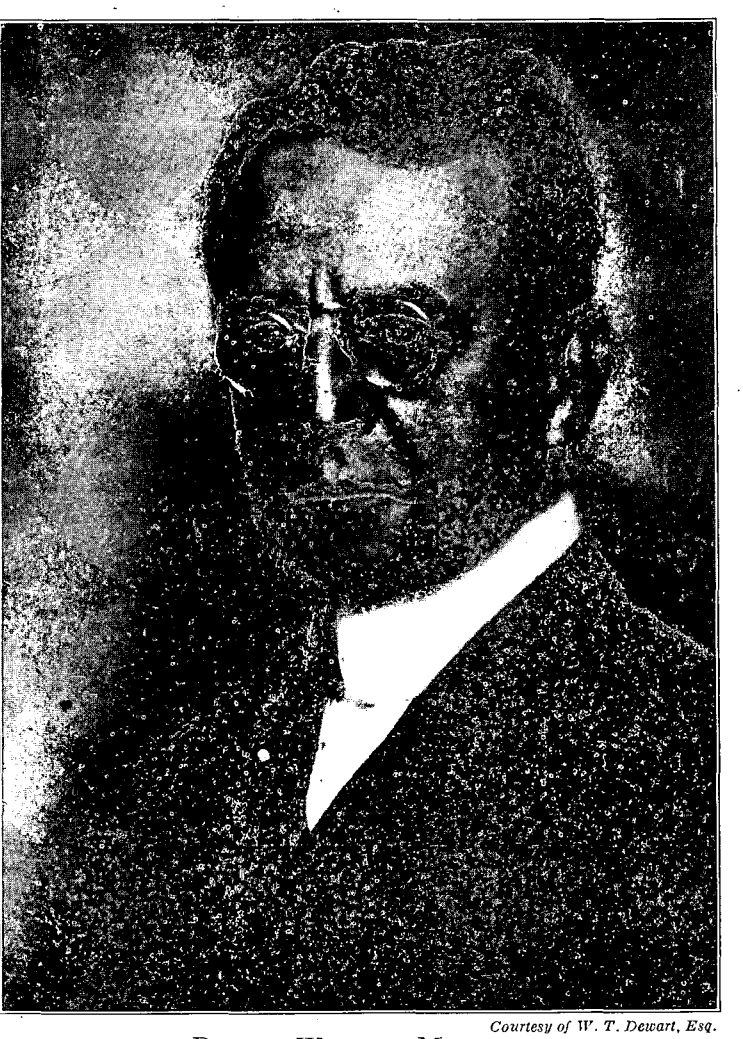
During the Customs Conference of 1925–26 with all the Protocol Powers participating, it was C. T. Wang's voice, polite but insistent as always, firmly demanding recognition by the powers of China's right to tariff autonomy. In fact, tariff autonomy and revision of the so-called unequal treaties have been two of Dr. Wang's political pets ever since he was old enough to hold office.

In her present hour of travail, China is fortunate indeed to have a man of Dr. Wang's ability to guide her diplomatic destinies with a sure hand. He is slim, slight, with the somewhat quizzical expression of a college professor, a charming, frank manner, a quiet, merry laugh that bubbles forth even when the joke is at his own expense (a very unusual attribute in a Chinese), a calm, logical thinker, yet one who after mapping out a course of action has sufficient initiative, resourcefulness, and ability to carry his plan through even in face of the greatest opposition.

This, in brief, is a picture of the man who 'rejoiced to be able to sign the American pact outlawing war'; who was among the very first of the foreign diplomats to offer his personal congratulations to Mr. Hoover; who at this moment is working out a solution of the problems confronting China in connection with the Tanaka Ministry in Japan, which is busily seeking an excuse to recapture Shantung as reprisal for alleged recent outrages committed by Chinese Nationalist troops — His Excellency WangCheng-t'ing, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of China, and spokesman to the world for his four hundred and fifty million fellow citizens.

Dwight Morrow

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1880, several small boys were playing baseball in an empty lot in Huntington, West Virginia. Someone made a home run, knocking the ball over a fence surrounding the premises of a lonesome old lady, noted for the violence of her prejudice against small boys, their noises, and diversions. It was the boys' last ball. It had followed others in its flight over the same fence. And they had no money to buy more. They held a council and chose one of themselves, one Morrow, as Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary with the particular mission of getting back as many of the lost balls as he could. It was a ticklish job, for the old woman in the case had a fearsome reputation. But in a few minutes young Morrow returned with all the lost balls and a big red apple — a gift from the awe-inspiring female.



Courtesy of W. T. Dewart, Esq.

DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW

THE BRILLIANT SUCCESS of whose mission to Mexico as American Ambassador has led political wiseacres to predict for him an even more important relation to the Administration of President Hoover.

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Another version of the story substitutes for the apple a handful of cookies, but the significance is the same.

Possibly President Coolidge had heard this story of Dwight Whitney Morrow's early life before he sent him as Ambassador to Mexico. More probably the President based his selection on personal acquaintance with the man, his classmate at Amherst College and his frequent adviser in many matters both before and after Morrow had become associated with J. P. Morgan, and Coolidge had become President of the United States. At any rate the President perceived the dubious situation toward which the United States' diplomatic policy in Mexico was tending; and October, 1927, saw the appointment of Mr. Morrow to be Ambassador to Mexico.

At that time there was extreme tension between the two countries — greater than was generally known. Frequent charges of Bolshevism south of the Rio Grande were heard in Washington. The Mexican government had enacted what American oil investors and landowners in Mexico considered confiscatory laws. Certain organizations and groups in this country were doing their best to demonstrate that ex-President Calles was a menace to the rights of citizens of the United States resident in Mexico or with interests there. The idea of armed intervention was gathering strength. Moreover, Mexico's anti-American feeling had reached a height rarely known before.

Within five months of his reception by ex-President Calles, Ambassador Morrow had done much to straighten out the so-called 'oil tangle' to the satisfaction of American interests, and had increased good will toward the United States on the part of the Mexican people. Soon after Mr. Morrow's arrival in Mexico City, ex-President Calles said: 'Relations between the United States and Mexico are daily becoming more fraternal. This new era is largely due to the ability, talent, and sincerity of Ambassador Morrow.' Calles was no vain waster of polite and complimentary phrases.

Another example of the respect in which all classes of Mexican society hold the United States Ambassador was given when the 'C. R. O. M.,' Mexico's all-powerful and somewhat socialistic labor organization, held a parade. One of the banners they carried bore the simple legend, 'Morrow is an honest man.'

The Ambassador's methods are not commonplace. Deciding that something akin to propagandizing in the United States was desirable, he fixed on a happy procedure. That quaint and amusing philosopher, Will Rogers, was invited to Mexico. Many friendly reports were sent back and published in American newspapers. After Rogers came Lindbergh with his 'good will' hop from Washington to Mexico City. Americans were enlightened and entertained; Mexicans were even more pleased. Morrow's unique methods were justified by results. Since the assassination of President-Elect Obregón, Mexico has passed through some tragic and perplexing hours, but the sureness of Mr. Morrow's diplomatic touch has never faltered. There is every reason to suppose that his official and personal relations with President Gil will be as cordial as with ex-President Calles.

Physically, Ambassador Morrow is slight, even undersized; but his keen face reveals earnestness, intellect, and force. His dress is unstudied, his trousers not always stiffly creased. It has been suggested that he might pay more attention to the small details of haberdashery; but his mind is upon more important things than the color of cravats or the cut of coats. Mentally he towers, morally he is a mountain of strength.

Educated for the bar, Mr. Morrow was for years a successful practitioner in New York. Though he is a lover of letters and an essayist of distinction upon historical and political topics, he shares the very common fondness for detective stories as a means of mental relaxation. Recently confined to his bed by a trifling indisposition, he is said to have devoured this sort of literature almost by the ton, a report which is worth recording if only one-half of one per cent true.

And now it seems that Ambassador Morrow has already reached an eminence which no United States Ambassador in Mexico has hitherto been able to attain. A traveler returning from Mexico City reports that, uncertain of the correct pronunciation of the name, he asked a hack driver who the Mexican President was. The cabby replied, in all gravity, 'Señor Morrow.'

Albert Schweitzer

IN the seventies and eighties of the last century, there lived in the little village of Günsbach in Alsace a small boy who was a great source of distress to his parents. His father was the pastor of the Lutheran church in the village and thus had a certain position to maintain. He was a kindly, pious man, the last whom anyone could have called a snob, and he wanted to have his son properly and decently clothed. His son, however, had his own ideas on what being decently clothed meant. When he was supplied with an overcoat and told to wear it, he objected. At that time an overcoat was a luxury beyond the means of most of the boys whom Albert knew at school; they were expected to keep warm by natural boyish animation and activity. That method suited Albert well enough, particularly since his schoolfellows were ready to dub anyone who dressed better than the others a 'sprig of the gentry.' He refused so stubbornly to wear his overcoat that his father finally yielded.

Most parents can sympathize with Albert's father; very few schoolboys like wearing things that make them look different. To a boy nothing is worse than being pointed at. But in the case of Albert Schweitzer, there was doubtless more than a boyish horror of being conspicuous. He was not afraid to stand against the scorn of his less sensitive companions when they left him behind and went fishing or hunted birds with slings. He could not stand the sight of a worm squirming on a hook or of the torn mouth of a fish as it was taken off the hook. This hypersensitiveness, which shuddered at the idea of suffering for any breathing thing, is a characteristic which explains a good deal in Albert Schweitzer's career which would otherwise seem perhaps too romantic to be sensible. The standards by which the world judges things sensible or foolish are to him foolish themselves. If suffering exists in the world, it is the plain duty of anyone who can to do something about it.

At an early age, he was sent to Mülhausen, where he lived with an aunt and uncle and attended the Gymnasium. His own account in *Memories of Childhood and Youth* gives us an impression of a serious youth, too dreamy and mystical to be a brilliant, and too conscientious to be a bad, student. His aunt and uncle were very conscious of their responsibility in bringing up the boy. He read a great deal, always guided and supervised by his aunt; she thought he read too fast and kept telling him that one must savor the style of a book by taking it very slowly. In the routine of the day, there were only about fifteen minutes he could spend reading the newspapers: that was while the dining table where he studied was being set for the evening meal. While he could not study, he went into a corner with the paper and read it thoroughly. His aunt had an idea that he was wasting his time with the jokes and continued stories. When the matter was brought up in a family conclave, Albert insisted that he was reading politics, which interested

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him greatly. His uncle immediately put him to test and found to his surprise that his nephew, far from merely answering questions, was capable of discussing European affairs very intelligently. So the time allotted for the newspaper was increased.

He was graduated from the Gymnasium and entered the University of Strasbourg. From this time on, the dreamy youth disappears, and an enormously active and energetic man takes his place. Being gifted with that very desirable sort of naïveté which consists in a blindness to such difficulties as would seem insuperable to ordinary people, Schweitzer forged out several careers for himself where a man more conscious of the supposed impossibility of doing more than one thing well would have been satisfied with one. He earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and wrote a book on ethics. With his other hand, as it were, he earned the degree of Doctor of Theology and became a professor in the University of Strasbourg. He published a book called *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* which caused a flutter in the theological dovecots and made his reputation as a fearless and original thinker in that field of inquiry. He occupied a position in one of the churches of Strasbourg, doing some preaching and helping with the practical work of the church.

His education in music had been started on the old square piano in his father's house when he was yet a small boy and had been continued while he was in the Gymnasium at Mülhausen. His aunt had seen that he never relaxed his daily stint of practice. As he grew older, he took up the organ, and, through study in Strasbourg and under Widor in Paris, he became one of the foremost organists in Europe. Since no one can become a good organist without becoming a devotee of Johann Sebastian Bach, Schweitzer fell under the spell of the master and made him an object of special study. Partly at the instance of Widor, he wrote a book about Bach which was published in French in 1905. He rewrote it in German, enlarging it considerably. The enlarged version (published in 1908, with an English edition in 1913) has become one of the standard authorities.

How can one man do so many things and do them all well? The answer is that Albert Schweitzer is a man of unusual gifts and enormous energy. He applies standards to himself which if applied to other people would make many competent and successful men look like bunglers.

But none of these achievements does he consider his life work. As he grew to maturity the quality of hypersensitiveness to suffering of all kinds deepened in him. That suffering exists became more and more a matter that he felt he should personally do something about. So for a number of years he looked for a field in which his effort would be most useful. At last, from some friends who had been working there, he heard of the horrors suffered in accident and disease by the negroes of central Africa because there were no doctors to care for them. That settled it; he decided that central Africa was the place where his services would be of most account.

With the calmness with which one might look up a telephone number, he decided to get a medical degree, involving years of special preparation, to be followed by a special course in tropical medicine at Paris. Thus equipped, he set sail for a life of adventure and heroic effort in French Equatorial Africa. The necessary funds he supplied himself — the proceeds of a number of organ recitals and the sale of his book on Bach. He made arrangements to establish his station at Lambarene on the Ogowé River, about fifty miles from the Equator, where there was already a French mission.

When he arrived, he had to start with almost nothing and create a modern hospital in the midst of the jungle. His crates and boxes had to be brought from the port where the steamer landed in native dugout canoes. Even the huge crate containing the piano given him by the Bach Society of Paris (of which he had been organist) was thus transported and barely escaped being dumped in the river. He began treating the natives, first in the open air, then in a hencoop which he converted into a hospital while he was waiting for a more permanent structure. The natives suffer from most of the diseases known in Europe and several others peculiar to the region; the worst being sleeping sickness and leprosy. Dr. Schweitzer has won the confidence of the natives and they come from miles around to be treated. Occasionally he can cajole his natives, who are quite childlike and irresponsible and are likely to rush off to go fishing if they find that there is any work to be done, into helping him with the building work that is always necessary to keep up with his expanding needs.

Every two or three years Dr. Schweitzer returns to Europe, not so much to rest as to engage in a different form of activity. He has to raise money. His expenses are more than they were at the start because his station has grown considerably. He has several assistants whom he pays nothing but their expenses, both he and they being convinced that the experience is pay enough. He gives organ recitals in the important cities of Europe and makes enough money for another period in Africa. Thus, as he says, the eighteenth-century cantor of Leipzig, J. S. Bach, helps to cure ulcers and sleeping sickness in the twentieth century among the negroes of equatorial Africa.

Pacific and Atlantic

IULIU MANIU

RUMANIA'S NEW PRIME MINISTER, is the leader of the Peasant Party. His coming to power signalizes a democratic victory in the country whose destinies have hitherto been in the hands of an aristocratic clique. M. Maniu's career is sketched on the following page.

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Iuliu Maniu

HISTORY records few stranger cases of wishes come true than the rise to power of Iuliu Maniu, the new Premier of Rumania. Born a subject of the hated Hungarian crown, he fought for the interests of his fellow-subjects of Rumanian blood, living in Hungary. He has lived to see his native Transylvania, with its millions of Rumanians, united to Rumania; and to become its chief officer of state. The man who made his reputation as a leader of a struggling minority of Rumanians in Hungary has become the head of Greater Rumania and must now deal with its minorities.

The new Prime Minister was born at Simleul Silvaniei, in Transylvania, in 1873, when it was still Hungarian territory, ruled by the old Emperor, Francis Joseph. His family having for generations been lawyers, it was natural that he should follow in their footsteps; and, after studying at Cluj, Budapest, and Vienna, he became professor of law in the Academy of Theology at Blaj, near Albaiulia.

The position of the Rumanians living in Hungary was galling, as that of a subject people always must be. Though their sympathies were with their kinsmen across the frontier, any written or spoken expression of that sympathy brought down upon their heads the harshest penalties. From 1896 to 1916, Rumanian journalists in Transylvania were so many and so outspoken that they paid 250,000 crowns in fines and served a total of a hundred years in prison for utterances displeasing to the Hungarian government. In self-defense the Transylvanians turned to politics, and elected their own deputies, who formed a tiny minority in the Hungarian parliament at Budapest. In 1908, Dr. Maniu was elected deputy and speedily became leader of the Rumanian opposition, coöperating with the leaders of the other national minorities — Serb, Croat, and Slovak. The Hungarian authorities had their eye on him — so strictly that the wife of a Rumanian priest was one day seized, fined, and sent to prison for no greater an offense than merely handing him a bouquet tied with the Rumanian tri-color ribbon. And presently he was defeated at the polls by no less a person than Count Stephen Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary.

But his reputation as leader of the Rumanian sympathizers in Transylvania was made; and when, in 1915, Germany and Austria-Hungary were jointly endeavoring to bring Rumania into the War on their side, it was to M. Maniu that the German Emperor appealed. He appealed in vain. Whereupon the Austro-Hungarian government, finding that M. Maniu could not be used for their purposes, sent him to the front as an artillery officer in spite of the fact that he was entitled to exemption.

When the Central Powers collapsed in November, 1918, M. Maniu came into his own. The National Committee which had been organized to unite Transylvania with Rumania placed him at its head. Before the month was over he had 170,000 troops in Vienna — and was even able to send two regiments to Prague to aid the Czechs at a critical moment in their revolution. On December 1, 1918, the National Assembly at Albaiulia, which he helped to organize, proclaimed the union of Transylvania and Rumania; and as president of their Directive Council he practically governed Transylvania until 1920.

When union with Rumania was completed, M. Maniu naturally became one of Transylvania's representatives at Bucharest. Since 1919 he has been leader of the national party, which aims to consolidate democracy and nationalism, and which in 1926 joined forces with the peasants against the aristocratic groups that have long dominated Rumania. M. Maniu has been in opposition steadily since 1918, with a little group of supporting deputies who varied in number from ten to one hundred. He comes to power after a long struggle with his predecessor, Vintila Brătianu, who succeeded his redoubtable brother, Ion Brătianu, on the latter's death.

Having secured an alliance with the peasants, M. Maniu began his assault on the Brătianu government. Proposals that he join in a coalition cabinet representing both parties were scornfully rejected. His strength was demonstrated by the arrival of 60,000 peasants in Bucharest last March and the gathering of 200,000 in Albaiulia in May. It is said that only the restraining hand of Iuliu Maniu prevented this demonstration from ending in a peasants' march on Bucharest like the Fascist march on Rome. After the first demonstration, Brătianu offered to resign within three months, but M. Maniu refused compromise of any kind.

The power of the Brătianu government gradually waned until early in November the Regency Council — which governs in the name of the seven-year-old King Michael — asked for his resignation. Within a week M. Maniu's cabinet — made up wholly of his own Nationalist Peasant Party — was in office.

His own followers hailed his advent to power as a 'bloodless revolution,' which had 'averted a national disaster.' Nor did they greatly exaggerate. For the millions of peasants enfranchised since the War were in an ugly mood, suspicious of the government, determined to have a greater share in managing the country — and Rumanians know what a peasant revolt can mean.

M. Maniu will have to struggle against powerful opponents, but the enlightened programme which he has announced may save him. It includes a series of agricultural measures which will please the peasants; a demand for equal rights for Jews, which may help Rumania's financial standing; a more liberal attitude toward foreign capital, which will have the same effect; and a milder policy toward the Hungarian and German minorities, which may improve relations with Hungary and Germany. Once a minority leader himself, M. Maniu will not repeat, now that he has come to power in Rumania, the injustices against which he struggled when he was a minority leader in Hungary.

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'The Conquering Lion of Judah'

Ras Taffari, Ruler of Africa's Largest Independent Country, Attempts to Westernize His People

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

ONE day six years ago, a young man not yet thirty, lord over twelve million people, stood on the parade ground at Aden reviewing the British garrison, turned out in his honor. Brass buttons gleamed and artillery harness shone, for the British Tommies had been told to look their best. The royal visitor was the first ruler of his land to leave his native soil, and here at Aden, for the first time, he gazed on the great outside world with his own eyes.

Typical of the West and its machine civilization, airplanes winged their way over his head in aërial salute. In his land, aircraft were forbidden, for his countrymen feared that they would bring foreigners to spy upon them.

The airplanes over his head fascinated the youthful potentate. Turning to the Governor General and the General Officer commanding at Aden, he said in French, pointing aloft, 'I want to take a trip in one of those machines.' In ten minutes the request was granted, notwithstanding the almost tearful protests of his entourage. A plane of the Royal Air Force carried him far above the city and fortress of Aden, one of the citadels which guard that main artery of the British Empire, the road by sea to India.

Ewing Galloway

RAS TAFFARI, KING OF KINGS

SEATED ON HIS THRONE in all his regal splendor. Taffari claims descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Beside him stands one of his Rasses, or subsidiary chieftains.

THEN, as now, westernization was the dominant force in the personality of Ras Taffari Makonnen, Prince Regent and Heir Apparent, Conquering Lion of Judah, Emperor of Ethiopia. His countrymen have recently made him King, a change which does not affect him very much, for he has been the virtual ruler of his country for twelve years past. School books tell us that feudalism came to an end with the dawn of the thirteenth century. But they forget Abyssinia, the feudal state whose destinies Ras Taffari guides in the twentieth century. Go into Ethiopia, and you will see flourishing the form of government that lent to the Middle Ages in Europe their romance and their color. The dukes and counts who acknowledged the King of France as their overlord in the twelfth century find their counterpart to-day in Abyssinia, whose feudal chiefs owe allegiance to Ras Taffari.

Abyssinia is proud of its history, its traditions. It is proud, no less, of its three thousand years of independence and isolation. About the year one thousand B.C., Makeda, the Queen of Sheba, so legend has it, descended from the Abyssinian highlands and visited King Solomon at Jerusalem. Out of that meeting came a son, Menelek, who, again according to legend, was educated at the court of his father until, at the age of eighteen, he returned to the plateaux of his mother's country. The Abyssinian records attempt to prove also that Menelek, through a trick of substitution, brought to Ethiopia the ark of the covenant containing Moses' Tables of the Law. So much by way of historical digression. For the position of Ras Taffari cannot be properly understood unless it is projected against the historical background and the mediævalism of his country.

NO PRESENT-DAY ruler, it is safe to say, has had greater obstacles to contend with, and few challenge our interest more keenly. He leads the westernization movement in a country that is one of the most backward on earth. Centuries of isolation have kept this people apart from the march of civilization elsewhere. In his own capital he must meet and overcome the forces of reaction which centre around the Empress Zauditu, the church, and a group of old and powerful families. Farther afield, he must deal with his feudal lords, twenty or thirty days' march from the capital, some of whom rule over a domain as large as many a European kingdom. Abroad he must deal with Britain, France, and Italy, the three powers beside whose territories Abyssinia marches for three thousand miles of frontier. Each of these three powers casts a covetous eye upon Abyssinia, perhaps the greatest unexploited area in the world.

All three have made moves for special rights and spheres of 'influence.' But for over a decade Ras Taffari has proved more than a match for the European diplomats accredited to his capital. The diplomat with his top hat has failed as conspicuously to undermine the independence of Abyssinia as did the Italian commander who met defeat with his modern army more than thirty years ago, when he encountered the great Menelek and his ninety thousand warriors at Adua.

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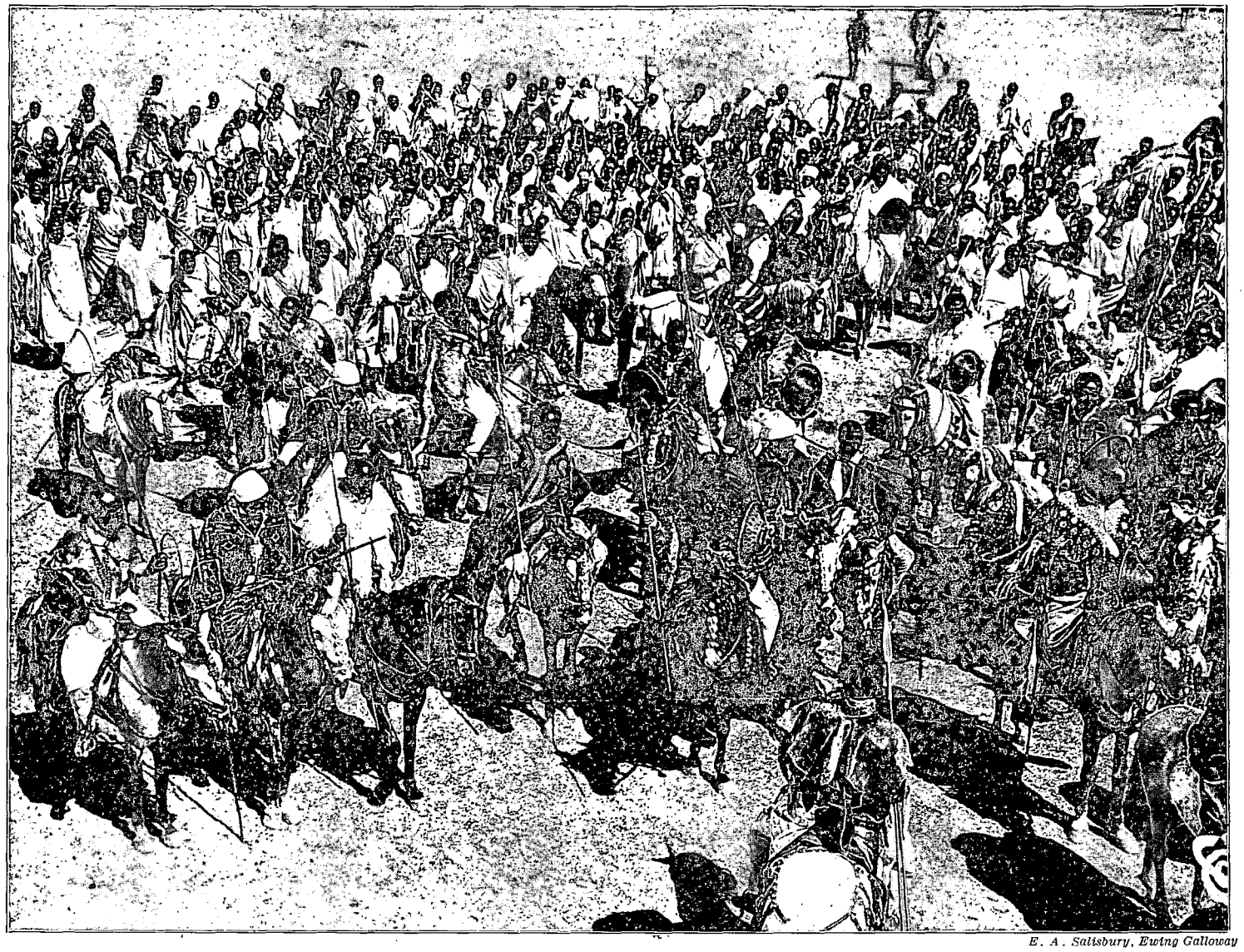

E. A. Salisbury, Ewing Galloway

ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS

OFFICERS OF RAS TAFFARI'S ARMY on the parade ground at Addis Abbaba. The Abyssinians are splendid fighters who in 1896 completely wiped out of existence a large Italian Army. Since then they have been left strictly alone by European armies.

SOMEWHAT below medium height; slight in build, Ras Taffari, in his thirty-fifth year, gives an impression which indicates clearly enough that he is born to the purple. Both in his bearing and in his face, he shows evidence of the intelligence and the political acumen that have featured in his administrative and diplomatic achievements. With clear cut features, he is no darker than many a Spaniard of the upper classes.

It has been remarked, indeed, that in his person he preserves the traditions of the House of David. Dignity and charm and self-control above the ordinary are his — qualities that have stood him in good stead these twelve years past. To charm of manner, he adds habits of great industry. His hours are long. It is an easy day when he does not work from seven in the morning to ten at night. He rarely wears jewels, in marked contrast to the princes and potentates of India, who are often ablaze with diamonds and sapphires. Ras Taffari dresses in the simple white cotton clothes of his people, with a coarse black cape in rainy weather. Though extremely wealthy — he is the feudal master in his own right of one of the biggest provinces in the kingdom — he spends very little upon himself. There is an almost Spartan simplicity about his tastes. Much of his own substance he spends habitually in the service of the state.

He was a boy of twenty-three when he became Prince Regent, and was crowned with the Golden Crown as Ras of Rasses, 'Chief of Chiefs.' The powerful Rasses had taken the field in revolt against Lij Yasu, who five years previously had succeeded the great emperor, Menelek. Lij Yasu actively supported the cause of the Mad Mullah in British Somaliland, to the irritation of his countrymen. He also tried to Mohammedanize the country. For this reason he was deposed by the combined forces of Ras Taffari and the present Empress Zauditu, daughter of Menelek by a Moslem wife, who now heads the forces of reaction. This was in 1916.

Grandnephew of Menelek, Ras Taffari was the son of the able soldier and diplomat, Ras Makonnen, who distinguished himself in the campaign against the Italians in 1896. His father later visited Rome, Paris, and London on missions of great importance for his government. Ras Taffari was educated by French instructors in his native land, and can thus dispense with the services of interpreters — a big advantage in dealing with Europeans.

RAS TAFFARI found trouble awaiting him at the start. He came into power, someone remarked at the time, 'with his feet under him, ready for a quick move.' First of all he had to fight the great battle of Shano, hardly before

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he had put away his coronation robes. The dispossessed emperor, Lij Yasu, and his father, Ras Michael, had taken the field against him, but Ras Taffari won the battle. The deposed emperor ran away, and his father was captured. Then little by little, and with infinite patience, Ras Taffari consolidated his position. Year by year, he obtained a stronger grip on affairs, appointing, as occasion offered, loyal governors in provinces hitherto ruled by hereditary chieftains. In May, 1921, he was able to march forth with 100,000 men behind him, and without a blow effect the capture of the fugitive emperor, Lij Yasu. By so doing, he satisfied the Oriental's opinion that the test of a great general is his ability to win battles without a blow. In spite of dissatisfied chieftains, and a reactionary priesthood, his efforts since then have won steady success.

The big chiefs, such as Ras Hailu, have from the beginning caused him a good deal of trouble, just as the turbulent lesser lords in the Middle Ages vexed their feudal overlords. In theory, the Regent with the Empress is supreme, but, in his own realm, the word of each feudal chieftain is law. The various Rasses owe the Regent fealty, and are supposed to contribute their share to the expenses of the government. Here has been Ras Taffari's chief difficulty. If one of his chiefs should rebel against the central government, every small chief under him would fall in behind his banner. Only a year or so ago, members of the Field Expedition of Natural History were passing through territory controlled by Ras Gugsa. A customs official refused to honor the pass of Ras Taffari, which the American scientists were carrying. 'Ras Taffari is nothing to me,' the official declared. 'My chief is Ras Gugsa, and you have no letter from him.' It took some time to straighten the matter and let science pursue the even tenor of its way.

Ras Taffari has had to proceed slowly in his programme of replacing hereditary chieftains with those of his own selection. The cake of custom is not easily broken, and it is dangerous to stir up new hatreds. But when a vacancy occurs in the ranks of the feudal chieftains, he fills it with a man of his own choosing. The hereditary chieftains naturally are the strongest, for an appointed office-holder is apt to heed the voice of the man who clothed him with the garments of authority. Ras Taffari has been quietly choosing his own men for years. Not long ago he appointed his son-in-law, Dedjasmatch Desta Demtu, an able man, as ruler of the great province of Kaffa. This is typical of his method, and it illustrates the goal he has in view.

EVEN appointed rulers, however, have their temptations. To prevent mischief from brewing, and on the theory that a stitch in time saves nine, he calls his provincial rulers to Addis Abbaba from time to time, in the name of the Empress, for 'conference.' They are kept waiting a considerable period before they are permitted to return. This procedure serves two purposes. First, it enables the central government to keep in touch with the provincial rulers, who live at a distance of two or three weeks' laborious travel from the capital. Second, it breaks the continuity of the local man's control of his province, and, therefore, tends to break him of the habit of thinking that he is monarch over all he surveys. Ras Taffari, who is a practical man, takes a further precaution. The rulers of the provinces maintain troops of their own, from whom the sovereign makes levy in time of war or rebellion. When they come to the capital for these periodical 'conferences,' each ruler is asked to bring with him the flower of his military force. This he does willingly, for in Abyssinia, when you venture forth into the broad highways, in the eyes of the passers-by it is the size of your retinue that establishes your relative rank in the world. While the provincial soldiers are billeted in the capital, agents of the central government circulate among them, and look into their loyalty. If disaffection exists, these agents are apt to learn of it long before real trouble occurs. To be forewarned is ever to be forearmed, even in feudal Abyssinia.

The chieftains are not the only trouble makers. In his own capital, Ras Taffari has had to cope with a reactionary party, headed by the Empress, co-ruler with him. The Empress is very devout, and very susceptible to religious influence and to anything which invokes the memory of her father, the late Emperor Menelek. Though not of an aggressive mentality, she is conservative in her point of view. She frowns especially upon the introduction of anything Western. Even by Ethiopian standards, she has had little education, and that means very little indeed. The Abyssinian Church, which teaches a form of Christianity, is powerful and very wealthy. The Abuna, the Abyssinian Pope, is the head of a close organization of 100,000 priests. The priesthood also opposes the westernization movement headed by Ras Taffari, and there are always priests standing at the elbow of the Empress.

In theory the Empress is the supreme ruler, but actually the real authority has lain with the Prince Regent. All state business passes through his hands. Yet the approval and authority of the Empress are necessary for various formalities, and this causes not only delay, but at times much difficulty. For the Ras has to keep on good terms with the Empress, while putting into effect a policy which runs counter to her wishes and to those of the reactionary group which she heads. Ras Taffari has need of all the diplomatic weapons in his armory. Thus there are two groups in the capital — the party of the Prince, and the party of the Empress. A council of ministers is supposed to assist the Empress and Ras Taffari, but its functions are a bit hard to explain. The Prince Regent, so it is reported, keeps a Council of Ministers chiefly to maintain the outward forms of government as foreigners know them. The Ministers have scant authority, and they take little of the burden of government off his shoulders. His Highness, indeed, has been quoted as saying that there is no one Ethiopian to whom he can safely assign any department of the government without the closest personal

E. A. Salisbury, Ewing Galloway

THE QUEEN OF THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH

IN ABYSSINIA women enjoy many privileges. The queen is honored by having rugs placed before her on the ground wherever she goes.

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supervision and rigid restriction. He acts on this theory at any rate, whether he needs to or not. The parties of the Prince and the party of the Empress have intrigued against each other. Concession hunters and adventurers have seen an opportunity in this rivalry of the two groups at the capital. But in the main, Ras Taffari has prevailed, and, though internal factions have caused him a good deal of trouble, he has maintained his authority. The horse still pulls the cart.

ABROAD, Ras Taffari has found much to worry him. For three thousand miles his land marches beside British, French, and Italian territories. Points of potential friction are many — customs disputes, slave raids, and what not. Here, as in other parts of the world, Paris, Rome, and London are eager for railway, mining, and commercial concessions. Abyssinia is one of the greatest unexploited areas of the world, and covetous eyes are cast its way. The proposal to erect a dam at Lake Tsana, controlling the headwaters of the Blue Nile, has kept the diplomats busy. Italy and Britain made a secret agreement, whereby in return for Italian support of British plans to build the dam, Italy would receive the backing of Downing Street in its attempt to secure a special sphere of influence in Abyssinia. Ras Taffari cleverly made an appeal to the League of Nations in behalf of the liberty and freedom of his country, and world opinion put an end as quickly to this secret agreement as it did to the late and unlamented Franco-British naval agreement. This is not the only time that Ras Taffari, matching his skill against European diplomacy, has emerged the victor. Now an American Minister Resident has gone to Addis Abbaba by appointment of President Coolidge, and the United States thus has to-day its own observer at the Abyssinian Court.

As did the great Menelek before him, Ras Taffari must cope with all the details of administration of a country bigger in area than most European kingdoms. He looks into everything for himself, from the negotiation of a treaty to the importation of a revolver. He has duties as a ruler, legislator, judge, and diplomat. Nor must we forget his record as a soldier. He is his own Chief Justice, for, by the immutable laws of Abyssinia, he must personally try all cases which may involve capital punishment. In ecclesiastical matters, he has much the same place to fill as the Tudor monarchs desired in England. He might very truthfully describe himself as 'fidei defensor.' He has a real respect for the church, even though he fights the priesthood for their alliance with the forces of reaction.

Under the customs of his country, he is accessible to each and every Ethiopian. Any subject may demand, and in due time receive, an audience with the King. There are certain days of fasting or commemoration when any subject may appear before the supreme ruler and speak his mind without fear of punishment. This naturally imposes a great burden upon the Prince Regent, perhaps even more wearing than the continuous handshaking which the American people impose upon their President. He is, furthermore, a humane ruler. Public hangings, which used to be a common occurrence, have been abolished. The Ras even refused to put to death a man and a woman who made an attempt on his life. The cruelty of the traditional Eastern monarch is not in his make-up.

His taste for westernization Ras Taffari probably inherited from his father, who was one of the few Abyssinians of his day to visit Europe. French tutors brought the seed to a full flowering. Ras Taffari's efforts to bring his country out of the darkness of mediævalism have been along three lines: economic, educational, and social. He has reformed the system of taxation, and the system of customs administration. He has appointed better men as judges, and has required them to dispense an even-handed justice. He has taken steps to disarm his people, thus striking a body blow at the slave raids which caused his country to be regarded at one time as a pariah among nations. When Abyssinia applied for admission to the League

Wide World

RAS TAFFARI AT THE VATICAN

THE KING OF KINGS, on his trip to Europe, visited every capital and all important governmental and religious centres in order that he might have a better conception of the West which he wishes his country to imitate. He took with him many of his feudal chiefs.

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Nations, slavery was used as an argument against her. The Regent promised to do away with slavery, and four years ago issued edicts not only providing for the gradual manumission of slaves, but also for the regulation of the sale of the arms and ammunition on which the slave trade depended. Then the League admitted Abyssinia into its charmed circle.

Visible monuments attest the success of his westernizing efforts. He has built schools, roads, and hospitals. He has a printing press in his palace. Among other things, he has had the scriptures and the liturgy printed in Amharic, the language of Abyssinia. In his palace is the only bookbindery in the country. After dinner at the palace, he takes his European guests into a small room, and, with a private cinematograph, brings Europe before their eyes. In his own palace, the Ras has a dairy which would be regarded as a model anywhere. For years he has driven his own motor car.

LET the Ras set forth for himself his views on education. Speaking in Amharic to the students of the École Menelek II, he gave them this counsel:—

'The joy of a father is to see his little children; your happiness will be in teaching the next generation, to the fullest extent of the ability which Providence will bestow upon you. I beseech you never to permit your interest to wane, and if, by the sheer power of zeal and persevering labor, you complete your studies, and obtain an adequate education, those who despise you will respect you, and those who hate you will love you; strive always to aim higher.'

This may not have been a counsel of perfection, but it approaches it.

Ras Taffari was not satisfied to make Aden the limit of his knowledge of the outside world. He looked further, toward Europe. And, in 1924, he realized his wish, shrewdly taking with him the principal chiefs, realizing that in his country at least there was something behind the old saying that when the cat is away the mice will play. The British government welcomed him in fine fashion, just as they greeted, a few months ago, King Amanullah of Afghanistan. This visit virtually destroyed the self-taught isolation which for centuries has been the central point in the policy of the unconquered African empire, an isolation which its people successfully defended a generation ago against the modern army of a European power, when Italy had set out in 1896 to make Abyssinia an Italian protectorate. Not only was Ras Taffari royally entertained in Europe, but he came back with a more intelligent idea of the difficulties which lie ahead of his westernization programme. When he left England, he brought with him five or six hundred books for his library, including a dozen or so on Bolshevism. The curiosity which makes him study Bolshevism was the same curiosity that sent him up in the air over Aden six years ago.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Turkey, King Amanullah in Afghanistan, even Ibn Saud in Arabia, are better known as apostles of westernization than Ras Taffari, the modern ruler of ancient Ethiopia. Yet the trend in all four countries is the same. Each ruler, to borrow a phrase of Bagehot, is trying 'to pour what he can of a civilization whose spirit is progress into the form of a civilization whose spirit is fixity.' For twelve years past, Ras Taffari has been doing this in the land which the Emperor Menelek called 'an island of Christianity in a sea of pagans.' Even if the obstacles facing him are still formidable enough, the scales of victory so far have been tipped in his favor. As King, he can look to the future confidently, and the Western world will watch his progress as that of one of the most interesting personalities in the Near East.

Wide World

RAS TAFFARI AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

TAFFARI'S VISIT TO LONDON gave the English an opportunity to offer him a truly royal welcome. Here he is seen after a conversation with the former Primate of England at Lambeth Palace.

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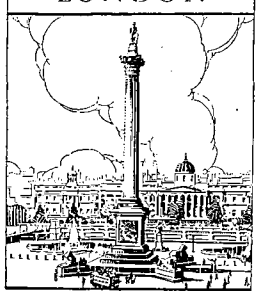
Metropolitana

The Lord Mayor's Show in London — Peking Refuses to Go Nationalist — Socialists' Shouts in the Brussels Parliament — The Troubles of a Paris Prefect of Police — A Market in Moscow — Tokio's 'Sticky-Sticky Fair'

LONDON



WHAT a *Mi-Carême* or a Mardi Gras fête is to the Latin countries, the Lord Mayor's Show is to London. Yet it would be just as impossible to conceive of the gilded coach, the military bands, the swaying floats, and the giant, bobbing figures of Gog and Magog of the London festival in the streets of some Continental city, as it would be to imagine a Riviera flower fête in the middle of Trafalgar Square. For this very reason, because it is so essentially *London*, the Lord Mayor's Show draws fully as big a crowd in the twentieth century as it did in the days of Dick Whittington. This year was no exception. Sunshine favored the festivities for the first time in years, and Londoners who had brought their families to watch the procession stayed on themselves long after their children were tired and wanted to go home.

London's Lord Mayor is elected anew each year. The 'Show' takes place on the occasion of his installation in office. It includes a gay procession in full costume in the afternoon through the decorated streets of the city to the Guildhall, which is the Lord Mayor's official home; a stop at the Law Courts for a swearing-in ceremony; and a great banquet in the evening at which the Cabinet Ministers, the foreign diplomatic corps, and most of social and official London are present, and at which the Prime Minister traditionally delivers a speech. Five weeks of preparation precede the Show. On the day it takes place, the railroads leading to London run special trains to handle the incoming crowds.

There was a time when the procession was not always a triumphal progress; when Sir Charles Whetham retired as Lord Mayor in 1879 after a tenure of office during which he had not succeeded in attaining the popularity which London considered proper in Lord Mayors, the city took the opportunity afforded by the procession to jeer him all along the route and, at one point, to stone his carriage. From time to time Lord Mayors with a little too much dignity to enter into the spirit of the circus-like features of the procession have attempted to cut them out, but always without success. This was tried in 1867, and the result was that the people mobbed the over-dignified Lord Mayor's carriage as the curtailed procession passed through Fleet Street. At one time, it was customary to include elephants among the marchers; the Lord Mayor who tried to stop this feature got himself such a reputation for parsimony that he had to give to charity far more than he had thereby saved in order to dispel the impression. Since that time, although no one has dared try again to cut out the circus-like part of the Show, its features have occasionally been changed. During the last few years, for instance, the famous legendary figures of the giants, Gog and Magog, have been replaced by others; it was their return this year that made the procession an outstanding success.

After Gog and Magog, rolling their eyes menacingly and swaying through the streets on floats drawn by the boys of the Polytechnic School, of which the incoming Mayor, Sir Kynaston Studd, is President, came splash upon splash of color: the red and white pennons of a section of Lancers; the white plumes and blue tunics of the Lancers' band — one of the eighteen in the procession; the red and blue caps of the Honorable Artillery Company, riding with drawn swords flashing; a dozen floats representing the progress of the city in everything from education to defense; and, finally, the glistening State coach itself, drawn by six crack horses in blazing harness, surrounded by mounted couriers in livery, preceded by the State Trumpeters in dazzling gold costumes, and containing the new Lord Mayor who bowed in response to the ripples of applause which greeted a procession more glittering and more gay than any that could be remembered.

Pomposity? Empty nonsense? London's corporate tradition is as ancient as that of any city in the world. London has not forgotten how to honor old things with all their old color. And Londoners, to quote one of their number, are not ashamed to 'enjoy all that can be enjoyed of their inexhaustible inheritance.'

PEKING

PEKING, capital of the North, has now been for more than six months in the hands of the Southern Nationalists, and she is beginning to murmur at the slowness with which the Utopia promised her by her conquerors is arriving. The disbandment of the armies, the elimination of 'squeeze' among Government officials, the improvement of the condition of the masses — all these were part of the proudly proclaimed Kuomintang programme. Instead, there has been only superficial change, which is designed to impress the people with the glories of the Nationalist revolution, but is leading them slowly to despair.

Street names reminiscent of the days of the Empire are being replaced by names more proletarian in sound. 'Elephant's Nose Street,' 'Fresh Fish Alley,' thoroughfares named after a prince, an emperor, or an imperial concubine, are to be called after the founders of Nationalism — though a local newspaper suggests that it would perhaps be more appropriate to adopt more familiar names, like 'Unequal Treaties Alley' and 'Sovereign Rights Lane.' One of the big city parks, formerly part of the Imperial grounds, is to be named after Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the dead founder of the Nationalist Party, and its pink walls are to be repainted blue, to represent the blue field of the party flag.

The new Municipal Government, headed by an unimaginative Nationalist mayor, has been busying itself with 'equalitarian' reforms. It has been decreed, for instance, that funerals, long one of the most picturesque Chinese rites, must in the future be more 'democratic.' The colorful Manchu ceremonial, with its ragged bearers dressed in dull green, its gorgeously embroidered catafalque, and its weird music, has been proscribed, and Peking's undertakers have been warned to give up the garish trappings without which no well-conducted funeral has in the past been considered complete. The language of

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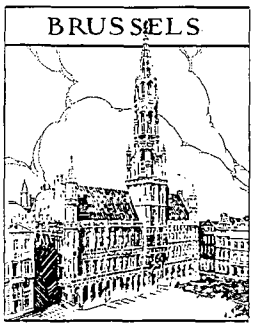
the decree is pleasantly academic. The ceremonial rites are to be 'based upon principles of economy, simplicity, and appropriateness.' 'An atmosphere of joy and happiness must prevail at weddings; that of sorrow at funerals.' Costumes are to be chosen on principles of 'simplicity, beauty, convenience, hygiene, and economy.' It seems probable that even without the stern decree of the proletariat women will weep when their husbands die, and that it scarcely requires a pronouncement from the Mayor to insure 'an atmosphere of joy' at weddings.

The Nationalist Mayor's most delightfully doctrinaire performance, however, was his attempt to rationalize the people of Peking out of celebrating one of their four great seasonal festivals late this fall. This holiday comes each year at the time of one particular full moon, when she is supposed to shine her brightest in honor of the birthday of the moon goddess. The Mayor argued, not without justice, that there was a full moon every month of the year, and went on to point out that therefore it was quite ridiculous to choose any one of them to celebrate a festival. He reckoned without the force of tradition, however, and on the proper day in a thousand Peking homes offerings of 'moon cakes' and watermelons were made to the mythical inhabitants of the moon, including the Jade Rabbit, whose statue had been on sale in the streets for days.

The Moon Festival has a further significance, and this year served to indicate the unhappy circumstances which underlie this series of superficial changes. Primarily an occasion for thanksgiving, it is also one of the three big 'settlement days' on which every Chinaman who wishes to preserve his credit and prestige must settle his accounts. This time it brought on an unprecedented epidemic of suicides; for those who could not meet their bills preferred to take the most certain method of avoiding the loss of 'face' that would result when their insolvency became known; and the suicides lent point to the fact that more than two thousand shops in Peking have closed within the past six months.

Whatever changes take place for the Chinese inhabitants of the old capital, for the foreigner, the situation remains very much the same. So long as he retains his concessions and his privileges, the abolition of a few ceremonies, the substitution of new street names for old, the increase of poverty make little difference in his life. Most of the foreign legations remain in the old capital, and will probably wait a long time before they undertake the task of moving bodily southward to the new. A secretary of the French legation, recently arrived in Tokio, found Peking life so normal that he had no comment to make upon it, except to say that one could make excursions in the environs with perfect safety and with nothing to fear from the wandering soldiery. 'In fact,' he added, 'the Chinese soldiers are downright polite at times!' Probably the foreigner will not feel that anything has really changed until the day when all his mail begins to come to him addressed, not 'Peking' as in the past, but 'Peiping,' the new Nationalist name whose adoption by the people, if it ever comes, will mean the final surrender of the old Imperial city.



ABOVE the President's rostrum in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, just at mouth level, has been hung a pair of microphones. Those who see them for the first time will perhaps recall the malicious suggestion, common to scoffers at democracy, that, if parliamentary sessions were to be broadcast by radio, a good many more representatives who come up for reëlection would be disappointed than is now the case, and baby-kissing would give way to constructive legislation as a means of getting votes.

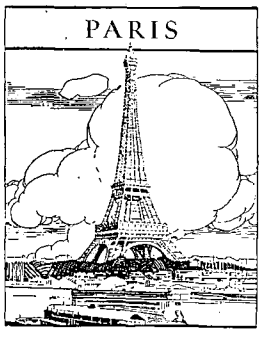
Belgium, however, is a small country, and the average citizen does not feel himself far enough removed from the central government to prevent his taking a constant personal interest in affairs of state. His representatives are therefore likely to have to explain their actions to him face to face almost any evening over a mug of beer, rather than from an election platform at the end of their term of office. The result is that Belgium has never been afflicted by deputies who doze, but rather by deputies who make so much vociferous racket that no one else can be heard.

For this reason, the wires from the two new microphones do not lead to a broadcasting station; they lead, instead, to huge loud speakers fixed between the colonnades of the Chamber from which, at the height of the tumult of debate, comes the President's magnified stentorian bellow: 'Silence.'

The innovation is the work of Baron Tibbaut, the new President of the Chamber, who has had the difficult task of conducting the debates on the military training laws this winter — an issue in which Socialist opposition has been loud and long. M. Brunet, his predecessor, even though he was a Socialist himself, was unable to keep order with a gavel, and was reduced to beating upon his desk with a paper knife. When Baron Tibbaut came to office, he decided to call science to his aid, and the loud speakers are the result.

So far the system has worked. But, if it should fail, the Baron has another scheme in reserve — a powerful electric gong that should cut through the thickest barrage of shouts. Equipped with these scientific weapons of defense, he feels that he can make as much noise as the other 186 members of the Belgian Chamber put together.

It must have given Baron Tibbaut a certain amount of pleasure to hear, no sooner than his loud speaker idea had been adopted, that it had been imitated by parliamentarians in Prague. In the Czechoslovak Chamber, it is the Communists who cause the difficulty; they bring flutes and saxophones into meeting, and not only the President of the Chamber, but every other speaker as well, uses the loud speaker to make himself heard. Evidently the parties of the Left in Europe, if they sometimes cause good bourgeois property holders to tremble for their goods, at least have managed to make representative government exciting. Strange sounds must float from the windows of the Government Palace in Prague. In Brussels, somnolence for Senators has been abolished; and people who once walked past the Chamber of Deputies listening for the clear bells of the carillons in the belfries, may soon listen for the sound of Baron Tibbaut's warning gong that tells them that Belgium's statesmen are at work.



THE dapper little politician from Corsica, Jean Chiappe, is the best Prefect of Police that Paris has ever had; yet even Jean Chiappe has not yet been able to find a way to prevent the automobile traffic of the French capital city from getting hopelessly snarled and twisted at least three times every winter afternoon. Already statisticians have proved that the vehicles supposedly passing through the city's streets during any given hour

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spend considerably more of their time standing still than moving. No sooner does M. Chiappe think up one scheme of control than a new increase of traffic complicates matters again, and he has to spend a sleepless night thinking up another. They say that he has had made for himself a rubber map of the city, which he pulls this way and that to try to find new ways of attacking the problem; but the map always pops back into shape and leaves him no better off than before he started.

Causes of difficulties are plentiful. They are very much the same causes that apply in any other large modern metropolis; but they are particularly troublesome in Paris, where the centre of activity of the city has remained in the same place since long before the automobile was invented, and streets at odd angles are the rule rather than the exception. A gentleman descends from a taxi and stands beside it while he makes change for the chauffeur; the rest of the line blows horns and waits. A pedestrian darts out from the sidewalk into a stream of traffic; the first car to bear down upon him slows and swerves — Paris drivers do not deserve their reputation for nonchalance concerning the lives of those on foot — and the whole line behind it is thrown off its pace. A lady in the back seat of a taxi suddenly changes her mind, as ladies will, and taps wildly on the partition to give the chauffeur new directions; the chauffeur slows down to listen, and all the cars behind him are forced to slow down likewise. A group of midinettes swirls into the middle of the street, altogether regardless of traffic, relying on their pretty faces and wind-blown skirts to save their lives; the scheme works, but traffic is interrupted. Construction on a new building is allowed to take up sidewalk space, so that pedestrians are forced into the street, cutting down the moving lines of vehicles from two to one. Small things, but there are a thousand of them, each of which occurs in a thousand places. And a million such small things make something large enough to worry M. Chiappe immensely.

Any number of solutions, ridiculous and otherwise, have been suggested. One gentleman — apparently recently returned from a holiday in Venice — suggests enlarging the gutters sufficiently to carry motor gondolas. Another suggests three great underground roadways, much like New York's vehicular tunnel. A third suggests that sidewalks be placed on the roofs. Pierre Veber, the playwright, wants to see funerals prohibited; he claims that the chauffeurs of the hearses are so impressed by the fact that it is not customary to let traffic cross a funeral procession that they yield to the temptation to play with power, and dawdle on the way to the cemetery. A mathematically minded commentator offers perhaps the simplest plan of all: divide the automobiles of the city into three groups, according to their license numbers; let each group use the streets every third day; at the same time, divide pedestrians into two groups according to the letters of the alphabet with which their names begin; and let each group stay indoors on alternate days!

The steps which M. Chiappe has actually taken are somewhat more practical: the limitation of parking privileges, such as exists in most American cities; the setting up of traffic observatories, like the new one in the Place de l'Opéra, which is placed where cars coming from all directions meet in a great whirlpool of traffic, and from which a single worried gendarme must straighten out traffic jams on no less than eleven converging avenues; and finally, the establishment of pedestrian lanes, marked off by copper disks that look like glorified upholstery tacks set in the pavement, along which pedestrians may safely cross the street when so directed.

Parisian pedestrians have not taken kindly to this latter scheme. They are essentially individualistic, and would rather take a chance on being run down than be ordered here and there by a gentleman in uniform whom they have never met. Unaccustomed to such methods of regulation, they stand awkwardly in forward-pressing ranks upon the sidewalk, waiting for the river of vehicles to halt. When it does, one Parisian journalist describes them as looking like a body of slightly shamefaced mice, almost afraid to believe that it is safe to run across the passage marked by the copper disks in front of the halted automobiles, which in turn look like a pack of terriers straining at their leashes. Should an unfortunate pedestrian start to cross outside the safety zone of copper disks, he is stopped dead by a warning cry of 'Monsieur! Monsieur!' from the gendarme. He gasps and wonders whether he is losing his suspenders, or perhaps has dropped a thousand franc note from his pocket. He looks worriedly in the direction from which the warning cry came. 'The sidewalk, the sidewalk,' says the gendarme laconically. The pedestrian, confused, wonders vaguely whether he is suspected of stealing it. Then he realizes that he should have crossed where his passage is marked out for him by the copper disks, and goes back ashamed, to start over again, reflecting mournfully that if he is cut down here, at least he will have the satisfaction of knowing, as he is carried away to the hospital, that the chauffeur was wrong and has the hounds of the law upon his heels.

None of the steps that Prefect of Police Chiappe has thus far taken has proved adequate; and those of his restrictive measures which are now in operation are being cheerfully broken by more than eight hundred people every week. It is being seriously stated, therefore, that if the number of automobiles in the city keeps increasing at the present rate, and if the regulatory measures have no more effect than they have thus far had, Parisians will wake up some fine morning to find every street in the city jammed from side to side and from end to end with automobiles waiting patiently row on row, like dominoes stacked in a box. People do not seem to care; M. Chiappe pleads with them in vain. Only one thing can save the situation; but it is one which has saved Frenchmen many times before — the traditional French *tour de force*, the last-minute effort that saves a situation which everyone has given up for lost. But exactly what form that effort will take in this case, no one — least of all M. Chiappe — can predict.

MOSCOW

IN A room on the twelfth floor of Moscow's tallest building, two score peaceful Communists may be seen in the half-light, gathered about a gypsy orchestra. They have come, dressed in their workmen's blouses, to drink vodka and to listen to the music, but not to dance. Dancing, at least in proletarian places of amusement such as this, is forbidden; it smacks too much of luxury and of bourgeois tradition. So they are content to sit and drink and listen to the music — almost all foreign tunes, with here and there a gypsy melody, for the songs of old Russia are likely to talk too much of 'My little father, the Czar,' and are hence forbidden.

Not far away, in the salons of the Bolshaya Moskovskaya — the big hotel in which one sees no one save foreign concessionaires, foreign diplomats, higher government officials, and a few profiteering Russians with their mistresses — the scene is quite different. Perhaps it is

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an extraordinary gala evening, like one of those upon which foreign guests are taken to visit the city. One sees for the first time Paris gowns that date from something later than 1923. Food is abundant, served in the old open-handed Russian manner. Champagne flows as it might have in the days of the Czar. But when one steps outside to one's car, about it, standing shivering in the dark, may be seen the grim, silent semicircle of beggars that marks the essential poverty of Russia's capital.

Another contrast. Almost any day, winter or summer, one may go to the horse races and find ten thousand people gathered — on Sundays fifty thousand. Almost any day? Almost any evening also, for great electric floodlights illumine the track with a strange, yellow glow, to which the horses seem to have become accustomed. The crowd is silent. If the favorite wins, applause is restrained; if an outsider flashes in ahead, discontent is expressed only in a low, prolonged murmur. Doubtless many of these people are interested in horses, interested in sport as such; but more of them, workmen and their wives, are betting feverishly, trying to eke out the few rubles that never seem to be enough to make ends meet. The government profits by it, for a steady revenue comes in from the *pari-mutuel* system. But how can the people afford it, when the average workman's wage in Moscow is some seventy-five rubles a month, and he cannot properly feed himself on less than three rubles a day?

The answer — if there is an answer — lies in scenes of poverty like that to be seen at the Smolenski Rinok — the Smolensk Market. On the way out to it, one cannot fail to notice the silent, mournful crowds — lined faces and expressionless eyes. Possibly a funeral, described by a recently returned French journalist as the one gay scene in Moscow, may break the general atmosphere of depression. It will be headed by a pure white coffin carried on a cart drawn by a single horse. The coffin is masked with red and white roses, intertwined with greenery. Beside and behind it walk a score of relatives and friends, dressed not in mourning but in everyday garb — loose blouses for the men, full skirts and colored kerchiefs for the women. Closing the procession is an automobile truck in which ride, on a bed of fresh branches, a dozen people of the working class. The whole procession moves to the strains of a martial air played by a four-piece band; and the gay rhythm of the music seems to spur on the horse and enliven the mourners, who give the impression that far from feeling the sadness of loss and the majesty of death, they merely feel that since one more of their number has been freed from the sorrows of this earth, they are doing right to wish him well upon his way.

Then one comes to the Smolenski Rinok itself — a long row of stalls, about which surges a crowd of silent people whose sameness is depressing. *Stall* is a euphemism, for more often than not the vendors sit upon the ground or on wobbly camp stools, with their goods spread upon their knees or about their feet on bits of paper they have placed upon the ground. There is for sale everything from dirty linen to holy icons, from lace — once cream-colored — to Sèvres vases. The scene is at once grotesque and pitiful.

Here is a young woman of the bourgeoisie, trying on a hat which was the height of fashion anywhere from 1913 to 1923, in front of a mirror the size of a visiting card, held up to her by a ragged 'milliner.' There sits an old woman — no, a *lady*, for she looks more like a fine old grandmother of the days of 1900, dressed in a velvet-and-lace jacket and a little cap such as was worn at the turn of the century. Her wares are typical of all: an old chiffon waist, a corsage bouquet of ancient lineage, a flatiron, a dozen filthy buttons, a pair of slippers that show the marks of twenty years' hard service, and a forlorn shoe that has no mate!

Who are these women? One seems to discover in them something strangely familiar — fine features, once-bright eyes, slim ankles — something that is inevitably a product of the bourgeois rather than the working class. One of them — a lady whose eyes still gleam brightly and must once have pierced the heart of many a gallant escort — keeps off the sun with a tortoise-shell fan of the days of 1907, as she might have done on a royal racing day. Among her wares is a set of three little silver ash trays, each with a monogram. One asks out of curiosity to what family that monogram belonged; the lady drops her eyes without saying a word, but one is rebuked for asking. Then she raises them again as a sister merchant goes by, to call in perfect French, '*Comment allez-vous, Madame? Je ne vous ai pas vue depuis longtemps.*' Suddenly one realizes that these are the women of old bourgeois Russia — wives, often, of the men who in the euphemistic Communist phrase 'have had to leave the country' (through the door of death, one might add) — the women whose plight marks the wreck of the old society upon which a new Russia is being built.

TOKIO

THE enthusiasm that Tokio expended this year in celebrating the official coronation of the Emperor Hirohito has not prevented the city from entering with gusto into her own colorful local festivals that have taken place regularly every year since a hundred emperors have reigned. One of the most attractive of these has ever been the *Bellara-ichi*, or 'Sticky-Sticky Fair.'

The fair was originally intended to provide business men with the materials with which to worship Ebisu, one of the seven Japanese deities of good luck. In a section of the city largely occupied by small merchants, long rows of stalls are set up, displaying for sale images of the deity, special rice cakes used in her worship, and, overtopping everything else, mounds of monster white radishes pickled in malted rice, the 'sticky pickles' which give the fair its name.

To the stalls flock all the families of the neighborhood. Dignified housewives, who would not ordinarily allow themselves to be seen carrying parcels on the street, buy stacks of the strong-smelling sticky pickles and carry them home dangling from the end of a straw rope. Shouts of 'Bettara-Bettara!' ('Sticky-Sticky!') are heard as men push their way through the crowd, making a passage by swinging the long white radishes in a circle around them. Young girls giggle and scream as youths who have drunk a little too much *sake* brandish sticky pickles above their heads. Only the very old remember that away from the crowd, almost hidden in an alley, is a tiny shrine of Ebisu upon which the offerings bought by the crowd at the fair once were laid, before this part of the ceremony had been forgotten. Once the 'Sticky-Sticky' was a highly serious festival among business men, upon which their prosperity for the New Year was believed to depend. All business houses were closed the next day, and banquets were prepared with food purchased at the fair. In the midst of the feast, guests and hosts played at mimic business transactions, pretending to offer a tremendous price for a dish, a cup, or whatever might be at hand, in the hope of thereby assuring future business prosperity. Now the festival has come to be merely a time of rejoicing. For the Japanese have a unique ability to take delight in ancient ceremonial, without trusting to it to get what they desire.

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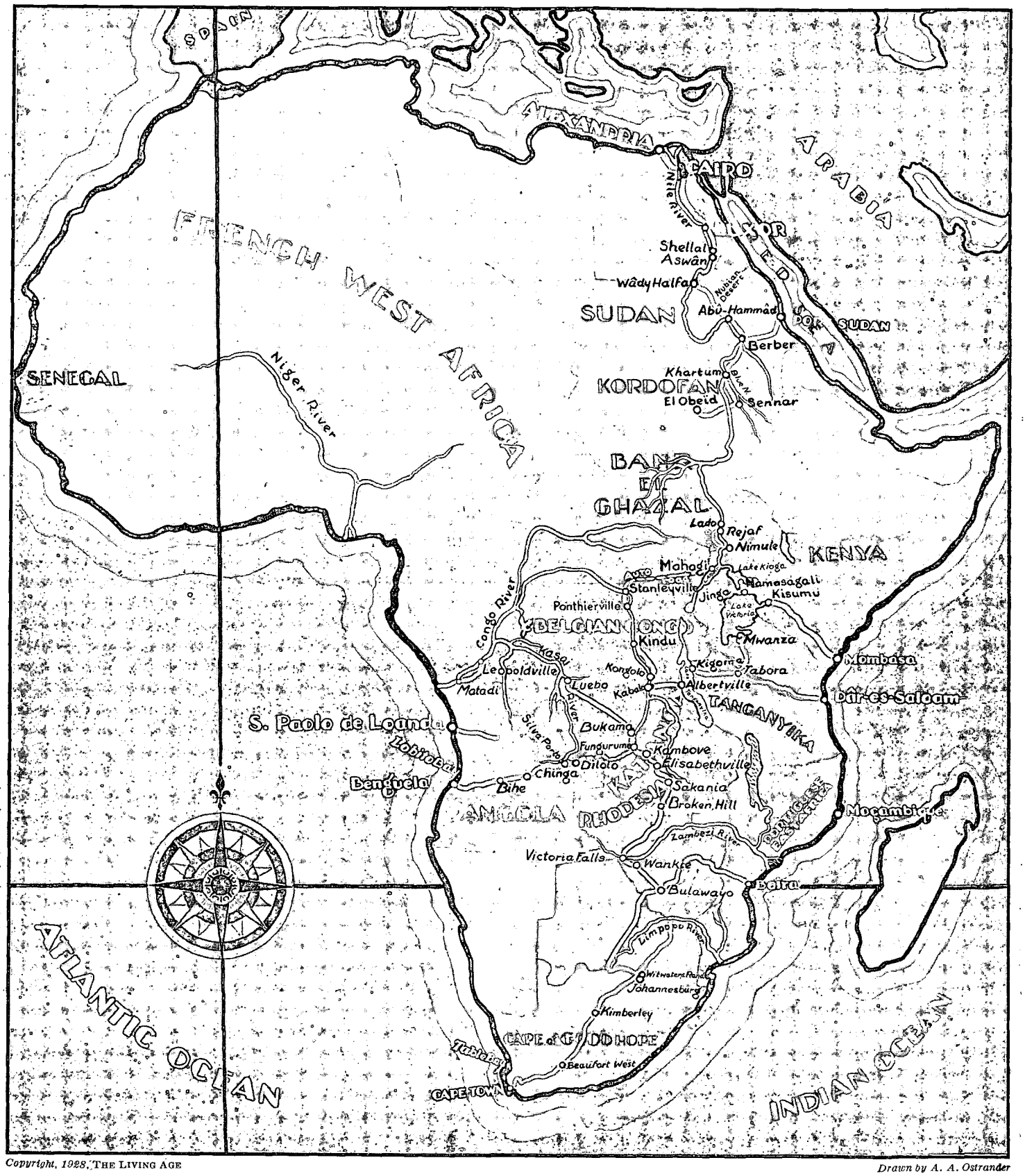

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Drawn by A. A. Ostrander

ROUTES TO AFRICA'S RICHES

THIS MAP, designed primarily to indicate how railroads cutting in transversely from the east and west coasts of the continent are beginning to 'break the back' of the great north-south line conceived by Cecil Rhodes, also shows vividly the network of rail, auto, and water routes that Europeans are spreading over the surface of what was once Darkest Africa. It is especially to be noted that the majority of the main traffic lanes converge in the region of the Great African Lakes, where the vast mineral resources of the Belgian Congo and of the British territories of Kenya and Tanganyika are just beginning to be tapped. The map should prove as fascinating for the traveler as for all who are interested in the world's great movements of colonization. No attempt has been made to depict fully the region of French North Africa.

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The Cape to Cairo Dream

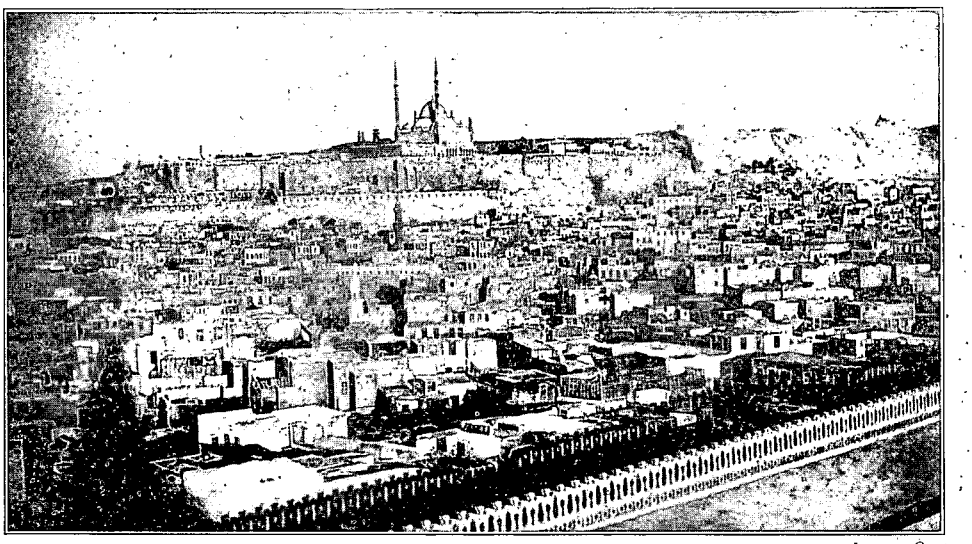
Three Cross-Continental Railroads Threaten to Seize the Rich Trade of Africa for Which Cecil Rhodes Planned the Famous Line from Capetown to the Mediterranean

By A. Demangeon

Professor of Economic Geography at the University of Paris

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris International Affairs Weekly

THE African continent forms a high, massive block which on every side presents a front of high plateaux. Several great tropical rivers — the Senegal and the Niger, the Zambezi and the Congo — cut their way with difficulty to the sea through this rampart that rims the continent; but their waters, bristling with rocks and full of rapids, are impossible for regular navigation. Other rivers, in South Africa, contain so little water that it is quite impracticable to use boats on them. It is therefore by means of railroads, which can circle the rapids and climb the steep slopes of the plateaux, that the nations with colonies in Africa have pushed their way to the heart of the Dark Continent. Practically every colony has thus come to possess its own traffic artery to the hinterland.



Oroc

CAIRO, METROPOLIS OF NORTH AFRICA

IN THE DISTANCE appear the edge of the desert and the Citadel, surmounted by the Alabaster Mosque, made of slabs of stone removed from the sides of the pyramids.

Now that the frontiers of each colonial domain have been pushed back until they meet the frontiers of the next, it may be asked whether the time has not come to renounce nationalism and egoism, and to begin to think of the community of European interests in Africa. Should not transcontinental railway lines, which would permit continuous traffic over long distances, and in a sense bring about the unity of the continent, be constructed? Such a unification of Africa stands out as one of Europe's most pressing duties; for, with the Asiatic and the American continents in other hands, Africa is the only tropical continent in which Europe can hold the upper hand for any length of time.

IT IS not, however, in connection with any such ideas of international cooperation that the idea of a transcontinental railroad first appeared in the history of Africa. It sprang from British brains — brains which dreamed of a position of African leadership for Great Britain. Cecil Rhodes, the great pioneer of South Africa, conceived a far-flung north-south line that would join the British domains in the north of Africa to those in the south, even before Britain owned the lands that lay between the two.

The Portuguese, too, ever since the famous travels of Ivens and Capello, had been dreaming of extending their African possessions over the whole width of the continent, so as to unite Angola and Moçambique. They had even gone so far as to plan a railroad running from S. Paolo de Loanda, on the Atlantic coast, to Beira, on the east coast at the mouth of the Zambezi. Cecil Rhodes wished to prevent this. He therefore laid hand, in the name of Great Britain, upon the whole region between the Limpopo and the Zambezi rivers, and it was through his efforts that the famous British South Africa Company, which developed Rhodesia, was established in 1889–1890. One of the first things that this company did was to push farther northward the railroad from the Cape, which had already reached Kimberley. Thus took shape in Rhodes's mind the idea of the great railroad that was first to join the Cape to the Zambezi river, then to sweep forward to the eastern bank of Lake Tanganyika, and finally on to the Uganda and the Nile. This tremendous ribbon of steel was to give concrete evidence of British hegemony from end to end of the continent.

Negotiations were begun to obtain the necessary right of passage across the Belgian Congo and across German East Africa. But the World War simplified the problem, and to-day one may travel from one end of the continent to the other, from Table Bay to the Mediterranean without going outside of territory under British control. The eventual completion of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad depends entirely upon the will of the British, and it seems that their dream is about to be realized. In fact, two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Shay, using those parts of the line already in operation, traveled the length of Africa, from Cairo to the Cape, in 1924, in one hundred and thirty-five days. The director of the magazine, *The African World*, even went so far as to claim, in 1925, that this 7500 mile trip could easily be done in forty days.

The important thing is to know of what practical use the completed Cape-to-Cairo route will be. If we trace it on a map of Africa, we see that it is made up of three great sections: first, North Africa, from Cairo to Rejaf, the head of navigation on the Nile (this representing the crossing of the Great Desert, following the natural passage made by the Nile); second, East Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Bukama, the

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upper limit of navigation on the Congo (representing a passage across the high, dry, healthy plateau of East Africa, then across tropical regions which are also quite healthy on account of their altitude); and third, Central Africa, from Bukama to Rejaf, through a country rich in great rivers and broad lakes, where the line of passage of the trans-African railroad still remains vague.

Cowling, Ewing Galloway

RAPON FALLS, BELOW LAKE VICTORIA

WHERE THE NILE begins its four-thousand-mile journey through desert, marsh, and fertile valley to the Mediterranean. At some points the Cape-to-Cairo railroad parallels the river; at others passengers and freight go by boat upon its surface. The bathing figures in the foreground make vivid the tremendous scale of the Central African landscape.

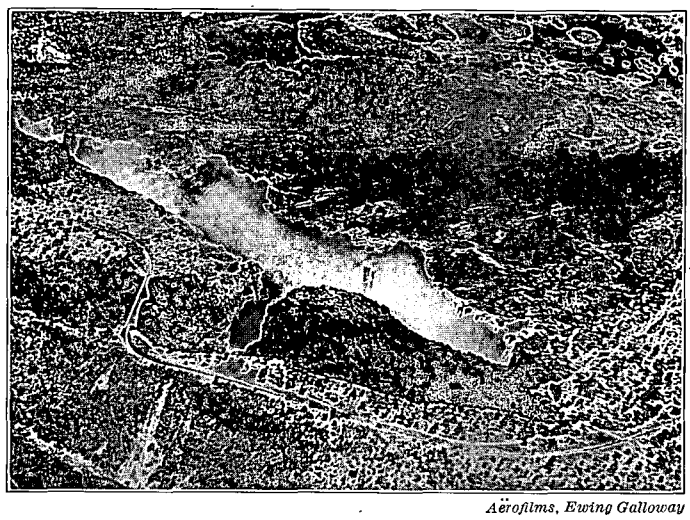
The northern section of the Cape-to-Cairo, running from the Egyptian capital to Rejaf, is made up of alternating rail and river-boat trips. Trains go from Cairo to Luxor on normal-gauge tracks. At Luxor begins the narrow-gauge railroad which follows the Nile up to Shellal, a short distance above Aswân. These sections of rail, from Alexandria and Cairo to Aswân, cover 728 miles, and were built in 1897.

At Shellal, the railroad stops, and a 200 mile boat trip takes the traveler to Wâdy Halfa. There the narrow-gauge railroad begins again and proceeds 620 miles to Khartum. It was this railroad, which was undertaken in 1896, and which crosses the arid Nubian Desert, that allowed Lord Kitchener, when he was Sirdar of Egypt, to reoccupy the Sudan with his army.

'It is a detail which is at once practical and typically English,' said Captain Salesse, 'that the schedules of certain trains from Wâdy Halfa to Khartum allow for a stop in Abû-Hammâd sufficient for travelers to make use of the comfortable bathrooms in the station in order to rid themselves of desert sand.'

Beyond Khartum, one takes once more to the waters of the Nile. A steamboat service continues up the river for 1100 miles to a point just above Lado, at Rejaf, where all navigation on the Nile ceases. This river route crosses an area where the waters of the Nile have spread out into great marshes, and where formerly thick barriers of water plants blocked navigation. A passage for steamboats had to be cut through this plant mass, which still can be traversed only slowly and with difficulty.

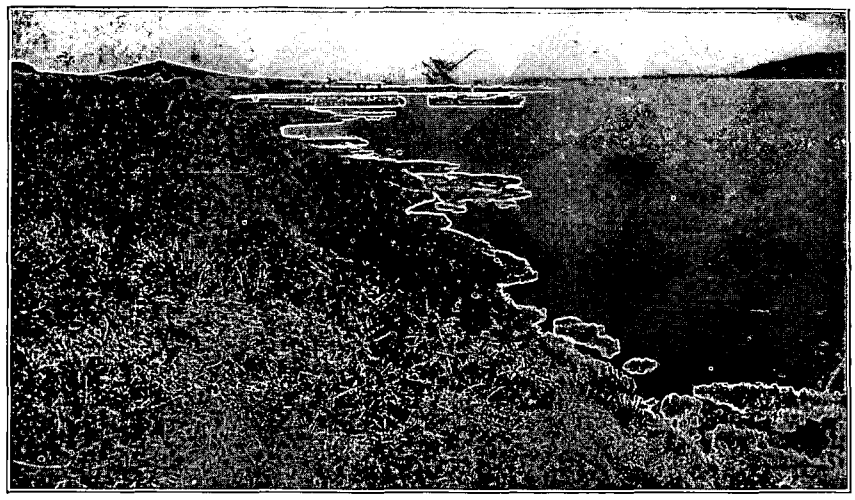
The railroad, which was left behind at Khartum, juts off to Sennar on the left bank of the Blue Nile; then it turns sharply toward the west to el Obeïd, the capital of Kordofan. This twist is not to be explained by the large quantities of India rubber shipped out from el Obeïd each year, but rather by the necessity of surveillance over the turbulent tribes of the Sudan, and by the impossibility of pushing a railroad across the marshy lands of Bahr el Ghazal. It is planned also to extend this line in a great curve toward the west and, by following the watershed which separates the Nile from the Congo, eventually to reach Nimule. All that is lacking in order to justify such an extension is the discovery of mineral deposits in the region. Until this occurs, however, a long break in the Cape-to-Cairo will remain, and only by the water route can Rejaf be reached from Khartum.



Aerofilms, Ewing Galloway

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WATERFALL

THE ZAMBEZI RIVER at Victoria Falls plunges four hundred feet into a chasm a mile long, making a roar which is audible for twenty miles. In the foreground runs the Cape-to-Cairo railway.



Cowling, Ewing Galloway

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

THIS TREMENDOUS body of water lies in the heart of British East Africa. An idea of its size may be had from the steamer — a link in the Cape-to-Cairo route — approaching the wharf in the centre of the photograph.

Over the tracks of the southern section of the Cape-to-Cairo — from Capetown to Bukama — one can travel to-day without a single change. This great railroad, which runs from the extreme southern part of Africa to the heart of the Belgian Congo, without a break and with the same gauge tracks throughout, was built rapidly, as fast as colonization progressed. Each advance corresponds to

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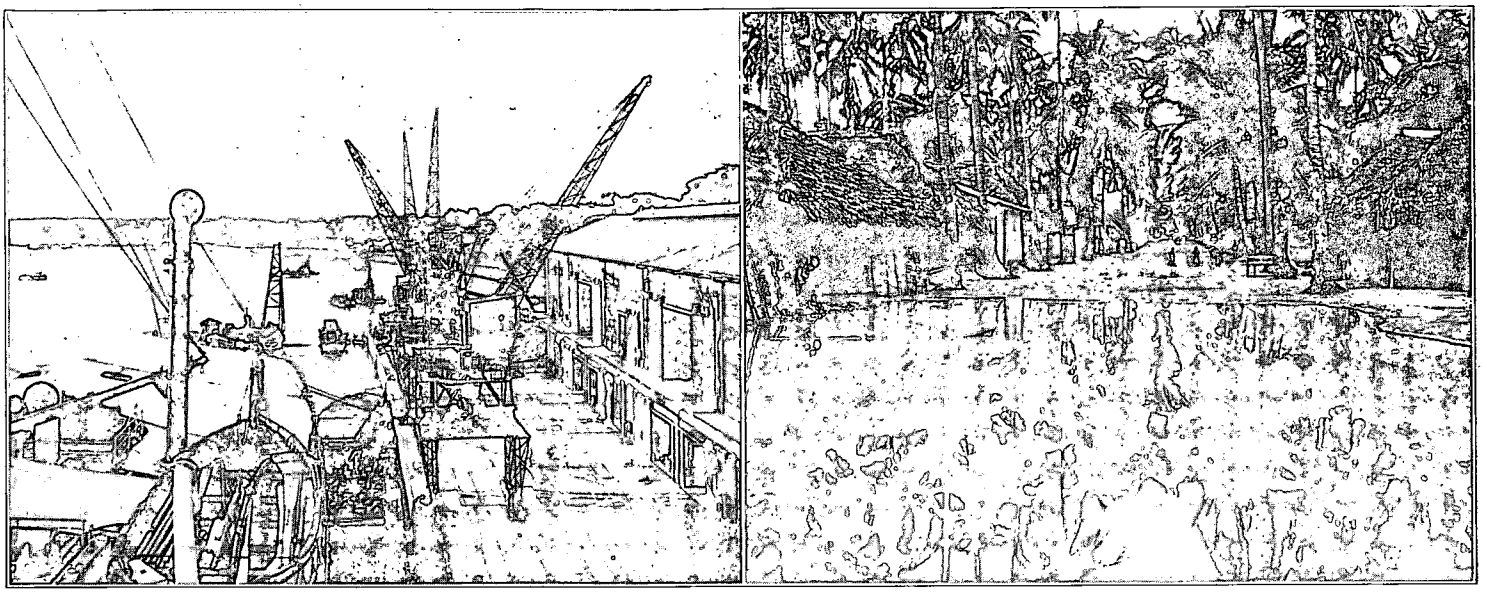


De Cou, Ewing Galloway

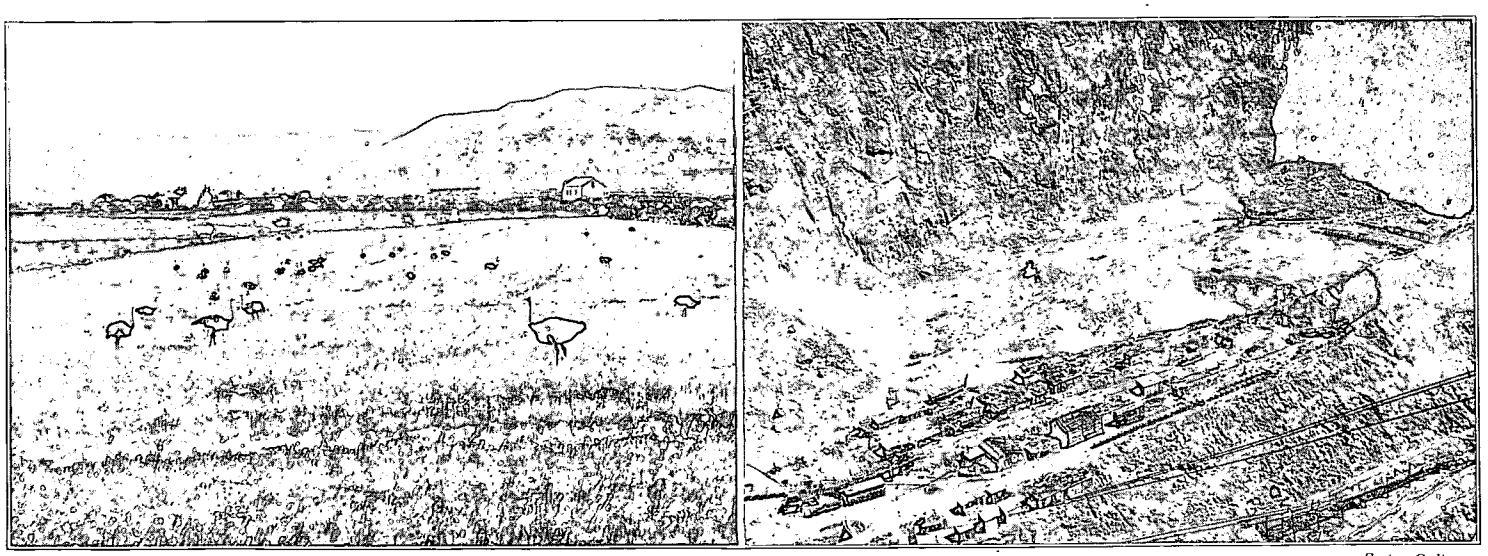
CIVILIZATION LIES NEAR SAVAGERY IN AFRICA

TWO CONTRASTING PHOTOGRAPHS of Towns on the Indian Ocean. Both are starting-points for cross-continental railroads, commercial centres for the rich products of the interior. To the right, Dâr-es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory; to the left, Mombasa, Uganda. In Africa the latest devices of engineering genius are erected side by side with rows of savage huts.

the discovery of a new mineral deposit. In 1880, the line running northward from the Cape had only reached Beaufort West, 300 miles south of Kimberley. Five years later, in 1885, attracted by the newly discovered diamond mines, it moved on to Kimberley itself. In 1892, after the discovery of the gold mines of Witwaters Rand, it was pushed on to Johannesburg. Then came the development of the Rhodesian gold fields, which brought the railroad on to Bulawayo in 1902. At that time, according to Cecil Rhodes's plans, the idea was to continue the line straight north toward the region of Lake Tanganyika. But coal mines were discovered in Wankie, and the line leapt toward the west to Victoria Falls on the Zambezi, which were reached in 1905. In 1906, the great river was crossed and the railroad carried forward to the zinc and lead mines of Broken Hill. Once more there was a halt. At this point the railhead was only 110 miles from the frontier of the Belgian Congo, but before it stretched a tremendous area of tough underbrush in which no mineral deposits were known. Suddenly, however, the rich copper, gold, tin, and diamond mines of the Katanga region were discovered. Immediately the northward march of the rails began again; Sakania, on the frontier of the Belgian Congo, was reached in 1909, Elisabethville in 1910, and Bukama — 2780 miles from the Cape — in 1918. Thus an outlet was provided for the minerals of the Katanga; and they began to flood toward the south across Rhodesia to the east-coast port of Beira, and from there to the European markets.

THE central section, between Bukama and Rejaf, remains to be considered. From the railhead at Bukama, how can one reach the head of navigation on the Nile at Rejaf? Two routes are possible, one by the Congo River, the other by the Great African Lakes.

The lake route begins with a boat trip of 430 miles on the Congo from Bukama



Ewing Galloway

THE RICHES OF SOUTHERN AFRICA

FRUIT, GRAIN, cattle, ostriches, diamonds, gold, copper, coal. . . . The resources of this vast continent are endless, and man has only to thrust his railroads in from the sea to benefit by them. To the right, the huge excavations of the Premier Diamond Mine, Pretoria, Transvaal; to the left, an ostrich farm, Cape Province, British South Africa.

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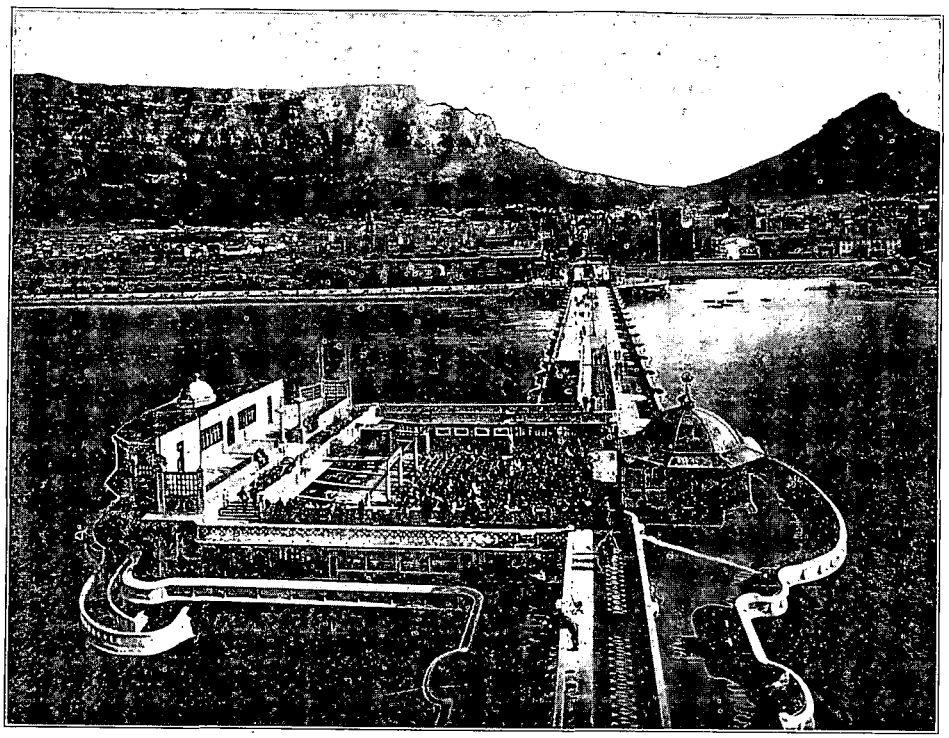
to Kongolo, followed by a railroad jump from Kabalo to Albertville on Lake Tanganyika (178 miles). From here, one crosses Lake Tanganyika by boat from Albertville to Kigoma (54 miles). At Kigoma one follows the East African Railroad for 560 miles to Tabora, and on to Mwanza on the southern shore of Lake Victoria. Then comes a boat trip of 375 miles on Lake Victoria, from Mwanza to Jinga; a section of railroad for 68 miles, from Jinga to Namasagali on Lake Kioga; and then a steamboat trip on the Upper Nile, from Namasagali through Lake Albert to Nimule. Finally, in order to get from Nimule, which is the southernmost outpost of the British Sudan, to Rejaf, which is the highest point reached by the Nile steamers from Khartum, one must cross 110 miles of undergrowth by automobile over a passable road.

The Congo route is divided as follows: 425 miles by boat on the Congo River from Bukama to Kongolo, by railroad for 235 miles from Kongolo to Kindu, by boat once more on the Congo from Kindu to Ponthierville, over a distance of 210 miles, by railroad again from Ponthierville to Stanleyville for 85 miles. From Stanleyville, how is the Nile to be reached? At present, this connection is made by an automobile service which covers the 750 miles between Stanleyville and Mahagi on the northern tip of Lake Albert. Soon there will be a railroad over this distance. From Lake Albert one takes a river boat along the Upper Nile to Nimule, and then the auto trip described above, from Nimule to Rejaf, whence the Nile boats set out for Cairo. It is probable that this Congo route will be the one finally used, and that the Cape-to-Cairo railroad will, therefore, be completed through Belgian territory. All that remains is for the Belgians to build a railroad between Bukama and Kongolo, and another between Stanleyville and Mahagi. Then the final link in the transcontinental route will have been forged. But will this mean the creation of a truly living traffic artery, a practical route, a tool for use in the economic development of Africa? I doubt it.

THE trans-African railroad, from Cape to Cairo, as it now appears upon the map, is, like many colonial traffic routes, only a combination of river and rail. At present, on the route which follows the Congo, there are twelve sections of unequal length — five by railroad, five by boat, and two by automobile — which means changing eleven times. This route crosses territory under the sovereignty of two nations, Great Britain and Belgium. Even that part of it which lies within British territory crosses certain administrative boundaries that are almost as difficult to pass as ordinary international frontiers.

In spite of all these difficulties, it is true that a traveler who has the time and the resources can traverse Africa from north to south surrounded by every comfort that European life affords. On the other hand, it is difficult to see what real traffic in goods can take place over this complicated route. For it is becoming day by day more evident that goods from the interior tend to move directly toward the coast, by routes which cut across the continent from side to side and avoid long detours. There are already several of these direct lines, and they are destined to form axes along which the future economic life of Africa will move.



Ewing Galloway

CAPETOWN, THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE CONTINENT

SEEN FROM THE recreation pier, the city lies snug against Table Mountain and Lion's Head Peak, at the right. Capetown is the trading centre for all South Africa, and the Southern terminus of the rail-and-water route that runs from end to end of the continent.

First, there is the line which leaves the Upper Nile at Berber, just above Khartum, and reaches the Red Sea at Port Sudan, a regular port of call on the shipping route to the Far East. This line, begun in 1904 and finished in 1906, cuts the shipping distance from the Sudan to the sea to 355 miles, as compared to the 1580 miles by the old route down the Nile from Khartum to Alexandria. It is practically a branch of the Cape-to-Cairo, but its existence means that the head of that line is no longer at the Egyptian capital. As early as 1906, Lord Cromer said, 'The trans-African railroad will no longer be called Cape-to-Cairo, but Cape-to-Berber-to-Port-Sudan.' Thus the commerce of the Sudan is slipping from Egypt's hands.

Then there is the great British Uganda Railroad, opened in 1902 over a distance of 622 miles, which, although it crosses an arid and unproductive portion of Kenya Colony, connects the rich region of the Great African Lakes with the Indian Ocean at Mombasa. In accordance with the aims of British policy, it has furnished a means of reaching the Sudan and Upper Egypt from the Indian Ocean. From the railhead at Kisumu (Port Florence), the route continues inland by boat across Lake Victoria, along the little railroad from Jinga to Namasagali, and on to the rich cotton fields of the Uganda, from which $23,000,000 worth of cotton was shipped in 1925. But this line is important for other reasons than its effect upon the development of British Uganda. It is soon to be extended into the northern part of the Belgian Congo; already an automobile service connects Lake Kioga with Lake Albert, and soon there will appear on the shores of Lake Albert the terminus of a Belgian railroad coming eastward from Stanleyville. One more breach in the side of the great north-south trans-African railroad!

There is also the so-called Tanganyika line, 850 miles long, which was built by

(*Continued on page 398*)

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Letters and the Arts

Bumptiousness versus G. B. Shaw — One Hundred Years of the 'Spectator' — The Real Destroyer of the Vendôme Column — Another Novelty in the Reinhardt Theatre — Gerhart Hauptmann's Latest — The Spoils of the Russian Revolution

Bumptiousness versus G. B. Shaw

The Trinity Literary Society of Glasgow is a group of people whose serious interest in present-day letters leads them to invite the most prominent authors they can catch to come to speak before them. Recently they invited George Bernard Shaw, offering him a fee of forty guineas. Mr. Shaw sent his usual printed note to the effect that he does not open bazaars nor speak at public dinners, etc.; and to this was added a line from Mr. Shaw's secretary, 'Mr. Shaw is inexorable, and he advises you to keep the forty guineas you offer for some younger man who needs them.'

The Reverend J. S. McClelland, minister of Trinity Church, Glasgow, and president of the Society, sent a reply enumerating all the famous men who have addressed its members, and taking Mr. Shaw to task for not being more excited at being offered the same opportunity. He said, 'You had a perfect right, of course, to say you could not find time to come, though I find that statement hard to believe from a man who evidently finds plenty of time to bask for hours, almost naked, on a raft on the sunny seas of the Riviera, and can spend whole evenings with a famous Yankee pugilist who seeks to worship at the Shavian shrine. What you had no right to do was to accompany your refusal with a gratuitous and typically insolent piece of advice to our secretary to keep his guineas for a younger man who needed them more. . . . It is quite evident you are not in need of guineas. What you are in need of is the grace of common courtesy. Barrie and Bennett, Kipling and Galsworthy, Wallace and Wells were all asked to address our society, even as you were asked. Up to the present they have not been able to come to us, though Edgar Wallace has promised to come on his return from America. But the replies of the men, each of them of international reputation, show me what your answer utterly failed to reveal — that it is possible to be both a genius and a gentleman.' (Apparently Mr. McClelland considers Shaw a genius.)

On a post card Shaw wrote, 'Hoots, toots, mon, dinna tak offense whaur nane is mean, and gie yer siller tae the young as Ah've tell't ye. G. Bernard Shaw. P. S. Trust this is worthy of a devoted student of Burns and Walter Scott.'

One Hundred Years of the 'Spectator'

Among the centenaries celebrated in 1928, one of the most interesting was that of a London weekly. The *Spectator* was one hundred years old with its issue of November 3rd. It was founded by a Scotsman from Dundee, one Robert Rintoul. He had come from Edinburgh to London to be the editor of the *Atlas*, but had not been very successful with it, because he could not get along with its proprietors; he said they wanted him to 'be-twaddle' the paper. He therefore sought the backing of several powerful men, obtained it, and launched the *Spectator* in very much the form it now has. The aims declared for the new periodical were 'an impartial exhibition of the leading politics of the day,' a presentation of 'interesting topics of a general nature with a view to instruction and entertainment,' with 'reviews of books, musical and dramatic criticism, scientific and miscellaneous information.' This description fits the *Spectator* to-day.

During its century of existence, the weekly has changed hands several times, and has been managed by a succession of editors of widely varying types; yet they all had the same general ideals for the paper, and its character has been maintained with surprisingly little variation. After a long period under the editorship of Rintoul, the paper passed into the hands of a young man named Meredith Townsend who, though hardly thirty, had had eight years' experience as a journalist in India. Shortly after he took it over, he met a man named Richard Hutton. The story of their meeting is told in the centenary number of the *Spectator*. 'A man called at the office about whom the Editor knew nothing but his name, and that he was a friend of Walter Bagehot, the essayist, economist, and banker. The two men were instantly attracted to one another, and talked together for a long hour. Hardly had Richard Hutton left the room, and while he was still groping his short-sighted way down the narrow staircase, Townsend made one of his instant decisions. He called over the banisters and offered him a partnership. Hutton turned to come up again, Townsend went down to meet him, and then and there upon the stairs began the equal partnership, close collaboration, and closer friendship, which was to last nearly forty years, and end with Hutton's death.'

Almost the first important decision taken by the new partners was to support the side of the North in the civil war that had just broken out in America. During the first part of the war, sympathy in England was generally in favor of the South; the *Spectator* lost circulation, but both editors felt that the break-up of the United States would be a disaster for the world as well as for America. They stuck to their guns, and, as public opinion swung back to the North, the paper 'which had only lost favor on the ground that it was "wrong headed," soon recovered it on the assumption that it was "right minded." '

Concerning most of the questions with which it has dealt in these hundred years, the *Spectator* has been equally courageous and equally intelligent. The chief complaint that has been made of it is that it has been serious. Mr. C. L. Graves says of his connection with the paper, 'I remember being at once flattered and alarmed by Townsend's saying to me at our first interview that he hoped I would be useful in "lightening the incorrigible seriousness of the *Spectator*." Whether I was successful or not I cannot tell; but some twenty years later, when I was attached to the staffs of both the *Spectator* and *Punch*, a writer in another weekly, alluding to this dual allegiance, was moved to remark that it explained why *Punch* was so dull and the *Spectator* so futile.'

There is no hint of 'futility' in the remarks of Mr. Stanley Baldwin at the dinner given by Major John Astor to celebrate the *Spectator* centenary. 'If I were asked to say in a minute or two why we are here to-night and what it is we think the *Spectator* stands for, what it is we admire it for, I would say this: We admire the *Spectator* because it has always stuck to its principles. We may not like them at times, but it has stuck to its principles regardless of circulation, of profit, or of any other consideration.'

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The Real Destroyer of the Vendôme Column

THERE is always a certain sadness in the thought that many of the men who contribute most to the world's art die comparatively unknown and unappreciated. The fact that often a man's canvases or manuscripts are later sold and resold at mounting prices in galleries and auction rooms seems an added touch of sardonic fate, even though he himself may have been little interested in money or popularity. Gustave Courbet died under a shadow which was perhaps worse than mere poverty and obscurity. The founder of the realist school of French painting, he died in voluntary exile in Switzerland in 1877. Most Frenchmen were then convinced that his career had been subversive to the cause of art in France, and that, in particular, he had been responsible for tearing down the Vendôme Column in Paris during the Commune.

His own character made these accusations plausible. He was coarse and blustering, though good-natured and essentially kindly — really a healthy animal with little fineness or spirituality in his nature. His work was a demonstration of his character; it was what he believed painting should be, a brutal photographic impression of what he saw. The physical thing before him appeared on his canvas as accurately as he could make it. Straightforward and uncompromising as a painter, he was equally so as a man. When the Salon refused one of his pictures, he calmly sent it back the next year and again the year following, until it had been refused six times. When finally the Salon did take several of his canvases, he did not like the way they were hung; so he withdrew them and held a separate exposition of his own.

When the Commune was established in 1871, the fury of the Paris mob was turned against everything that savored of the discredited Second Empire. Courbet was made Director of Fine Arts, however, and in that position he was able to prevent the rabble from destroying the collections in the Luxembourg Museum. Nevertheless, it was supposed that he actually took part in the tearing down of the Vendôme Column, which had been cast from the melted bronze of enemy cannons by the first Napoleon, and raised to the glory of his army. In fact, a photograph exists showing Courbet among the men standing around the column as it lay on the ground. He was also known to have expressed the opinion that this monument to the glory of Napoleon and the Grande Armée should not be left standing. So after the downfall of the Commune, Courbet was arrested.

A story has it that when the officers came to get him he was so befuddled he could only keep muttering, 'No, no, I am not Courbet, you are mistaken, I am someone else.' He was condemned, however, as the person responsible for the column affair, and was fined three thousand francs. He had to live the rest of his life in Switzerland to escape further prosecution. A few of his friends tried to convince the world that there was another side to the question; one of them, the Comte Henri d'Ideville, wrote a book shortly after the painter's death, proving that Courbet alone could not have been responsible.

The writer of an article in a recent number of *L'Art Vivant* has unearthed a story by which he proves in a somewhat jocular vein that a woman was the real destroyer of the Column. The *Journal Officiel* of the Commune for the thirteenth of April, 1871, contains an entry recording a decision that the Column should be destroyed. Courbet did not become a member of the Commune until the sixteenth of April, and thus could not have had any official part in this action.

Some time later, a group of supporters of the Commune were gathered together in a café. Someone mentioned the Vendôme Column, asking why nothing had been done to carry out the official decision to destroy it. What were they waiting for? Others said that no one had been able to figure out a way of doing it. An engineer was needed, but the officials had not been able to find a competent one. It happened that an engineer, named Iribe, was sitting nearby. He spoke up and said it was perfectly easy, he could fix apparatus for pulling the thing down. But when he was pressed to volunteer for the job he was inclined to think better of it.

His lady love, who was also there, now pricked up her ears and asked if there was money in it. There was, so poor Iribe was lost. He received the contract to remove the Vendôme Column; he did so; but one may say that it is his lady

Olaf Gulbransson in Simplicissimus, Munich

IN REINHARDT'S THEATRE, BERLIN

'MASTER, the House is sold out!'
'BRAVO! Long live Art!'

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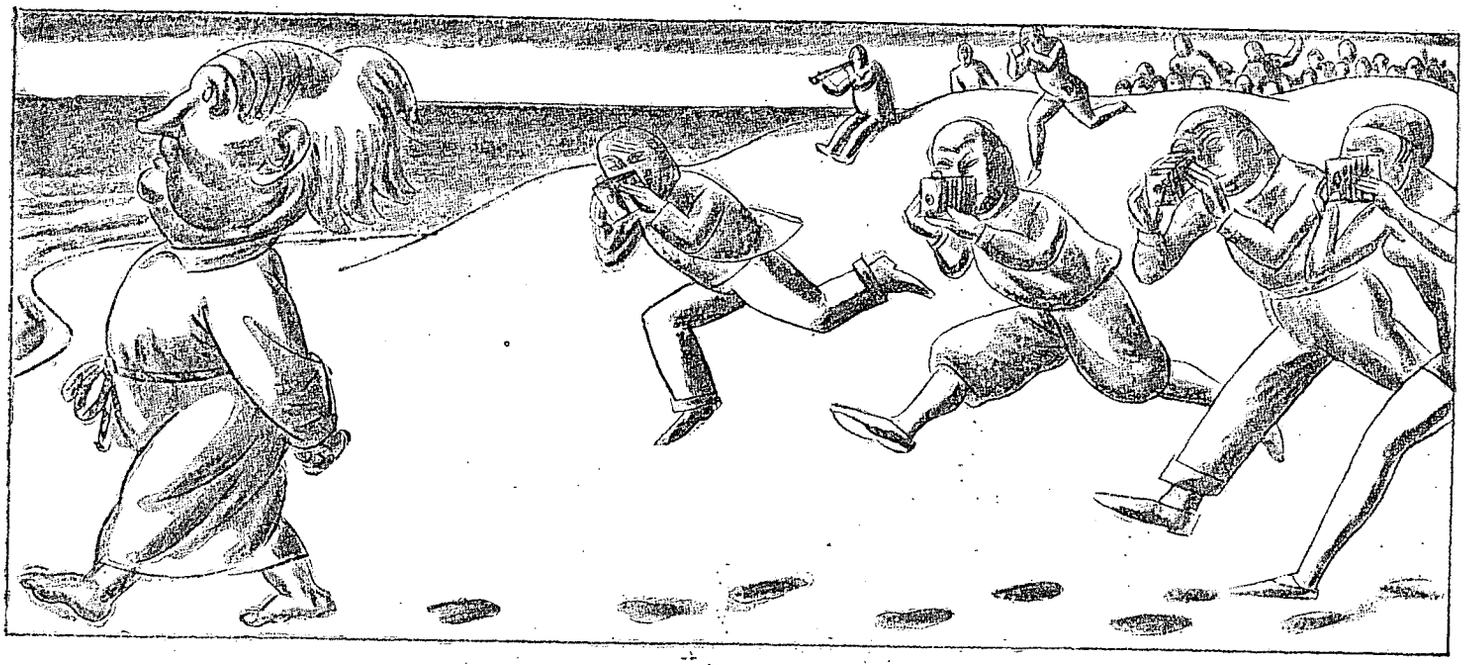

Simplicissimus, Munich

THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE
GERHART HAUPTMANN goes bathing.

upon whom the ultimate blame should rest. Courbet was only responsible in that he was on the spot when the deed was done, and in that he was known to have expressed the opinion that the Column ought to be taken down and the commemorative plaques on it transferred to the Invalides.

The engineer's scheme worked nicely; the Column came down with a crash and lay in pieces in the Place Vendôme for some time. But then came the crash of the Commune itself, and the fragments of the Column were gathered up and put together. It still stands as one of the most graceful monuments of modern Paris, and the fact that it is a constant reminder of the imperial ambitions of Napoleon seems to bother no one — least of all Parisians, who flock with their children on Sundays to gaze at the Column, or upon the fallen Emperor's tomb, where it stands bathed in the blue light from the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides.

ANOTHER NOVELTY IN THE REINHARDT THEATRE

THOSE who say that Max Reinhardt's best work has been done and that he will contribute nothing more to the art of the theatre may turn out to be wrong. He has just started on a new venture which shows that he himself, at least, does not consider his work or his theories to be in a static condition. He has entrusted Professor Oskar Strnad, a well known Austrian stage architect, with the construction of a new *Schlosstheater* which is to be in the park of his castle near Salzburg. It is to be something in the nature of a private studio where Reinhardt can try out his productions on his many visitors before they are presented in his theatres in Berlin and Vienna.

The theatre will be built on the shore of a lake, in such a position that the lake can be used as part of the stage when it is so required. The plan calls for seats for only two hundred people. The size of the stage will be adaptable to the work being produced. It will be possible to have horsemen gallop on to the stage from the park, and the lake will enable little boats to appear. The whole arrangement will give scope to Reinhardt's genius for handling large scenes and great crowds of people, though it would seem that if this theatre is to serve partly as a workshop for productions to be offered in Berlin and Vienna, some difficulty will be met in transferring the effects to those theatres.

Professor Strnad hopes to finish the plans and start building immediately, so that the theatre can be opened next August. Reinhardt has not decided on the play with which it is to be opened, but will probably select one by Shakespeare.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S LATEST

GREETED once more by the wild acclaim which customarily dogs his footsteps, and which so greatly disturbs his dignity as the dean of German poets, Gerhart Hauptmann has published a new book of verse. This time he has taken the old hero of legend, Till Eulenspiegel, dressed him up in modern clothes, and sent him tumbling through the eighteen 'adventures' of a book of poetry more than three hundred pages long.

Till Eulenspiegel can be traced back to the fourteenth century, and he has since had as many reincarnations in the folk legends of the German and Flemish peoples as there are spellings to his name. At first he appeared as a boisterous clown, given to rough-and-tumble jokes carried out with Rabelaisian gusto. As he has proceeded down the years, his character has remained fun-loving; but, depending upon the people among whom his adventures have been told, the fun has varied between mere horseplay, and keen ridicule of human folly.

In Herr Hauptmann's hands, Till takes on the aspect of a contemporary figure — an ex-officer of the German Flying Corps. Like the Eulenspiegel of legend, however, he becomes a wandering showman who sets up his tent in village squares, performs tricks for the gaping people, and, in the process, inoculates their minds with unpleasant truths. His wanderings and adventures in a highly modern world provide Hauptmann with an opportunity to treat poetically — and apparently successfully — most of the outstanding events of post-war Europe.

THE SPOILS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

WHEN, before the rising tide of revolution, the Russian aristocracy fled from their comfortable homes across the frontiers of their country, their departure was so hurried that they were forced to leave almost everything they owned

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behind them. A few small objects — rings, bracelets, small silver plate — they managed to fit into their traveling bags and take with them, and these, in many cases, have since found their way into the hands of those less needy than their original owners. But the great bulk of the works of art that had been purchased from the artists and fine craftsmen of all Europe by a ruling class which was perhaps the richest and most highly cultured in the world remained in town houses and great country estates — the first prey of a class-mad proletariat.

Like the French Revolutionists one hundred and thirty years before them, the Communists seized these rich private collections of sculptures, paintings, furniture, tapestries, ormolu work, and gold and silver objects, and placed them in State museums. The emigrés, shaking their fists from a position of safety on foreign soil, called it robbery; the Communists, confiscation. As the years passed and the Soviet régime weathered all efforts at counter-revolution, the dispossessed aristocrats gradually gave up hope of ever seeing their collections again — until early this winter a big Berlin art dealer, Lepcke, suddenly announced that a sale would be held in the German capital of 'four hundred and forty-seven works of art from the Leningrad Museums and Palaces, on behalf of the Soviet Trade Delegation.'

It seemed like another case of the unfortunate thief who, after a highly successful robbery, was going to get caught at last when he tried to dispose of the stolen goods. Advance catalogues of the objects to be sold were eagerly examined by Russian emigrés; works from their own former collections were identified; and, as the day of the sale approached, the same trains that carried excited British, Dutch, French, and American art dealers toward Berlin carried also a little group of Russian aristocrats, hopeful of catching the thief at last, and regaining part at least of the goods that were rightfully theirs.

The sale, announced so suddenly, had actually been in preparation for more than four years. The Soviets found that the harvest that the workers had reaped with such ease in the halls of aristocracy had crowded their museums uncomfortably. In a proletarian country where beggars filled the streets, they had more 'bourgeois' works of art than they could properly display, and no money to keep them in good condition. The obvious solution was to sell off enough to enable them to care for the rest, with a little to spare. Accordingly, four years ago, they called in Herr Hans Karl Krüger of the widely known Lepcke Galleries in Berlin to select for them works which he believed would bring a good price in the German capital. Individual Russian works of art had long been finding their way to foreign markets, but always privately and without stir. This sale was to be the first officially sponsored by the Soviet Government, whose proud boast had always been that it has never parted with a single piece from the National Collections, even to fabulously rich would-be purchasers from America. Apparently it bore the stamp not only of Russian official approval, but of that of the German Government also. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador to Moscow, it is said, gave constant help and advice to those selecting the paintings and sculptures to be sold in Berlin, to the end that objects with the greatest chance of profitable foreign sale might finally be chosen. Such extra-ambassadorial activity would be incomprehensible, were it not widely known that Germany is leaving no stone unturned to bring Berlin into the full centre of great international auctioneering circles.

Nearly five hundred objects, valued at three-quarters of a million dollars, were finally taken from their show cases in Leningrad and sent to Berlin. When the sale opened, the five hundred and fifty seats set up in the sumptuous Lepcke Galleries were far from sufficient to provide for the crowd of participants that had gathered, prominent among them the group of angry Russian emigrés who were later to play a major part in the proceedings. Scattered throughout the auction room and outside the building was a strong detachment of police.

Eighteenth-century French furniture; paintings by Boucher, Canaletto, Teniers, and Greuze; a Lemoyne bust of Marie Antoinette; an eighteenth-century Gobelin from a Raphael painting; several pieces of furniture by the German craftsman, Röntgen; and dozens of other works went at good prices. That most of the pieces presented were French, Belgian, German, or Dutch, with very little that was purely Russian save a few silver vases, bears witness both to the intense nationalism of the Soviets and to the highly eclectic taste of the former Russian aristocracy whom they drove from power.

The sale proceeded briskly and without incident until Lot 265 was reached. This was a traveling medicine chest with cut glass and gold fittings. Its sale was protested by Prince Dapisha Kotromanitz, on the ground that it had been his property before the Soviets seized it; and the auctioneer announced that this piece would be reserved. At the same time a number of other Russians, among them a group headed by Prince Yusupov, the self-confessed murderer of the monk Rasputin, obtained a court injunction to prevent the sale of other works, which they asserted were rightfully theirs. In most cases they were able to present pre-war art catalogues as proof of previous ownership. In one instance, however, such a pre-war catalogue worked to the benefit of the auctioneers rather than to that of the despoiled Russians. Princess Kotchoubey, who protested the sale of a Cima Madonna, admitted when confronted with the catalogue that the picture put up at auction was not the one which had previously been in her collection.

The upshot of the affair was that — greatly to the disappointment of the cosmopolitan crowd of collectors and dealers — nearly a quarter of the total number of objects originally offered were withheld from sale pending final decision by the courts. German judges are left to decide a ticklish question: whether a foreign nation which recognizes the Soviet régime has the right to order restitution of goods which that régime confiscated at the time of the revolution.

If they decide against restitution, as seems likely at this writing, it is probable that the world will very quickly have an opportunity to buy further spoils of the revolution; for the Soviets claim to have more than five hundred untouched treasure houses far richer than the two or three whose mere overflow was placed on sale in Berlin. If, on the other hand, the courts decide to allow the claims of the Russian aristocrats, the Soviets are left with a heavily bejeweled white elephant upon their hands.

The case will be followed with great interest by Germans in particular, who see in it a possible precedent should they ever wish to sell abroad the art treasures seized by the German Republic from the Hohenzollerns. It will be followed also, as was the sale itself, by all those who see in it one more proof of the platitude that not war or revolution or an outraged proletariat can prejudice the existence of a really fine work of art — so long, cynics will add, as a single potential buyer remains on the face of the earth.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

The Still, Small Voice of French Approval

French newspaper comment on affairs of the day is likely to be liberally seasoned with attacks on the policy of the United States toward Latin America. Only occasionally is a rare voice raised in defense, but there is one such in a recent issue of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire.*

What would become of Haiti, San Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua, without the financial help of the United States? What can a young republic, recently born into political life, do without financial or economic organization and without government? Is it not dangerous to remind people who have just begun to breathe the air of freedom of the rights they possess by reason of their independence, before they have been educated, informed of their duties, and prepared for public life? Isn't it better, after all, to see that these people avoid civil war, poverty, and misery, when this can be done by the simple expedient of offering political and economic guidance until their country is able to direct its own affairs? Is it not beneficial to all these regions to build them roads and harbors and railways, to bring life and progress within their borders, to improve transportation, to better relations of all kinds, to open banks and to dig mines?

It is to the interest of all these little states, and to that of the whole world, that the United States should manage the Panama Canal. It is clearly to the interest of the South American republics that North America should undertake and direct the construction of transcontinental highways and railroads. It is certainly significant that all these peoples are irresistibly drawn by the United States into the rising movement toward increased progress, toward a higher civilization, toward intellectual as well as economic and technical reforms, toward all that goes to make more satisfactory the material and moral existence of peoples and of individuals. 'If you make men happy you will make them better' — for, in the last analysis, when one studies the Monroe Doctrine one finds in it a human element as well as a definition of the rights and duties of states.

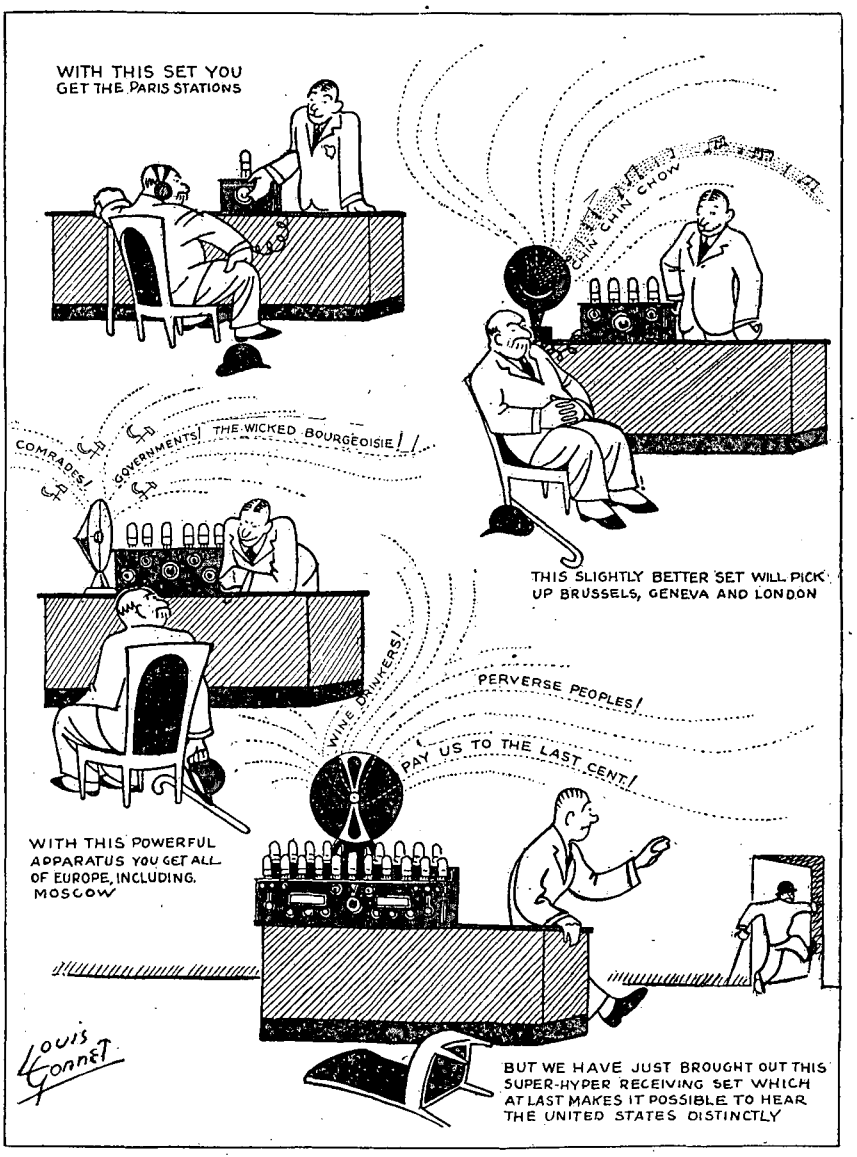
Debts and Reparations

A 'LEADER' in the *Sunday Times* (London) insists in plain terms that Americans are making a bad mistake in supposing for an instant that reparations and war debts can ever be separated — either in fact or in the European mind.

Publicists in the United States have argued that the one has nothing to do with the other [says the editorial writer], but, whatever may be the wish, the fact is that the two matters are and must remain firmly connected in the minds of all the European countries concerned. The one will not be settled without the other, and, therefore, whenever one comes to the fore the other immediately accompanies it.

M. Poincaré's suggestion that the United States may ultimately be willing to make concessions to her debtors in order to facilitate reparations is, according to the *Sunday Times*, 'a dream which in the present state of opinion across the Atlantic has no hope of fulfillment.'

The sooner Europe grasps this fact the better. For the present, at all events, and probably for some time to come, these debts have got to be faced, and it is infinitely preferable that they should be faced with a good grace. Great Britain early acknowledged her immense obligations, and has borne the burden of payment with a grin. She has set an example to the other debtors. She, at least, has very clearly understood that no amount of tears or cajoleries or threats on this side of the water will have the slightest chance of modifying the American attitude. On the contrary, it will probably have a hardening effect, for no one likes a whining debtor. The only thing that can bring about concessions — if they are to come — will be a change of heart in American opinion itself, and that is the more likely to occur in proportion as Europe pays up without complaint.


WITH THIS SET YOU GET THE PARIS STATIONS
CHIN CHIN CHOW
COMRADES! GOVERNMENTS! THE WICKED BOURGEOISIE!
THIS SLIGHTLY BETTER SET WILL PICK UP BRUSSELS, GENEVA AND LONDON
WINE DRINKERS!
PERVERSE PEOPLES!
PAY US TO THE LAST CENT!
WITH THIS POWERFUL APPARATUS YOU GET ALL OF EUROPE, INCLUDING MOSCOW
LOUIS GONNET
BUT WE HAVE JUST BROUGHT OUT THIS SUPER-HYPER RECEIVING SET WHICH AT LAST MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO HEAR THE UNITED STATES DISTINCTLY

Le Rire, Paris

A Too Perfect Receiving Set

Japanese and British Views

Madam Yayoi Yoshioka, President of the Shisei Hospital and the Tokio Women's Medical College, records in the *Japan Advertiser* her views on American civilization after a three months' tour of the United States. American women, addicted to smoking, spoiled and petted, do not appeal to her. She feels that 'the American people know how to teach, but think that they have nothing left to learn,' and that 'to acquire their present giddy height of material prosperity, they have had to discipline themselves not to think in any except practical ways.' Furthermore, 'there are so many "greatest in the world" things in America that the people are inclined to look down on the rest of the world.'

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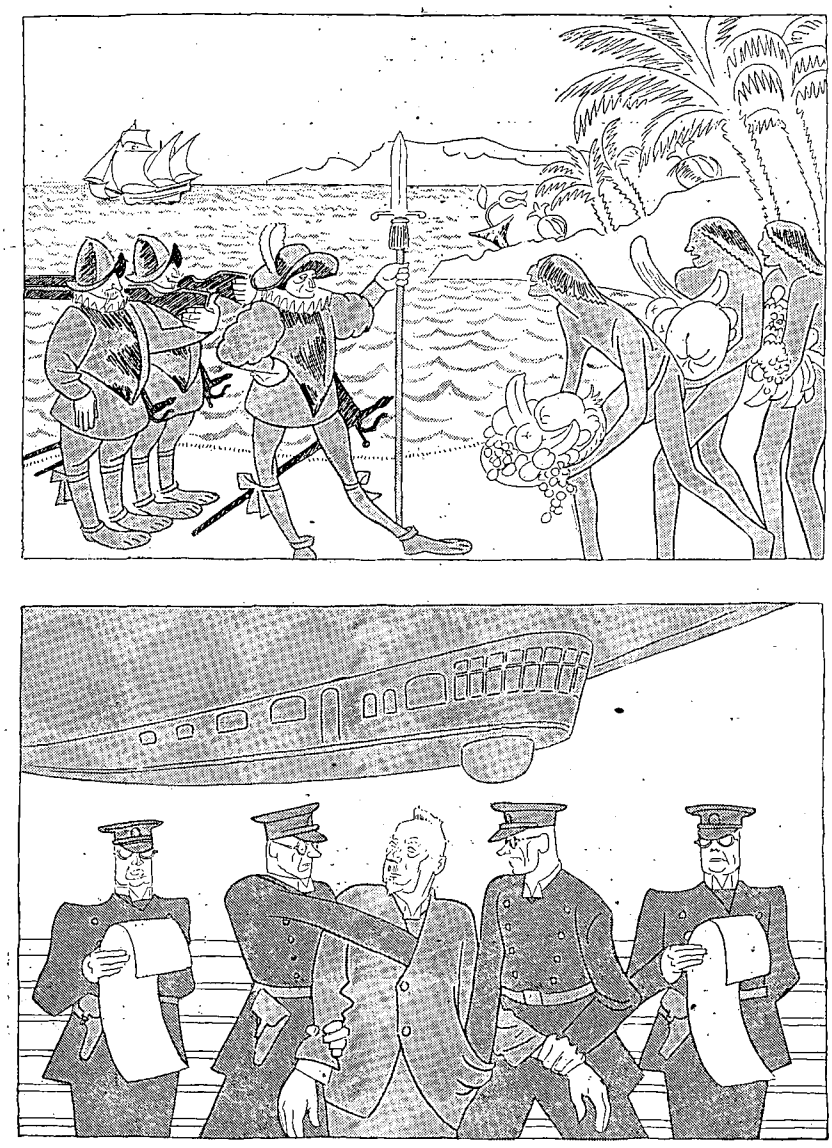
All this she regards as a symptom of national decline.

More sympathetic is the view of Mr. Wickham Steed, editor of the British *Review of Reviews*. Addressing a club luncheon in London, he insisted that Englishmen must definitely reconcile themselves to the idea that Americans are after all foreigners. 'If we treat them with the respect we should accord to a great foreign nation and study them as carefully as we should study France, or Germany, or Italy, or any other important country, we shall then begin to understand them as we do not to-day.' In his opinion, the main difference between Americans and British lies in what they take for granted. Englishmen can not understand the things Americans take for granted unless they go over very respectfully to learn their language and find out what they are thinking about. 'If we go to them as a great foreign nation we shall find that they are the jolliest lot of foreigners we ever met. If we go there thinking they are blood cousins we shall be disappointed.'

'Advertising Sense'

ALL the world is interested in what is described sometimes as 'advertising sense,' sometimes as 'publicity instinct,' or again as a keen understanding of 'news values.' The Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (London) thinks that Americans may consider themselves leaders in the science of advertising with a certain amount of justification. He admits that even in Great Britain, where advertising is now developing with great strides, that claim is generally allowed. Yet, he declares, there is much to substantiate the view that the best 'sense' of advertising, particularly advertising on the grand scale, is possessed by the French. Where in the world, for example, is there a vacation region so marvelously advertised as the Riviera? And most of it is free advertising, too. Is there another pleasure resort on the globe which has received so much 'boosting' as Deauville, a seaside town whose intrinsic charms are exceeded by those of scores of rivals?

Even French lawyers, it is pointed out, possess a very pronounced sense of advertising, as witness what follows. Two important trials were fixed for the same date, one at the Paris Assizes and the other in the Upper Garonne, leading counsel in the first being Maître Henry Torrès, and in the second Maître de Moro-Giafferi, who some time ago defended Landru. Apparently these two eminent counsel no more wanted to compete for front-page space in the newspapers than would two theatrical *vedettes*. They appreciated that, with simultaneous trials, each would get only half of his usual allowance. So the Paris trial was put back a month, and the Upper Garonne trial proceeded spectacularly on its way.



Olaf Gulbransson in Simplicissimus, Munich

From Columbus to Eckener

A satiric drawing which sums up the German ill feeling caused by the coolness of the American official welcome to the *Graf Zeppelin*.

An American 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy'

THE *Bystander*, a popular London humorous weekly, recently published a parody of Rudyard Kipling's *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, which it heads with a sentence addressed by Lord Melchett to the United States, 'If you do not wish to play a part, do not get in the way.' The poem is entitled *Bally-Hooy* and follows:—

We meet with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of them is nice an' some is not,
There's some as prove an awkward job to please,
An' Bally-Hooy's worst of all the lot.
We never get a ha'porth's change of *'im*,
'E sits at 'ome an' hugs 'is bloomin' coffers
That war 'as filled with dollars to the brim,
An' good advice to Europe daily offers.
So 'ere's *to* you, Bally-Hooy, in your 'ome in U. S. A.,
You're a marvel at the gentle game of rakin' in the pay;
We gives you your certificate for that, but note it clear,
We'll jog along much better if you will not interfere.

We take our chance at doctorin' our ills
An' ask no 'elp from you *nor* free advice,
For we 'ave swallowed worse an' 'arder pills,
Nor whined to you becos they were not nice.
So take a tip from them as knows wot's wot,
An' remember when you feels the urge to 'oller
That we don't admire a race just 'cos it's got
A double-fisted grip upon the dollar.
So 'ere's *to* you, Bally-Hooy, an' the way you bang the drum.
As long as you've the breath ter preach your voice is never dumb;
Wot matter though your 'ome affairs are lookin' very queer?
You gently close your eyes to *them*. *Your* job's to interfere!

We don't ask 'elp from friends unless it's free.
For, strange ter say, *our* pride still stands at par,
An' lordly rich relations soon will see
We cannot bow the knee to Mammon's car.
A rummy lot we are, make no mistake,
Too blind to see as naught but dollars matter;
The day 'as yet to dawn when we'll awake
To pay our humble homage to your clatter.
Still 'ere's to you, Bally-Hooy, an' your Nosey-Parker ways,
Your trumpetin' and boastin' an' your smug self-righteous blasé,
We'll stand for pro'ibition, gunmen, Big Bill Thompson's sneer,
An' even brave your movie stars if you'll not interfere.

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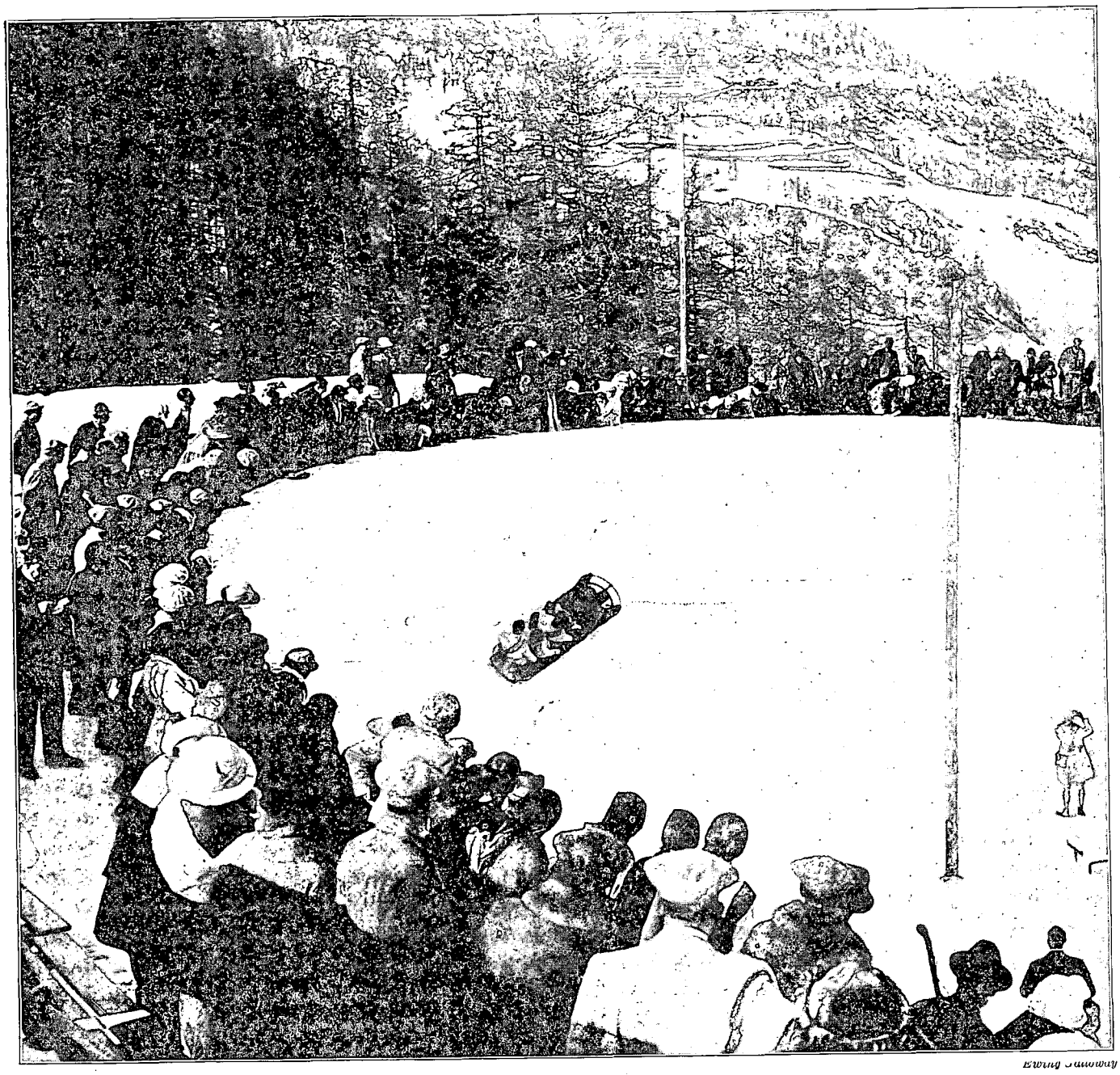

A DANGEROUS CURVE

ON THE BOBSLEIGH racing course at Saint Moritz, Switzerland, where the hardiest sportsman may find thrills enough for a lifetime.

World Travel Notes

Winter Sports in the Alps, Europe's Playground of Snow and Ice

SWITZERLAND

AN ANCIENT English dictionary says that snow is 'a Meteor well known in Northerly and Southerly Climates, especially beyond the Tropicks' — and should have added, in the lexicographer's best professional manner, '*vide* Switzerland.' For it is common knowledge that Switzerland has more cubic feet of snow per capita than any other country in which over fifty per cent of the railroads are electrified. And here it is that the whole clan of skiers, skaters, sledders, and fashionable winter-vacationists assembles.

Great is the pity that some of Europe's finest resorts are so medicinally beneficial. Hotels and tourist companies often harp much too much on the state of one's internals before and after visiting, say, St. Moritz. It is a noted spa in Switzerland's Ober Engadin. Anæmic tourists have been miraculously revived there. But St. Moritz is one of the loveliest spots in the world in all four seasons, and is less for the invalid than for everyone who has money enough to get there.

Air of extraordinary purity, sunshine more potent in its natural state than through a thousand panes of Vitaglass — these invite everyone who loves the outdoors. On showshoes one may explore

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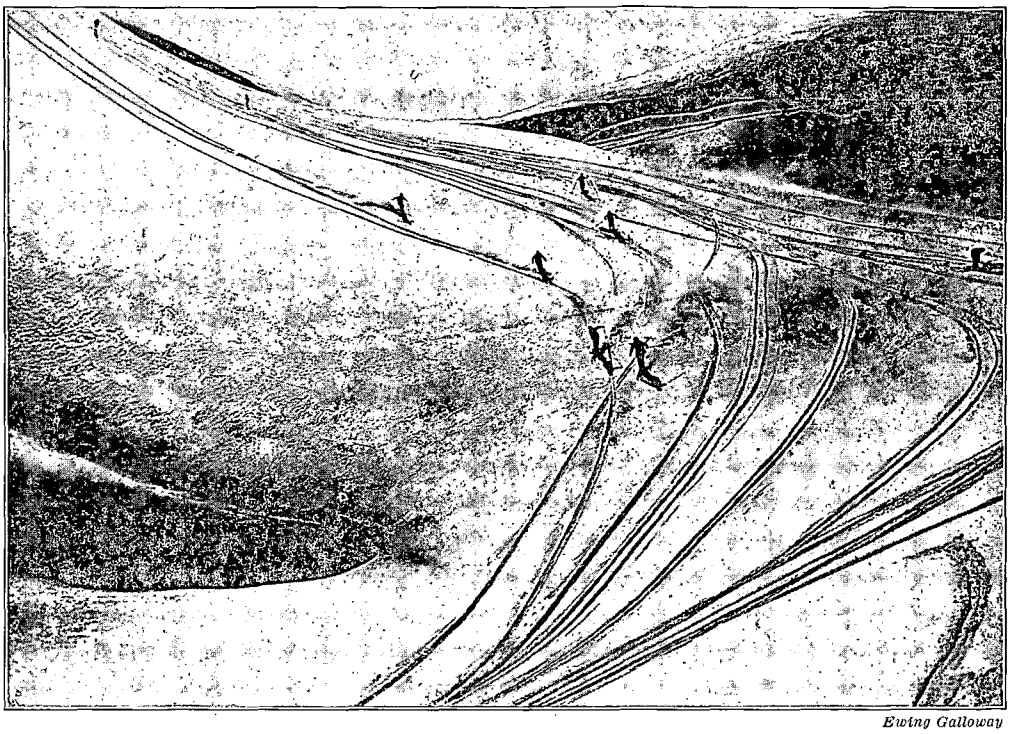
the Sangiano forest. Through the Inn Gorge lies the village of Campfér, a mile and a half over the snow. Oberalpina and the highlands of the Suvretta Valley are worthaday's trek.

Elsewhere in the issue, under the 'World Travel Calendar,' will be found many of the most attractive sporting events in Switzerland this winter. St. Moritz, however, provides such a wealth of entertainment that its own programme is briefly reviewed here: —

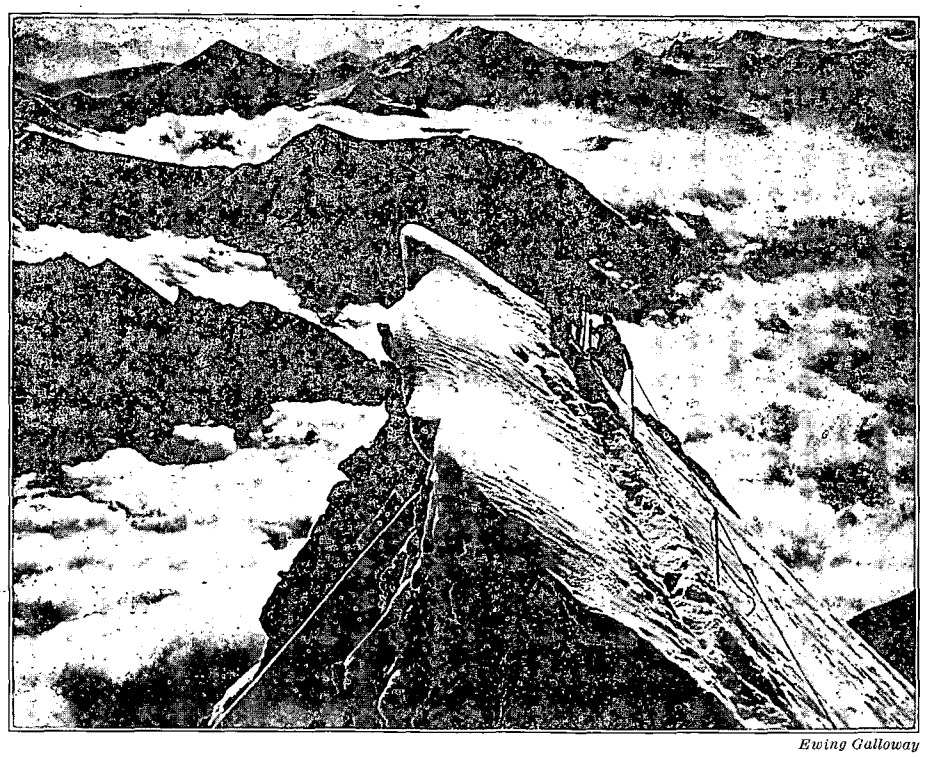


Ewing Galloway

SKIING IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

WHERE THE SMOOTH CURVES and the lakelets (like that at the left of the photograph) of the snow-covered Swiss mountain sides make safe yet exciting terrain for a fascinating sport.

JANUARY: *First half* — Exhibition by professional skating champions, Ice Stadium; hockey games between St. Moritz, Swiss national, and visiting teams; curling matches for Suvretta Cup and Martin Cup; curling match for Engadin Challenge Cup among curling clubs of the Grisons; international hockey matches; toboggan races on the Cresta Run for Yaralla Cup, Bacon Speed Cup, Marsden Speed Cup, Festitics Cup, etc.; bobsleigh and boblet races on Sunny Corner Bob Run; Sweepstakes and Tita Cup bobsleigh races. *Second half* — Jan. 18th–20th, St. Moritz Ski Races and Jumping Contest; Second Ice Gymkhana, Ice Stadium; daily hockey matches; toboggan races for the Curzon Cup, Cresta Run (2 days); Boblet Derby for the Lady Curzon of Kedleston Cup; ladies' bobsleigh races for Tauchnitz Cup. FEBRUARY: *First half* — Feb. 3rd, 7th, and 10th, Eighteenth Great International Horse Race Meeting, lake at St. Moritz, with skijöring, flat racing, trotting, and military races; Seventh Annual Dutch Skating Festival, only Dutch skates used; second exhibition of skating professionals; curling matches, hockey contests, races for various cups (daily). *Second half* — Feb. 16th, Slalom Ski Race for Batschari Cup; Feb. 17th, ski jumping, Olympia Leap; Bobsleigh Derby and Races for Olavegoya Cup; Grand National for Toboggans, Cresta Run; ski races for visitors. MARCH: Mar. 5th, Annual Ski Race of the Ski Club Alpina, from the Corviglia Hut; curling matches; races for luges and toboggans, Village Run of the Kurverein; Ice Gymkhana; Boblet Races for the Schumacher Cup.



Ewing Galloway

VIEW FROM THE CREST OF THE LITTLE GLOCKNER

AN EASY CLIMB to the top of the earth in the Austrian Dolomites, a region famous for its savagely beautiful mountain scenery.

IT WOULD be ridiculous to attempt mention of every Swiss sport centre. A few of the most popular are Villars-Bretaye, where 'Luging' ('Tailing Party': a long string of small sleds tied behind a horse sleigh) is much practised; Adelboden, a tiny and quiet hamlet in the Bernese Oberland; Pontresina, in the Engadin, with five huts of the Alpine Club tempting to overnight expeditions; Arosa, housing the British Ski Club, Curling Club, Obersee and Inner-Arosa Skating Rink Companies, Ice Hockey Club, Hunters' Association, Art Union, Chess Club, Rifle Association, Ski Club of Arosa; Gurnigel in the Bernese Oberland, the ski-runner's Elysium.

Near Lucerne is the Rigi, one of the most famous mountain viewpoints in the world. Towering at the northern extremity of the Alps, the Rigi (Rigi-Kulm) is more and more frequented during the winter. When fog lies heavy on the plains, the Rigi stands in sunlight at least eight hours a day. At Rigi-Kaltbad are hotels served all winter long by the Vitznau-Rigi railway.

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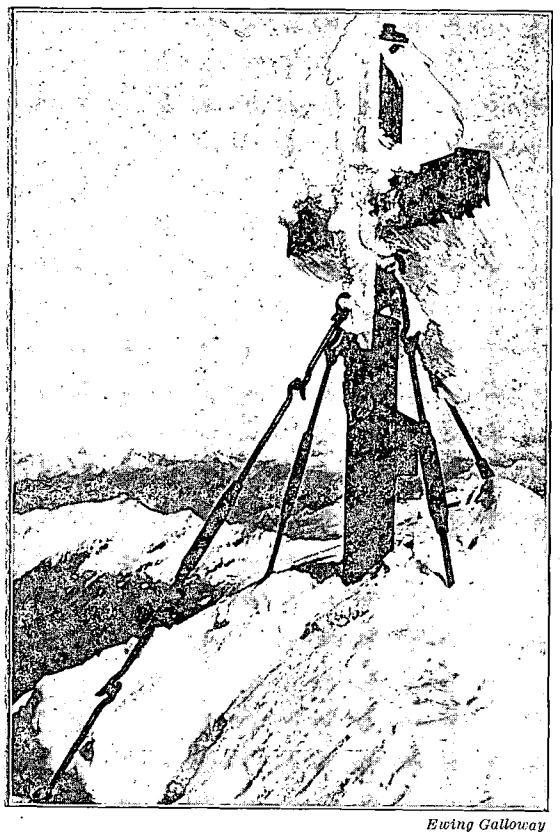


Ewing Galloway

ON THE SUMMIT OF GREAT GLOCKNER

A STORM-BLOWN CROSS marks the highest point of one of the highest peaks of the Austrian Dolomites, over ten thousand feet above sea level.

DOLOMITIC ITALY

IN the north of the Dolomites, Italy's strangely beautiful region which is always a winter (and a summer) resort, is Gardena Vale. Its Dolomitic peaks, with the group of Sassolunga, Sella, Puez, Cisles, Fermeda, and the Catinaccio, form a little world of their own. This isolated location of the Gardena Vale explains why its population has preserved its Roman origin and one of the most ancient Roman dialects, the *lingua rustica*. Even the far-reaching hand of Premier Mussolini has not succeeded in making over the lives of these wood-carving folk. On festival days one may catch them in the artistic dress which tradition has ordained. In their neat homes, curious villas and churches a fine art sense is evident — engendered, possibly, by the flawless beauty of surrounding natural landscapes. Indeed, the whole Dolomite region hereabouts is like an art gallery, with painstakingly chiseled peaks and valleys.

THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

AUSTRIA boasts more than the Tyrol for winter gayety. Within two hours of Vienna is the Semmering, one of the most popular hill-resorts of the Eastern Alps. To it winds a beautiful Alpine railway with an unusual allotment of tunnels and high viaducts. Three thousand feet up, the Semmering lies close under the peaks of the Rax and the Schnee Berg, perpendicularly and perpetually snowy. Each year a series of international winter sport competitions takes place on the excellent skiing courses, bobsleigh runs, and skating rinks.

Majestic mountain scenery is, of course, synonymous with 'Tyrol,' the Austrian province embracing a great portion of the Central Alps. Zuers and Stuben, both famous as winter sport resorts, lie high in the Arlberg, divided from the Swiss Alps by the Rhine's broad valley. Bregenz, Hochobir, Ziller Thal, Igis — these are but other centres for the exhilaration of ski-jöring, snowshoe tramps, or bobsledding.

It is difficult to write of the Austrian Tyrol, in whatever connection, without thinking of those indefatigable chamois hunters who jump from Alp to Alp without spilling the ash from their long carven pipes, depending waist-low from determinedly clamped jaws. One can easily imagine them muttering the German equivalent of that old and anonymous limerick: —

There once was a giddy young chamois,
Who went for a walk with his mamois;
When she said, 'My dear child,
I fear you are wild,'
The wicked young goat exclaimed 'Damois!'

GERMANY IN THE WINTER

GERMANY'S Bavarian Alps were the subject of notes in THE LIVING AGE for November. Few sections of Europe may claim such a bewildering variety of scenery, winter sport advantages, hotels, and contests of international importance. But who knows the hold of January and February on the Black Forest, the Harz, Thuringia, Silesia, Saxony?

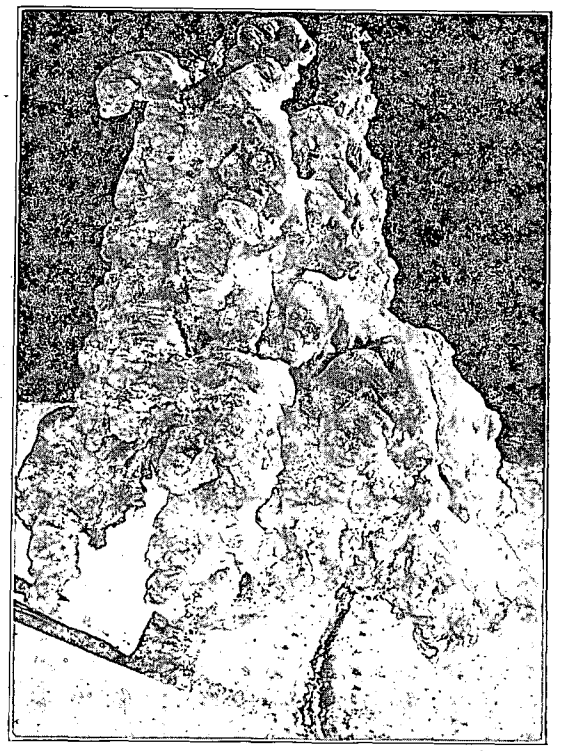
With peaks rising nearly five thousand feet, the Black Forest affords great opportunities for winter sport of all kinds. Freiburg, in the south, gives magnificent skiing on the slopes of the Feldberg. Here also are Hinterzarten, with a fast ski jump; Titisee, with its Ice Stadium and ice rinks on the lake; Badenweiler, the celebrated spa; Baden-Baden; and the whole Swabian Alb, a great plateau designed, apparently, for the snow-fan alone. In the west, such Black Forest resorts as Schönau and Todtnau are easily reached from the main railway line between Frankfurt and Basel.

The Harz is the highest mountain chain in Central Germany. The Brocken region provides most exciting entertainment with a mile-and-a-quarter bob-run at Braunlage. Matchless are the opportunities to essay the Brocken itself, from Schierke and Torfhaus. Goethe mounted to the summit, starting from Torfhaus, on December 10th, 1777.

Oberhof, in the Thuringian Forest, is locally called 'the German St. Moritz.' Patrons of the Kurhaus bob-run reach the start by electric elevator. Two other noteworthy centres are Ernstthal, a glass-bead-blowing town surrounded by marvelous ski fields; and Lauscha, a popular climatic resort especially suited to winter cures.

Silesia's wild, romantically beautiful mountains are ideally favorable for winter sport. Snow is abundant and remains long. Breslau's ice rinks are remarkably smooth and fast. Hermsdorf and Agnetendorf are convenient to the central part of the Riesenbirge, while the ski runs near Brückenberg and Schreiberhau are renowned for their excellence.

Saxony's winter sports area stretches for 125 miles along the Czech frontier. The best sport is had at Oberwiesenthal, 3000 feet above sea level at the foot of the Fichtelberg and the Keilberg. Without trouble or fatigue one ascends the Fichtelberg by 'telpher-way.' Thence runs a 10,400-foot toboggan slide, ski paths in every direction, and a ski jump down the side of the mountain.



Ewing Galloway

A FREAK OF NATURE

A FIR TREE SO covered with snow that not a branch is visible; near Kufstein, Austrian Tyrol.

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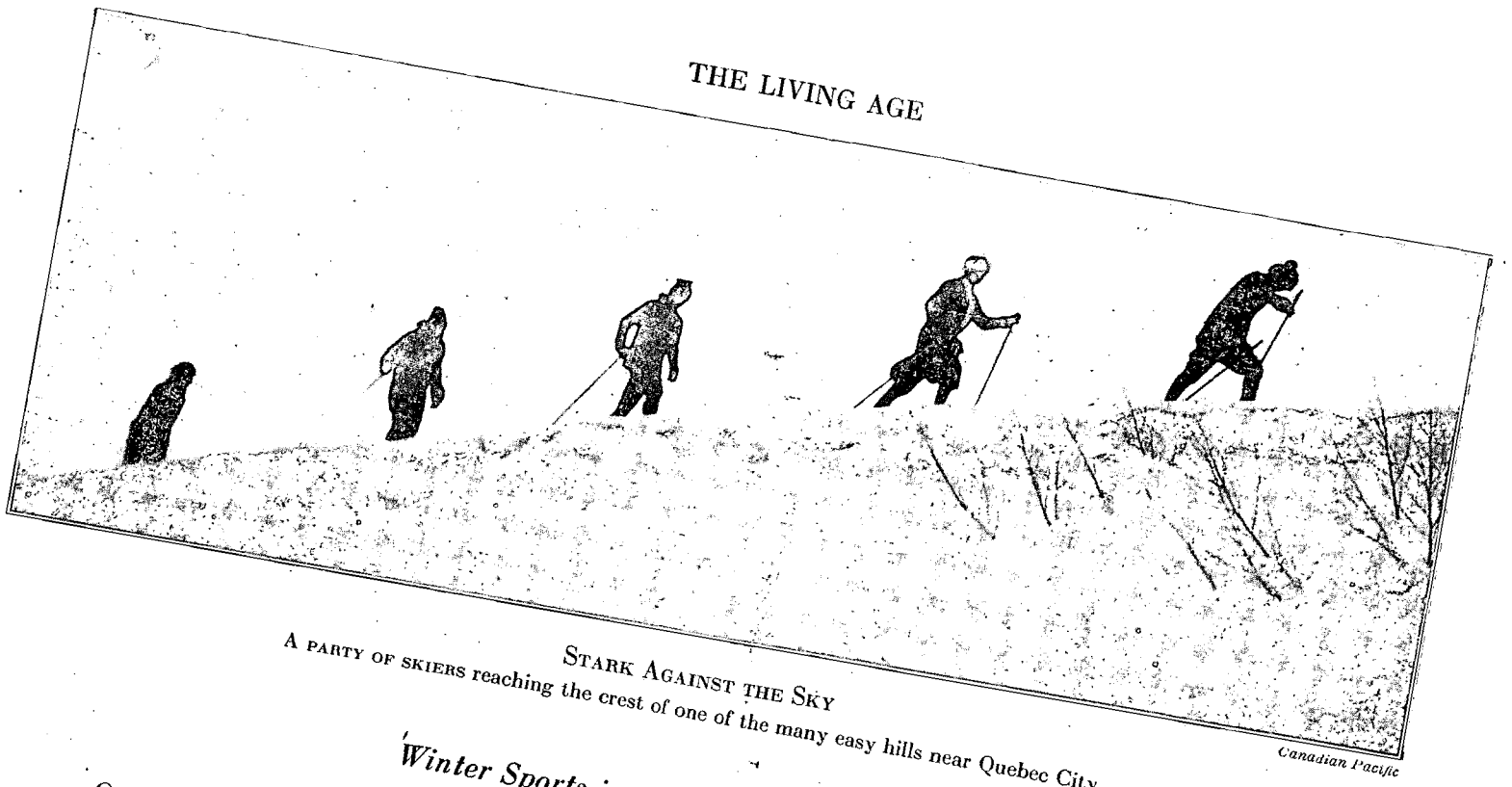

STARK AGAINST THE SKY
A PARTY OF SKIERS reaching the crest of one of the many easy hills near Quebec City.
Canadian Pacific

Winter Sports in the Province of Quebec

QUEBEC

CANADA'S winter sports centre is Quebec, that inviting old-world city of twisting streets and mansard roofs. At mention of the name one usually says, 'Oh yes, the Château Frontenac . . .' or dimly remembers that label, hazily conned in some New York tavern after a football game: 'Frontenac Pale Export Ale, warranted to contain sufficient alcohol to withstand long sea voyages.' Frontenac, dour old lord of Quebec after Samuel de Champlain had passed on, gave his name to the magnificent hotel which now crowns the city's boldest cliff. In front of the Château, whose walls and turrets rise in the Norman style of the sixteenth century, lies one of the world's great promenades, the Dufferin Terrace. Here Québecois mingles with Yankee, plotting snow sport or other whoopee. Below stretches the Lower Town. And still farther below is the shining ice of the St. Lawrence, diamond in the sun, misty pearl when seen through falling snowflakes.

Probably no other city in the world has greater natural advantages for winter sport. Snowfields roll away in endless slopes, calling skier and snowshoer to heroic feats. Within the town are skating and curling rinks, sleighs ready with piles of furry robes, a triple-chute toboggan slide.

WHEN THE DAY'S SPORT IS OVER
AND THE DULL, YELLOW SUN of the northern winter sets amid banks of clouds over the Saint Lawrence Valley.
Canadian Pacific

CANADIANS hold hockey, swiftest of all outdoor contests, their national game. Every day in Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa the Dominion's best teams meet with flying puck, clang of skate against ice or stick, frosty puffs of breath. Switzerland and Scandinavia boast skillful skaters, but none surpasses the Canadian hockey player.

One who is not forced to 'Sorry, but I have weak ankles,' will find many a rink equipped with music — Waldteufel's 'The Skaters' waltzes being, naturally, highly esteemed. Dancing, gliding, swirling figures in picturesque dress are everywhere.

A NEW YORK tourist agency proposes a 'New Year's Eve Party' at Quebec, from December 28th to January 2nd. 'Do you enjoy having your palate tickled? . . . Does social life intrigue you? . . . Bachelors and their feminine counterpart are particularly invited.' Evidently Mrs. Grundy does not live in Quebec.

A dog-sled ride is one of the chief attractions. Into the low sled one sinks, and is covered with fur robes. Behind, with one foot on each runner, stands the 'musher.' He cracks his long whip, shouts 'Mush!' The lead dog 'mushes'; there's a great jerk. Off — lurching, swaying, snow flying from the eager paws of nine or ten huskies, half-dog, half-wolf.

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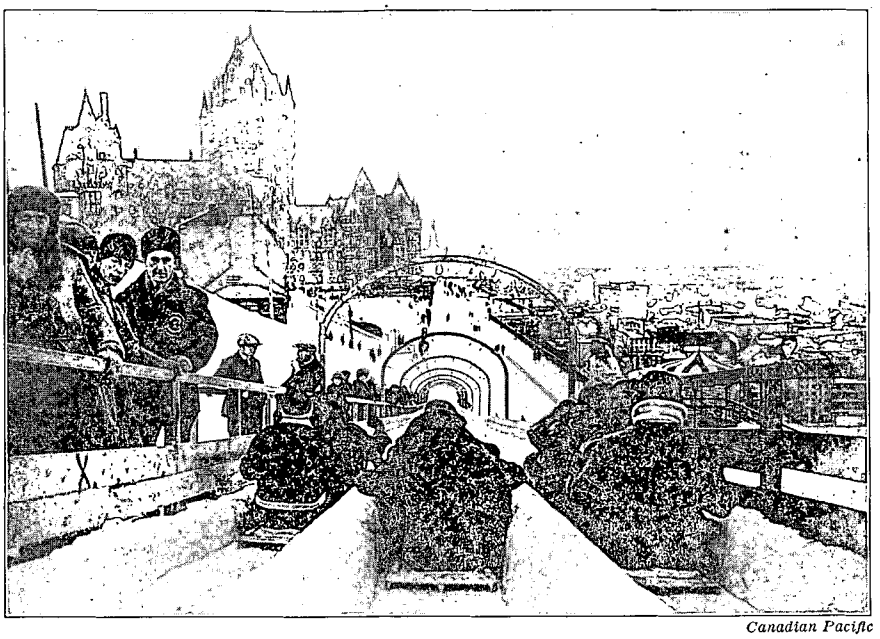
Montreal

QUEBEC for honeymooners; Montreal for conventions. Thus goes the popular notion — and not altogether erroneously. Honeymooners, however, frequently get to Montreal *en route*. Conventions seldom travel far — a noteworthy exception being the college fraternity convention which, last summer, chartered a steamer and spent the whole time cruising up and down the St. Lawrence between the two cities.

Montreal's attractions for the winter sportsman are plentiful. Nature has done a splendid job for the skier. At the Côte des Neiges ski jump records are made every year, and international championships decided. Mount Royal gives the novice, too, a chance. Its wooded and snow-covered slopes are not too thickly populated to prevent an emergency telemark or to let the force of gravity have its own way without maiming innocent bystanders.

This French-Canadian city teems with sleigh riders, tobogganists, and hikers. The Park Toboggan Club's slide, with six chutes, is perhaps the speediest and safest in Canada.

Fletcher's Field awaits the amateur skier or snowshoer — not merely the 'professional amateur,' but the entire family from sprightly grandfather to well bundled kindergartner. Atop Mount Royal lies a beautifully laid out park whose bridle paths are as popular with fashionable equestrians in January as in June.

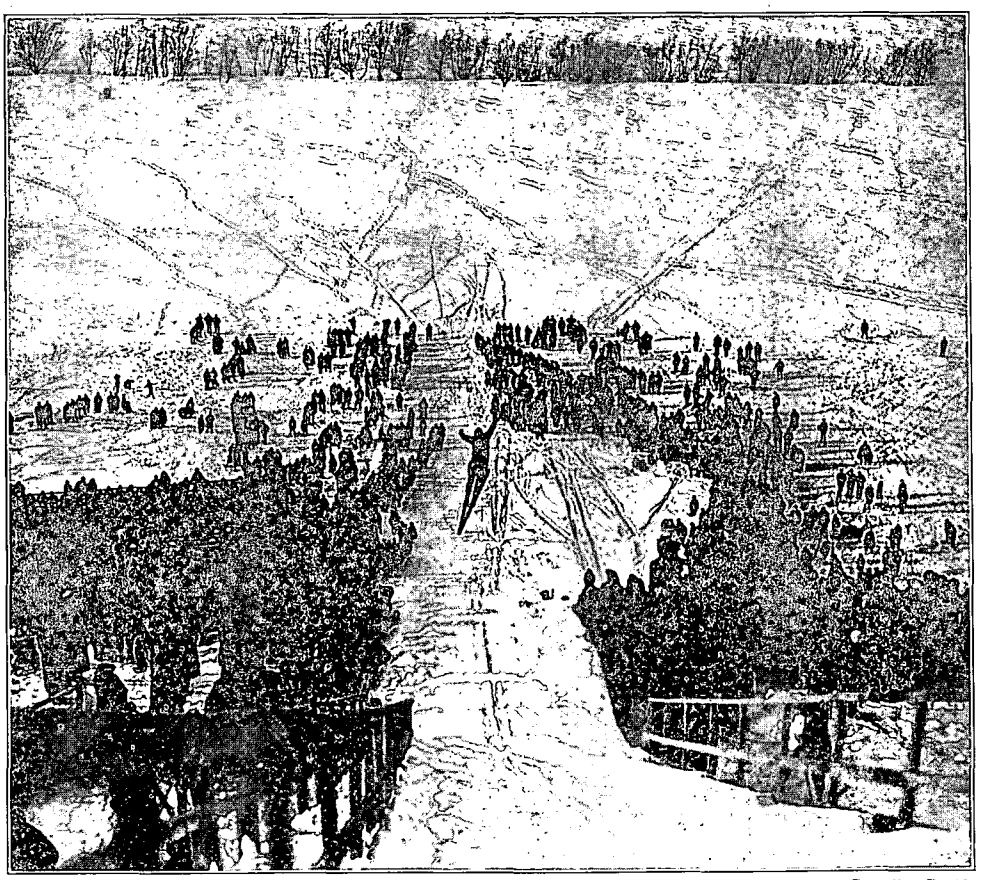


Canadian Pacific

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE, QUEBEC

IN THE DISTANCE are Dufferin Terrace, the Château Frontenac, Laval University, Quebec's 'Lower Town,' and the Saint Lawrence River.

J. NORMAN BERGER, Canadian ski champion, is reported as saying that the Laurentian Mountain district north of Montreal compares very favorably with the Swiss Alps as a skiing paradise. Runs of great length, usually with gradual slopes, feature a wooded and rolling countryside. Among the ski resorts in the Laurentians are Lesage, Shawbridge, Piedmont, Mont Rolland, Lac Charlebois, Val Morin, and St. Agathe des Monts. All are within easy reach of Montreal.



Canadian Pacific

A BRILLIANT JUMP

AT A CONTEST held on the slopes of Quebec's rocky citadel which provide ideal ski-jumping facilities

SOME years ago in the *Outlook*, George Marvin wrote as good a description as there is of the ski jump. The accompanying photograph may give some idea of the thrill of this exhilarating sport.

You see him first away up in the afternoon sky, above the snow-laden pine-tree tops, a lonely figure silhouetted against the blue — a brother of the crescent moon, unacquainted with fear. Over the edge of the platform he hobbles, then, transfigured, drops eastward, swooping toward the take-off. At that fraction of a second when, at fifty miles an hour, his long skis leave the 'lip,' his crouching figure springs into full stature as he gives himself on outspread wings, like a great sea-bird, to the air. . . .

Down swoops this big bird out of the sky, and 'ke-flum' his two skis close together slap the steep surface of the landing slope as, in a cloud of snow dust, he is hurled away out of your latitude into the valley below. For less than two seconds — it seems half a minute — he is in the air over you, standing forward beyond the perpendicular like a flying vengeance, greater than man's size, passing through your neighborhood with a rush as of wings. In less than two seconds more, there, far away, he reappears, reduced ten diameters, gliding erect through a white land made of black Lilliputian spectators, to turn at the end of the 'run-out' with a graceful telemark swing and stand motionless.

A moment's hush of all that life, in tune with the breathless enchantment of winter.

Then, with the applause of the spectators warming his cold ears, he slips back to the foot of the hill.

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France

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CENTER OF THOUGHT
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France is like falling in love . . . you aren't grown up till you've done it . . . and you're never happy afterward, away from its magic light. France is an education . . . that makes history come alive like a thrilling, gorgeous play. France is a holiday of the spirit. France is a course in *savoir faire, chic*, the international viewpoint on life. This atmosphere begins in New York . . . if you cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the white decks of the "*France*", "*Paris*", or the "*Ile de France*". Fastest service to Plymouth, England, then Le Havre de Paris, a covered pier, a boat-train . . . three hours, Paris . . . overnight the Riviera . . . one day across the Mediterranean . . . North Africa of palm-feathered oases and forty-one luxurious "Transat" hotels.

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French Line

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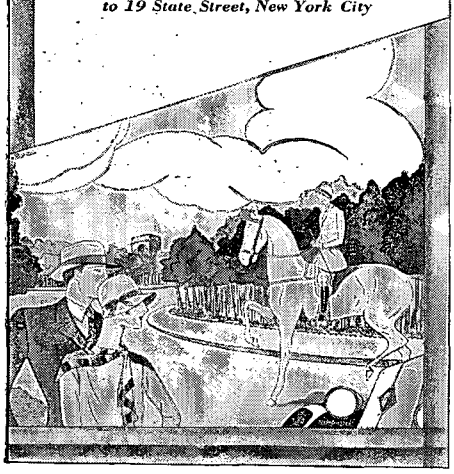

World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 322)

BREMEN. *January* 20th, *Reichsverband* of Itinerant Trade in Germany.
CATHOLIC STATES. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
COLOGNE. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
ESSEN. *February* 17th through *March* 20th, Exhibition of 'Technical Things in the Home.'
HAMBURG. *February* 17th, Textile Sample Fair opens.
HEIDELBERG. *March* 10th, Summer Day folk parade.
LEIPZIG. *January* 3rd, Fur and Leather Fair opens; *March* 3rd, Sample Fair opens.
MANNHEIM. *January* 8th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra; 10th, Masquerade Ball, Rose Gardens; *February* 2nd, Masquerade Ball, Rose Gardens; 11th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra; 12th, Masquerade Ball, Rose Gardens; *March* 12th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra.
MAYENCE. *February* 10th, Mardi gras festivals.
MUNICH. *January* 7th, Carnival; *March* 29th, Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater' sung at Jesuits' Church.
STETTIN. *January* 14th, Agricultural Exhibition week opens.
STUTTGART. *January* 31st, six-day bicycle race opens.
WIESBADEN. *January* 4th, Kurhaus Concert, solist, Alexander Schumuller; 11th, Kurhaus Concert, Soloist, Ludwig Hoffmann; *February* 22nd, Kurhaus Concert, soloists, Rosette Anday, Rudolf Bergmann; *March* 8th, Kurhaus Concert, soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch; 22nd, Kurhaus Concert, soloists, Gertrud Foerstel, Lilly Haas, Eywind Laholm, J. Transky, Karl Kothar, Wilhelm Klitsch.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 15th, Day of Hope.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 31st, St. Bridget's Eve; *February* 1st, St. Bridget's Day; *March* 17th, St. Patrick's Day.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 6th, Epiphany; *March* 23rd, Youth Day.
CAPRI. *January* 1st, Fiesta.
CATANIA (SICILY). *February* 3rd through 5th, Festival of St. Agatha.
FLORENCE. *February* 9th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals; *March* 25th, festival of the Annunciation at the Annunziata Church.
MILAN. *February* 9th through 17th, Mardi gras festivals, celebration of 'Ambrosian Rite.'
NAPLES. *March* 31st, Pilgrimage to Antignano.
PADUA. *January* 17th, Festival of St. Anthony.
ROME. *January* 5th, Fair of the Befana at the Piazza Navona; 6th, the Epiphany (for 8 days), procession in Ara Coeli Church, benediction with Santo Bambino, services and rituals in Propaganda Church and Sant' Andrea della Valle; 12th, Commemoration of Pope's Coronation, Sistine Chapel; 20th, Festival of the Miraculous Medal, church of Sant' Andrea della Valle; 21st, St. Agnes' Day, two lambs blessed at church of St. Agnese fuori le Mura; 25th, Festival of Conversion of St. Paul, chains exhibited at church of St. Paola fuori le Mura; *February* 1st, Festival of St. Ignatius, illumination of subterranean church of St. Clemente; 9th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals, masquerades, horse races, taper processions; 12th, Commemoration of Pope's Coronation, Sistine Chapel; 13th, high mass in St. Peter's, ashes sprinkled on heads of Cardinals; *March* 3rd, exposition of relics at church of San Lorenzo; 12th, Festival of St. Gregory, church of St. Gregorio; 12th through 14th, amateur golf championship matches (all countries); 19th, Festival of St. Joseph, church of St. Guiseppe; 28th opening ceremony of the *Via del Mare* from Rome to Ostia.
SEA TOWNS. *February* 14th, Procession of St. Antoninus (silver image of saint carried by sailors).

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *February* 16th, Independence Day; *March* 4th, St. Casimir's Day.

NORWAY

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 11th, Kosciuszko Day.
LWÓW. *January* 19th, annual blessing of the ice.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *January* 31st, Dedication Day, festival of the founders of the Republic.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 6th, Epiphany; 23rd, Festival of the King.
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
BARCELONA. *January* 17th, procession o St. Anthony, and cabmen's cavalcade of 'Tres Toms.'
MADRID. *January* 17th, procession of St. Anthony.
SEVILLE. *March* 15th through end of *June*, the Ibero-American International Exposition of art, commerce, and industry.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 1st through 6th, New Year's celebrations; *March* 12th, St. Victoria's Day; 29th, Good Friday.
GOTHENBURG. *February* 9th, International Automobile Races.
STOCKHOLM. *January* 6th, ice yachting on the Stora Värtan.

SWITZERLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
AROSA. *March* 1st, twenty-third annual Swiss ski races.
BASEL. *February* 8th, Mardi gras carnival begins; 18th, carnival fête begins,
DAVOS-PLATZ. *January* 13th, winter games; *February* 7th, two-seat bobsleigh championship races; *March* 1st, annual spring ski races open.
EINSIEDELN. *January* 21st, Festival of St. Meinrad.
GENEVA. *March* 15th, international motor-car salon opens.
GSTAD. *February* 3rd, horse races on the snow; 10th, hockey matches.
GURNIGEL. *January* 22nd, ski championships.
LAUSANNE. *January* 9th, artistic skating competition.
LUCERNE. *February* 7th, Fritsche pageant (procession of grotesques).
PONTRESINA. *January* 13th, international ski jumping matches.
RIGI-KALTBAD. *January* 13th, ski races of Central Switzerland.
ST. MORITZ. (See *World Travel Notes.*)
WENGEN (BERNESE OBERLAND). *January* 24th, curling matches; 30th, curling matches; *February* 25th, Ski Week opens.

WALES

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 1st, St. David's Day.

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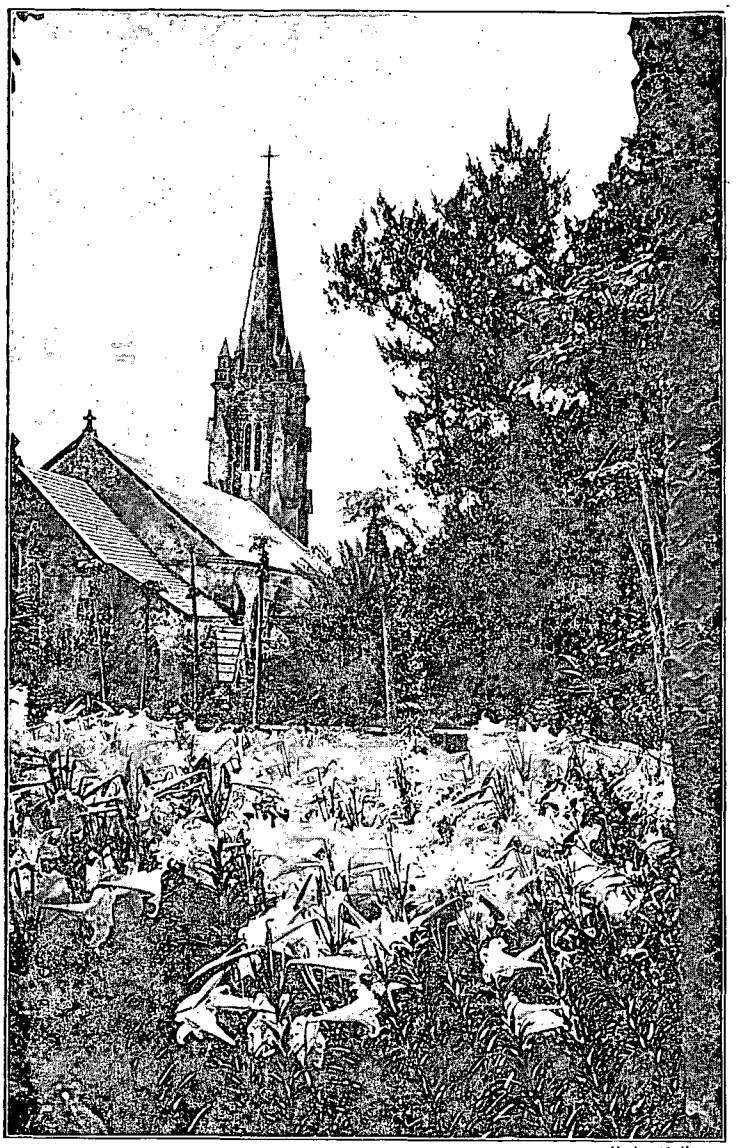
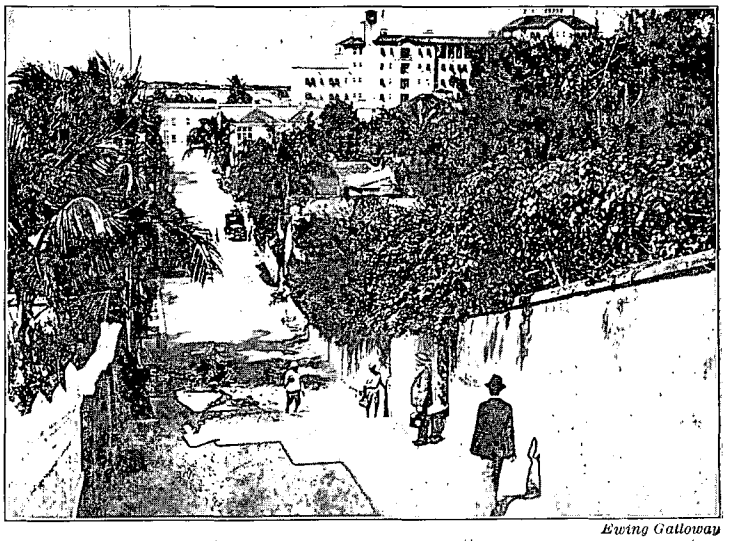
The Winter Charm of Bermuda and the Antilles



Ewing Galloway

BERMUDA'S CROWNING GLORY

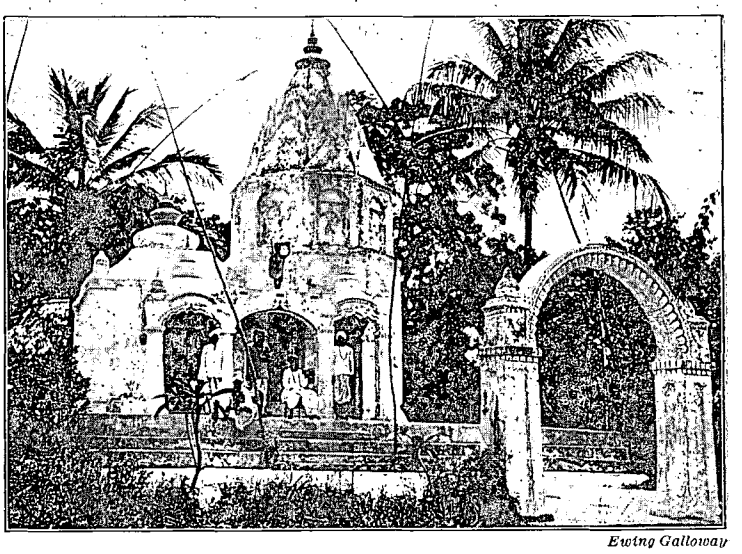
A FIELD OF EASTER LILIES set in a grove of palms with a church as an appropriate background, a scene typical of Bermuda during the months which are bleakest farther north.



Ewing Galloway

THE COLONIAL HOTEL, NASSAU

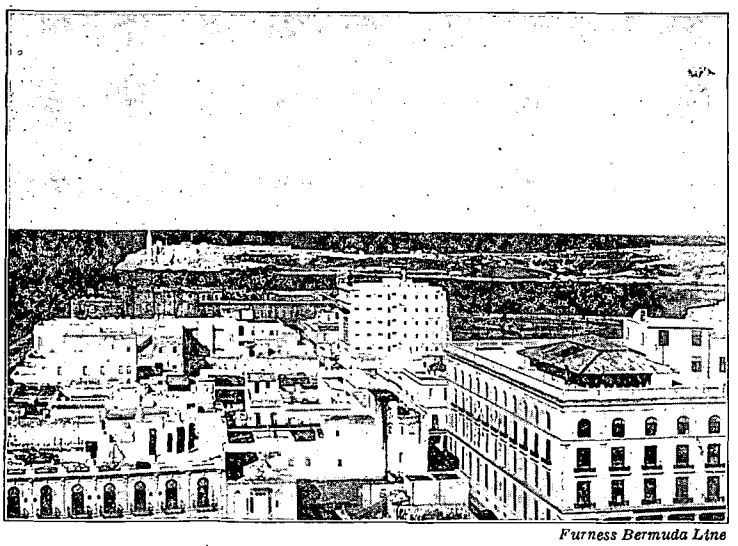
THIS CHARMINGLY located hotel is approached by picturesque, palm-lined streets and overlooks the romantic Caribbean.



Ewing Galloway

TRINIDAD, BRITISH WEST INDIES

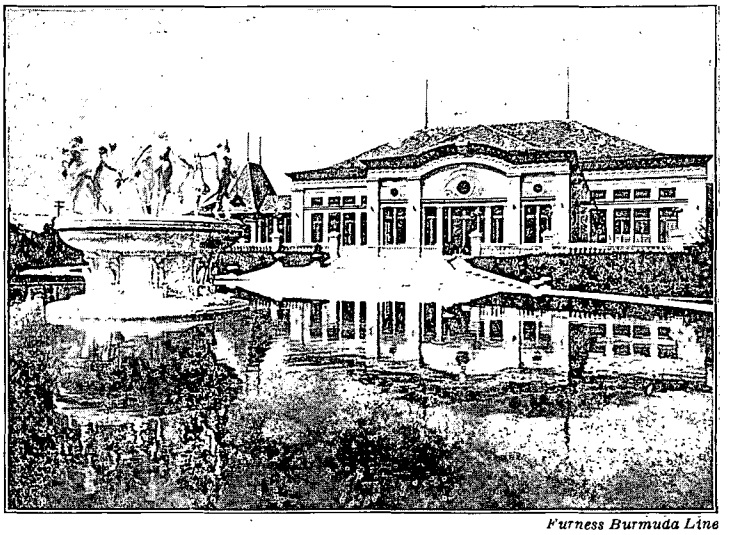
A PORTION of India transplanted to the Western world. This island is largely populated by Hindu laborers in the asphalt industry.



Furness Bermuda Line

HAVANA AND MORRO CASTLE

ONE OF THE most beautiful cities of the Western Hemisphere, in a setting of azure sea and cloud-bestrewed sky.



Furness Burmuda Line

ONE OF HAVANA'S SOCIAL CENTRES

THE 'CASINO NATIONAL,' where one may try one's luck at the gaming tables or indulge one's taste for epicurean food and drink.

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World Business

International Finance and World Stabilization

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

THE interplay of politics and business is one of the most complex aspects of present-day international relations. If statesmanship to-day begins with the one, it is apt to end, sooner or later, with the other. The pulse of the world's money markets — particularly of that of the colossus of the New World — is anxiously felt by the European leaders who are seeking to place their political houses in order. National security, also, may hang upon a stock market battle for control of corporations which, in their turn, control mineral wealth deemed vital to defense. But there is another side to the picture. Business, as well as supporting the State, seeks the State's protection, and governmental interference becomes a sovereign remedy for everything from over-production to hard hitting foreign competition.

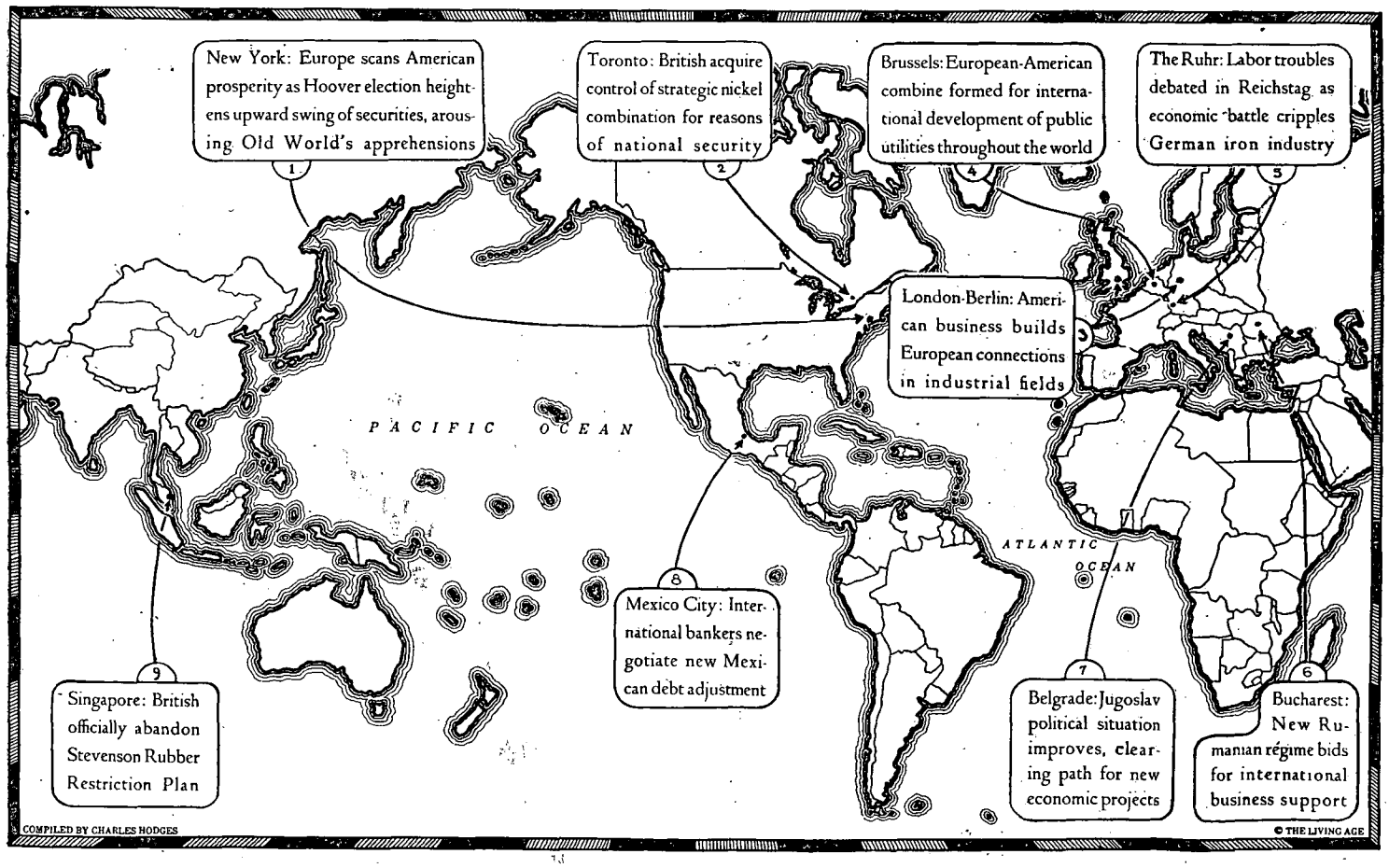
It is economic statesmanship that has come to hold the key to world stabilization. Whether the stabilization problem primarily concerns a single country, as in the case of Mexican reconstruction, or whether it involves half-a-dozen Great Powers who seek the final settlement of the question of reparations, the fundamental solution remains within the sphere of applied economics.

1. Scanning American Prosperity

Nothing is more baffling to European nations than the amazing upward swing of American prosperity. But Europe's confidence in the New York Stock Market, which affects economic trends at home and abroad, is shaken.

The post-election sentiment of European money centres has grown steadily more critical of the New York situation. London blames the American speculative wave for the gold drainage that has affected Britain's own financial situation; the hope is expressed, quite naturally and with growing conviction, that a reaction is inescapable, and will come in 1929. This view squares with Berlin's convictions. Rome, on the other hand, having felt that the Republican success was discounted in the market prior to the American election, now is reconciled to the continued upward swing. Paris, however, would appear to be more inclined toward the view that real credit inflation threatens the United States.

One international consequence of the New York boom is that European markets are tending to follow American leadership; and this is arousing much comment. The London market has been notably responsive to Wall Street optimism. Another international consequence, the curtailment of foreign loan flotations in the United States, has somewhat changed the terms of the reparations problem. Not only does it raise the question of how Germany is going to meet the burden of the Dawes Plan, heretofore apparently largely carried with money obtained from heavy Reich borrowing abroad; it also casts a


New York: Europe scans American prosperity as Hoover election heightens upward swing of securities, arousing Old World's apprehensions
1
Toronto: British acquire control of strategic nickel combination for reasons of national security
2
Brussels: European-American combine formed for international development of public utilities throughout the world
4
The Ruhr: Labor troubles debated in Reichstag as economic battle cripples German iron industry
5
London-Berlin: American business builds European connections in industrial fields
3
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
8
Mexico City: International bankers negotiate new Mexican debt adjustment
9
Singapore: British officially abandon Stevenson Rubber Restriction Plan
7
Belgrade: Jugoslav political situation improves, clearing path for new economic projects
6
Bucharest: New Rumanian régime bids for international business support
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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shadow over any 'final' settlement of reparations based upon the coöperation of American investors.

2. International Mineral Strategy

Stock market struggles can also affect national security. The battle for the control of the International Nickel Company, involving British and American financial interests, signifies, according to reports from Canada, more than a trading coup executed in the Toronto, Ottawa, and New York markets. The Mond Nickel Company, owned by Lord Melchett's British chemical combine, is said to have become the dominant element in the world's production of a mineral of high strategic importance on account of its use in steel manufacture.

While it is true that the Canadian and American nickel companies have been working out a merger in which control will be vested in a Dominion corporation, and that a substantial Canadian interest has been built up in the United States concern, there would appear to be no prospect of the complete elimination of American ownership. The new order of things seems to be joint British-American management of a single mining enterprise.

3. Expatriating Industry

Just as a citizen of a country may go abroad and divest himself of his original nationality, industry likewise finds reasons for virtually expatriating itself.

When the Ford interests, for instance, locate their principal European plant in Britain, something in the nature of a change in economic 'citizenship' takes place. Only American management and mass production remain unaltered in an American plant domiciled in England, manned by British labor, and using capital of which forty per cent is to be raised by popular subscription in London.

The American General Electric interests, on the other hand, are understood to have accomplished much the same result by extending their British holdings in a deal with the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, without upsetting the existing English stock ownership. This roundabout control is in deference to British susceptibilities, since public opinion clamors against America's profiting by the electrification of British industry. Even more spectacular reports have been received concerning General Motors' acquisition of the premier German automobile plant, the famous Opel Works; and this may become the most challenging instance of the migration of capitalistic enterprise. Tariffs, taxation, and proximity to markets all play their part in such extension and transformation of American interests abroad.

4. European-American Utilities Combine

A European-American undertaking of another sort is the international public utility combination recently organized in Brussels. Headed by an American and a German, the pre-War German General Electric interests have been brought together again, reorganized on a truly international scale. American, British, Belgian, German, French, Swiss, Dutch, and Spanish groups have been united for the world-wide development of electrical utilities. Apart from the small nominal capital of the *Trust Financier de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles*, the new combination is said to involve shares having a market value of about $250,000,000.

5. Old World Labor Crisis

The steel trade, the industrial Titan of Germany, has decided to put the labor laws of the Reich to a basic test. Rejecting the demands for a wage increase made on behalf of almost 250,000 workers in the Ruhr, the Krupp, Thyssen, Kloekner, and Phenix interests have led a battle against the government's arbitration machinery, on the ground that it has always favored labor at the expense of industry. The struggle, complicated by far reaching legal questions, has become a major problem of the Müller Government. The Reichstag promises to be the court of last resort.

6. Rumania Changes Front

The coming to power in Rumania of the peasant leader, Maniu, is treated elsewhere in this number. But the international significance of this Rumanian governmental change, apart from the problem of Balkan peace, lies in the fate of the stabilization loan just negotiated by the ousted Brătianu ministry. Brătianu believed that the $250,000,000 loan arranged for with European bankers was essential to keep Rumania from financial collapse. The new government has been inclined to seek a more advantageous arrangement by obtaining a guarantee from the League of Nations; but Bucharest now appears reconciled to an international loan of $80,000,000 which is immediately available. The attitude of the Maniu cabinet is favorable to the development of international business in Rumania, a notable change in front particularly interesting to American oil concerns.

7. Yugoslavian Stabilization

A somewhat similar situation has prevailed in Yugoslavia. The internal crisis between Serb and Croat, threatening the disruption of the triune kingdom, appears to be well on the way to a solution promising reforms which will satisfy Croatia. Yugoslavia, as one of the three Balkan nations comprising that god-child of French diplomacy, the Little Entente, has been the object of much attention from Paris. King Alexander accordingly has visited the French capital with the ostensible object of getting his teeth fixed; his ulterior purpose was presumably to obtain a French loan and to discuss Balkan affairs. Advances of French money, it is stated on good authority, have been held up until the Yugoslavian monarch can give guarantees as to the prospects of domestic tranquillity.

8. Mexico Asks for New Debt Arrangement

In the New World, Mexico joins the ranks of the nations who are seeking international financial assistance. The Latin American republic, however, has already reached a basic understanding with her creditors; and the present difficulty lies in Mexico City's inability to meet the annual increase in the scheduled debt payments which began in 1926 and only reached their full extent this year. As in the case of the initial 1922 agreement with the International Committee of Bankers, which collapsed at the opening of 1924, the scale of payments agreed upon in fresh negotiations in 1925 has proved too high for the revolution-torn nation. The new conferences, of the friendliest kind, have been transferred from Mexico City to the American financial capital. Half a billion dollars is the amount now involved.

9. The Breakdown of the British Rubber Plan

The last stage in the collapse of the British plan for the restriction of rubber production closed on November 1st, when London officially announced the termination of the so-called Stevenson restriction scheme. Designed to limit the output of the British plantations, the rubber legislation failed, after having brought about a momentary advance in world prices, because of two factors. The first was the effective American defense organization, in particular the development of unprecedented rubber reclamation processes. The second lay in the canny refusal of the neighboring Dutch East Indies producers to coöperate in maintaining the British policy.

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Views & Reviews

The Macaulay Company

M. Lucien Romier

The author of *Who Will be Master — Europe or America?* which is here reviewed.

Who Will Be Master — Europe or America? *By Lucien Romier. Translated by Matthew Josephson. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1928. $2.50.*

Des Américains Chez Nous, un roman. *Par Raoul Gain. Paris: Editions Montaigne. 12 Francs.*

In a series of intensely pointed chapters, Lucien Romier gets at the very vitals of American civilization. President, now, of the Société d'Économie Nationale and long a famous figure of intellectual France, M. Romier was formerly the editor of *Le Figaro*. He made a long tour of the United States in 1927, to observe the advance of our industrial progress, in the interest of the French Government, and of his careful observation this book is the result. It is an appraisal of our strength and our weakness; while we may regret much of what he has to say about us and while we may stoutly express our honest disagreement in detail, we cannot but be fascinated both by the magnificent sweep of his chapters and by the quite exceptional powers of insight and perception that they reveal.

As for Raoul Gain — he knows Americans and knows them well; one would even conclude from his book that he must at some time or other have known America, for the idiom of his Yankee characters comes marvelously close to perfection. On the other hand, the characters themselves are the same old figures at which the French have laughed these past hundred years.

It is interesting that these two books should appear together, for the problem which M. Romier has in part attempted to elucidate is implicit in M. Gain's work. Nor can this work be dismissed as of little consequence. It appears already to have become a best seller in Paris — and if its portrayal of the American type is grotesque, it is every last page of it frighteningly clever. It assumes the American's exclusive interest in the almighty dollar and his unfailing lack of those qualities, spiritual and intellectual, which, in France, mark off the gentleman. A single quotation may suffice to show its flavor. Nathaniel Birdcall is 'below' in his private yacht off the coast of France, feverishly at work over his varied commercial 'projects, costs, and accounts,' when suddenly the vessel comes in collision with a fishing trawler. Then (the reviewer has attempted to preserve the spirit of the original rather than to translate the passage literally):—

'And here's Birdcall up from below. The impact has jerked him up to the bridge. He grasps the situation without need of being told. He realizes at once that the papers spread out on his working table are more valuable than the lives of those on board. To gather up his plans and his papers and his figures — that now is the first thing to be done. After that he will send out signals of distress calling for succor to save his boat, himself, his daughter — and perhaps the other men, if that seems feasible.'

For better or worse, the French have always regarded us so. None would fail to perceive that this, with M. Gain, is a delightful bit of exaggeration, but by the same token your average Frenchman, as likely now as thirty years ago, would recognize as profoundly characteristic the trait which M. Gain has caricatured.

M. Romier presents a rather different picture — one that does not deny the validity of the first but does demand for the American civilization a high degree of respect. 'The essence of it all,' he says, 'the European will most often fail to grasp: I mean the magnificent and arduous labor of human regeneration which has been going on and is still going on at the other side of the Atlantic.' And in this vein he continues: 'This is a tremendous lesson which the American example teaches us: the ease with which supposedly old races may be rejuvenated when transplanted into a new mode of life. It is an example from which we may derive new springs of hope for all humanity.' He admits — rather, he asserts as one of his major premises — that 'the very basis of American morals' is to 'make money.' But the 'spirit of money-making,' he argues, has wrought a great good in America: historically it has been 'the guarantee of tolerance' and it has produced 'for the first time an almost complete and comparatively happy example of mass civilization.'

It is this 'mass civilization' in which M. Romier is interested. In his discussion of it he adheres to the now rather well known doctrine of dynamic wealth, 'which not only recognizes the existence of the economic masses but organizes all social life in direct relation with the actual nature of the masses'; which 'compels us to range ourselves in disciplined battalions for production and consumption. . . . Men seem like the prisoners of a collective passion for consuming, whose increasing wants and capacities they are compelled to satisfy: impersonal links in an endless chain.'

Examining the present condition of humanity, M. Romier begins his essay by observing in general two main facts which are apparently, but not actually, opposed to one another. Of these, one is the 'universality of material influences,' and the other the persistence of racial and national traits. The Machine Age has found Europe organized in rather small political entities, each with its distinctive culture and each arrayed in economic competition with all the others. M. Romier continues, however: 'Europe has kept her richest heritage, which is her inventive genius. This is, perhaps, due to the fact that she has not only been unwilling to relinquish her old framework but has also preserved the independence of her spiritual and traditional institutions. The problem for Europe is to preserve those supreme and strategic faculties, while at the same time adapting herself to the phenomena of mass life which threaten to become an overwhelming force from now on and to whose conditions America has already adjusted her own civilization.'

Preserve the ancient framework of Europe? M. Romier is careful to show that national boundaries will have to be straddled — as, indeed, they are already being straddled — to create a single economic unit with space in which to move and function on the enormous scale required if the Machine Age is to continue to produce ever more and more goods and to pay ever higher and higher wages and profits. But the nations — the spiritual units — must be preserved.

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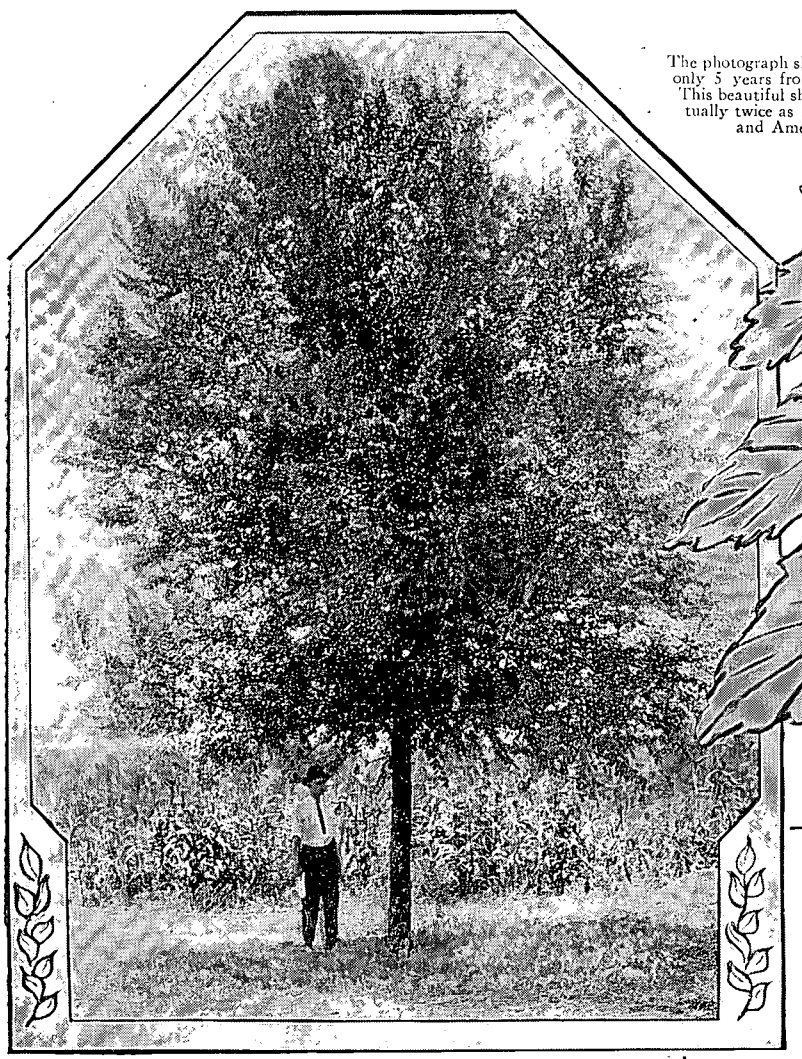

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'The instinct-to-survive of immense numbers of men,' he says, 'drives them more and more toward mass life, and it is impossible to conceive of the endurance of any forms of civilization which would not satisfy the essential needs of masses as such.' And '. . . we observe . . . a universal tendency toward the seizure of the political field by economic forces.' Again: 'The State, guardian and servant of political ends, is subject to impulses of a very different character . . . Under the pressure of economic progress, it assumes more and more the appearance of representing only a combination of interests.' In short, the authority of the State is challenged by the immense power of industry and is already in decay. Nevertheless, the State is not the nation, and '. . . the nation may more effectively defend its existence by holding to the idea of the *Fatherland*, the Fatherland being considered, not as the mere community of interests, but as a fountain head of precious traditions, which must be safeguarded, and of moral and intellectual impulsions whose vigor must be sustained.'

All this is vital to the thesis which M. Romier is developing: that Europe has the native capacity and skill to match the American civilization at every point; that her present political organization, however, has still to be adapted to it; but that Europe, unless she meanwhile loses it, has something which can more than offset the American advantage of an earlier start — those old traditions which can save Europe, he thinks, from the perils inherent in the very notion of 'mass civilization,' the dangers represented in America by the 'sex problem,' the 'instability of the family,' and the threatened loss of pure learning. It would be well to consider carefully what M. Romier has to say on this last point. He speaks of that learning — not immediately practical because completely theoretical — which can scarcely guarantee a man his livelihood, but which none the less must precede the applied learning whereon all future progress must be based. He turns to that problem of the reëmployment of highly specialized craftsmen after a new invention has made their specialty no longer useful. And he takes up the problem of the new proletariat, pointing to 'the terrible truth . . . that . . . each and all — owners, engineers, employés, common laborers, all who are simultaneously producers and consumers — are become slaves . . . bowing before *the merciless law of economic return!*' M. Romier hopes that with his spiritual heritage to strengthen him, the European may devise a system under which, rather than be dominated, he may dominate the machine to the end that all civilization may not be 'at the mercy of physical accidents.'

Through all his chapters runs a single dominant idea, which is that the United States is 'a social organism rather than a body politic.' In this he discovers the key to a full understanding of our civilization — and, of course, its application to a Europe divided into many nationalities is obvious. It is precisely because of this 'enfeeblement of her political system,' he argues, that the United States to-day 'represents the most advanced type of economic society.' The American conception of liberty 'means nothing other than the freedom of economic and social activities from obstruction by the whole political game.' Again, he says: 'In academies and schools the particular importance of such or such an episode in the political history of the United States is still being discussed with dreadful earnestness. But the truth is that the American people owes nothing of any significance to politics . . .' And once more M. Romier strikes his dominant: 'In truth, to understand America we must always bear this fact in mind, that the social structure of the United States does not compose a unified, historical nation, nor a body politic; it is a community of purely economic origin.'

To all of which one may, of course, reply by asking what, after all, is a nation? But, in fairness to the author, the present writer must quote this final passage: 'Apparently the people of the United States have no call to be nationalistic, since they are not in the true sense a nation; nor to long for unity, since they happen to be marvelously unified. Yet they dream strangely on unity and speak in the accents of nationalism.'

In closing, the reviewer pays tribute to Mr. Matthew Josephson for a splendid piece of translation.

DAVID MARSHALL

THE HUNGARIAN-RUMANIAN LAND DISPUTE. *By Francis Deák. New York: Columbia University Press. 1928. $5.00.*

ALTHOUGH this book bears the difficult subtitle of *A Study of Hungarian Property Rights in Transylvania under the Treaty of Trianon*, it really deals with a vital and a fascinating political subject. It is concerned with the great question of whether tribunals of arbitration are to administer justice unhampered and undefiled, or whether the League of Nations is to control international courts for political ends.

These questions grow out of a story; and this story, as Mr. Deák tells it, is somewhat as follows. In 1921, the Rumanian Government passed the Garoflid law which, as a measure of agrarian reform, provided for the expropriation of estates in Transylvania. Although the law on its face did not discriminate between Rumanians and Hungarians, the Hungarian Government protested that it was a violation of certain provisions of the Treaty of Trianon and of the minorities treaty which Rumania had signed. At bottom, the issue is whether a state can infringe upon the property rights of aliens in the passage of social legislation. This is a question which is of particular interest to the United States because of its large investments in countries whose social consciences are slowly awakening.

In February, 1923, Hungary placed the question before the Council of the League, and there asked that the dispute, which was legal in nature, be referred to the World Court for a decision. When Rumania declined this suggestion, Mr. Adatci proposed that the validity of the Rumanian land law be referred to the World Court for an advisory opinion. This suggestion also Rumania declined to entertain. The Council thereupon decided to postpone the settlement of the dispute until a League *rapporteur* could undertake to bring about a direct settlement between the two parties. Negotiations for this purpose were conducted at Brussels, as a result of which an understanding was arrived at on certain points. The Hungarian Government, however, declined to ratify the understanding; and the League Council was confronted by another deadlock. It now passed a resolution discharging the case from its docket, expressing the vague hope that the Rumanian Government would remain faithful to the Treaty of Trianon. Thus the Council did not settle the matter at all.

Following this failure, Hungarian landowners brought suits against Rumania in the mixed arbitral tribunal established to hear claims arising out of the peace settlement. Both sides employed an imposing array of legal talent to argue whether or not the tribunal had any jurisdiction over this type of claim, and, if so, whether the claim could be legally supported. In January, 1927, the tribunal decided that it did have jurisdiction; but, before it could proceed to an examination of the merits of the case, Rumania withdrew its arbitrator, in high dudgeon.

In the Treaty of Trianon, Rumania had solemnly promised to accept the decisions of the mixed arbitral tribunal as 'final and conclusive.' Now she flouted the tribunal and the treaty by with-

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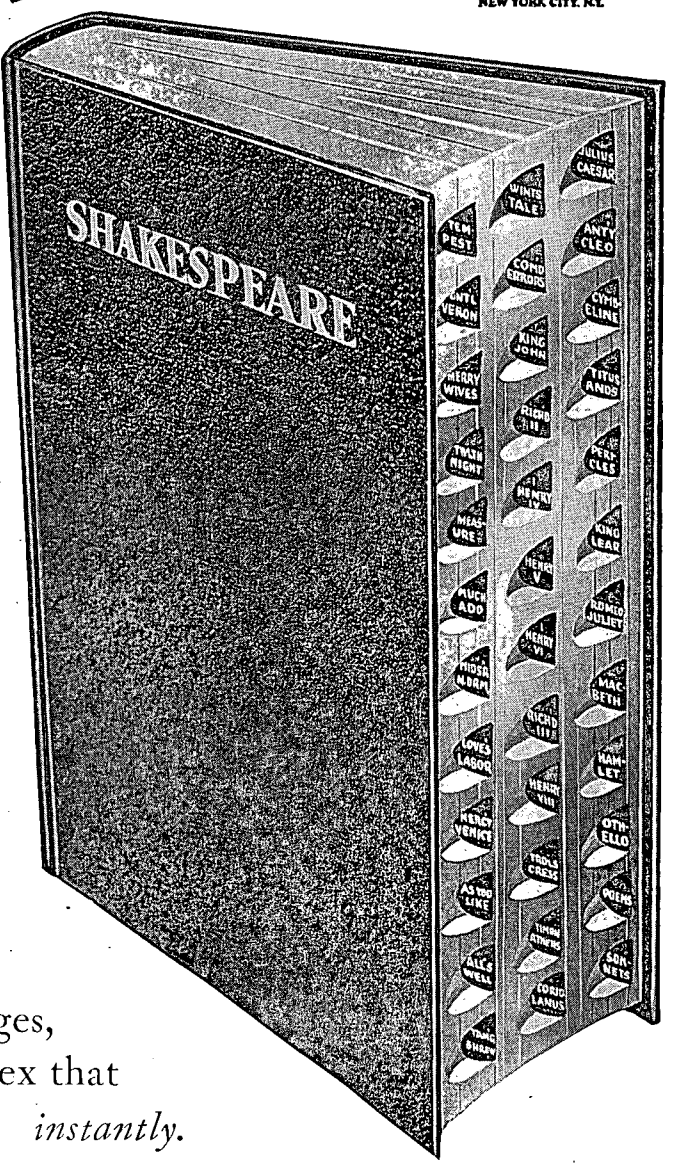

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drawing her judge and refusing to have anything more to do with the proceedings. Instead, she took the case again to the League Council, where she attempted to justify her action. Under Article 239 of the Treaty of Trianon, the duty had been imposed on the Council of appointing a substitute arbitrator when a national arbitrator was not forthcoming. Instead of fulfilling this duty, the Council now appointed the so-called Committee of Three to study the question as a whole. The Committee finally drew up a report to the effect that the parties should agree to a set of principles governing the case; that, if both parties accepted these principles, the Council should ask Rumania to reinstate its judge; and that, if it did not, the Council should perform its duty, which really favored Rumania's contention. Thus the report actually proposed that these 'principles' must be accepted by Hungary before the court of arbitration should proceed with its work.

Such proposals go to the very heart of international organization. Rumania had solemnly promised to arbitrate claims and yet, in this case, she withdrew from any participation in the arbitral tribunal. The Council of the League had the duty of appointing a substitute judge; but, instead of doing so, a Council Committee recommended an interference with the jurisdiction of the court for the benefit of Rumania.

Now the Council of the League is a political body. And obviously this reluctance to appoint a judge to the mixed arbitral tribunal and this attempt to interfere with its jurisdiction were due to a desire not to offend Rumania. Rumania was an ally of France, and Sir Austen Chamberlain, the *rapporteur* of the Committee of Three, was the 'First Friend' of France. Hungary, on the other hand, was one of the outcasts. The whole incident is damaging to League prestige.

Although a Hungarian by birth, Mr. Deák has produced a study free from propaganda. Written under the ægis of the Harvard Law School, the book is workmanlike and well written. It sheds penetrating light upon an incident much in need of airing.

R. L. Buell

Falsehood in War-Time. *By Arthur Ponsonby. London: Allen and Unwin. 1928. 2/6 net.*

WE HAVE here one of the most needed and timely books published in recent years. The production of good books dealing with the diplomatic background of the outbreak of the World War has been notable in the last decade, but there has been no comparable activity in bringing together works designed to smother the other great wartime lie, namely, the thesis that the Germans were a race compounded of gorillas and vultures who carried on a war of inhuman frightfulness without parallel in history. Irene Cooper Willis, Georges Demartial, Ferdinand Avenarius, and a few others have lifted up corners of the general blanket of deceit

Underwood & Underwood

Arthur Ponsonby

Member of Parliament, great-grandson of Earl Grey, former Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Macdonald Government, author of *Falsehood in War-Time* (reviewed below).

and Harold D. Lasswell has given us a technical analysis of the methods employed in war propaganda, but Mr. Ponsonby is the first to provide us with a comprehensive exposure of patriotic lying during the War.

Mr. Ponsonby and his associates have executed a book which is well-nigh ideal for the purpose they had in mind. A complete anthology of war lies would be tedious and sickening because of its length and the monotonous uniformity of perfidy and hypocrisy. What Mr. Ponsonby has done is to present a comprehensive selection of representative war lies, to indicate their origin and currency, and then to prove their complete falsity. The task is performed neatly and convincingly, and in less than two hundred pages one of the darkest blots upon the character of the human race and one of the most shameful chapters in the history of international relations is at last exposed to public scrutiny and, we may hope, to widespread public condemnation. The book should command much general interest, for, in the reviewer's general correspondence over war guilt controversies in the last five years, there have been more inquiries relative to a definitive refutation of the atrocities stories than in regard to all other questions combined. It is to be hoped that an American publisher will soon avail himself of the opportunity to bring out an edition for general circulation in this country.

Mr. Ponsonby brings within the scope of his researches and exposition all types of lies, from such general diplomatic deceptions as Grey's denial of British commitments to France, the allegation of the British Cabinet that England went to war because of the invasion of Belgium, the Serbian contention of complete ignorance of the plot to murder the Archduke, and the legend of sole German responsibility for the World War, to a detailed combing over of the various atrocity tales, such as the cutting off of the breasts of British nurses in Belgium, the cutting off of the hands of droves of Belgian children by the Germans, the ravishing of larger droves of Belgian women and girls, the crucifixion of Canadian soldiers, the tearing out of the tongues of British soldiers in German prison camps, the tattooing of cobras on the cheeks of Entente prisoners, the brutal shooting of French juvenile war heroes, the German corpse factory, the ghoulish glee and enthusiasm of the German Crown Prince as he led personally in the looting of captured churches, palaces, and jewelry stores, the bombing of hospitals and hospital ships, the favorite recreation of submarine gunners in picking off sailors struggling in the water after their ship had been torpedoed, and the willful German devastation of works of art and religious relics. The story is not without humor. Ponsonby cites the following account of the ubiquitous and versatile career of the British prisoner who had been tattooed by the Germans: —

> I have been assured that the man, while working in a dockyard on the Tyne, has also (1) undergone skin-grafting in Salford Royal Hospital, (2) gone mad with horror in Leaf Square Hospital, (3) caused by his awful appearance the premature confinement and death of his young wife at Levenshulme, (4) thrown his delicate twelve-year-old daughter into fits at Stockport, (5) lived for nine months in a house at Weaste without ever coming out except after dark, which is why none of the neighbors have ever seen him, and (6) resided for the whole time also at Gorton, Swinton, Pendlebury, and Tyldesley.

Mr. Ponsonby does not limit himself to atrocity propaganda dealing with

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To those already privileged to see this collection these documents seem the most moving personal mementos in our history. Their deposit in the Treasure Room of the Congressional Library in Washington has been invited by the librarian.

Our first question, like the reader's, was, of course, But, can this be *true?* Where have these letters been hidden all these years? When Lincoln scholars, students, lovers of his name have eagerly searched for the proofs of this romance just hinted at in a few casual references and meager records of a scattered group of places and people, why have they not been discovered and given to the world before?

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personal violence and mutilation. He brings out into the light such falsifications as the Entente rendition of the implication of the German song, 'Deutschland über Alles,' the wide German distribution of Lusitania medals, the Kaiser's alleged remark about the 'contemptible little army' of England, and the like. A specially humorous sample was the distortion of the open letter of the Bishop of Zanzibar to General Smuts. The Bishop had written protesting against Britain's violations of her promises to respect the rights of African natives and had referred to the British promises as 'Great Britain's Scrap of Paper.' The propaganda agencies quickly transformed it to indicate that the Bishop had implied that German promises were scraps of paper in Africa as well as in Belgium and described the natives who were being oppressed by the British as 'The Black Slaves of Prussia.'

Mr. Ponsonby surveys the war lies distributed by the Central Powers as well as those told by the Entente, but he makes it clear that the great guilt lies with the Entente, whose propagandists were far more clever and unscrupulous and also had wider sweep for the dissemination of their falsifications. Likewise, he goes beyond the mere narration and portrayal of the concrete examples of lying and misrepresentation and describes the machinery and methods employed in deceiving the world as to the facts and issues in the World War. This portion of the book is, however, briefer and more superficial than the other sections and needs to be supplemented by Lasswell's magnificent study of *Propaganda Technique in the World War*.

Americans should offer a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Ponsonby. One great British Liberal, James Bryce, betrayed American confidence in his name and character by putting his name to one of the most incredible tissues of lies and slanders in the history of human vilification. Now, another great British Liberal has made amends, albeit far too late, for Bryce's malfeasance. Unless the American people enjoy, as Bruce Bliven puts it, 'being played for suckers to pull the Entente chestnuts out of the fire,' we may well imagine that a wide reading of this book in America would have a far more salutary effect on American foreign policy than the Kellogg Treaties. It is singularly fitting that Mr. Ponsonby's book should have come out synchronously with Professor Fay's definitive destruction of the war guilt lie. These two books, together with Alcide Ebray's *A Frenchman Looks at Peace*, neatly place in one bag all of our noblest wartime ideals and illusions and cast them into the fathomless deep with a resounding gurgle. We are now ready for the next great crusade to end war and protect weak peoples.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Books Abroad

ROALD AMUNDSENS OPDAGELSES REJSER. *By Roald Amundsen. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag. 1928.*

(Review in *Politiken*, Copenhagen Radical-Liberal daily)

FOUR brilliant achievements will always be associated with Amundsen's name, says Professor Harold Sverdrup in the introduction to this edition: his conquests of the Northwest Passage, the South Pole, and the Northeast Passage, and the first flight over the Polar Sea. A fifth was the act that led to his death. Although his exploring days were over, he once more followed the call and risked his life in an attempt to rescue a fellow explorer. It is still fresh in our memories how, without a moment's hesitation, he set his course northward into that ice and cold which, in his vigorous manhood, he had so often vanquished. He never returned. How death took him, we know not, but it was an end fully worthy of him and one that surrounds his name with the glamour of saga myth. Among the ancients, heroes never died: they simply disappeared; the Gods took them to themselves. A less realistic age than ours would have woven a legend about the death of Amundsen. The classic outlines of a saga are all present: Amundsen's tall figure standing erect on the ice floes in the passing twilight between the long day and the long night; his fur cap thrust up over the eagle face; the keen eyes peering out from beneath bushy brows, with a far-away look over the white desolation of the Polar basin — a beacon mark for all who follow in his footsteps.

A striking feature of Amundsen's career was the thoroughness with which he prepared himself for his tasks. From his fifteenth year, his life was a steady progress toward a final goal. He trained systematically in order to put his muscles in a condition to withstand the severest physical tests. He exercised great caution in the use of luxuries.

> He enjoyed a good cigar or a pipe but was never dependent on tobacco. His use of alcohol was extremely moderate both while on his expeditions and in social life at home. When conditions brought him into contact with the natives during his journeys, he saw to it that the highest moral standards prevailed on board his ship. On the *Maud* the tone was such that during her entire six years in the Arctic no story was told that could not have been repeated in the most exacting social gathering. Any attempt to pass these limits would have been stopped instantly.

His personality marked him so obviously as 'the Chief' that he could permit himself to be a good comrade and guide in the daily life of his men. This type of discipline makes a heavy demand upon a leader who must be an example to his followers, always showing himself the most self-controlled, industrious, eager, and punctual of all.

Amundsen's projects were always thought out far ahead. The voyage of the *Maud* over the Polar Basin was planned in 1908 and begun in 1918. In 1909 he began to think of using aëroplanes in Polar exploration and qualified as an army flyer. In 1922, on board the *Maud*, he decided the time was ripe for such an effort, and in 1925 he set off from Svalbard with two aëroplanes, but was obliged to descend in latitude 88°.

Amundsen attained his objectives, but the victories cost him dearly.

> I do not mean that they cost him money because, though at times a rich man, he was forced into bankruptcy; money played but a small part in Amundsen's thoughts. Nor do I mean that his victories cost him many years of his life, years with long winter nights during which all his strength had to be exerted in preserving his mental elasticity, will power and energy, years of exhausting sledge journeys that stretched his physical powers to the limit — for all this Amundsen looked upon as part of the day's work. No, they cost him something far more precious, namely, his once happy faith in men. When the *Gjöa* was being fitted out, Amundsen noted how difficult it was to arouse interest in the expedition. He had to incur debts, and was even obliged to steal away in the night in order to escape attachments on the *Gjöa* by his creditors. On his return, world-famous and acclaimed with plaudits on every hand, he found no difficulty in securing the means to pay his debts. To Amundsen it seemed a monstrous injustice that when obstacles were apparent, when it was a question of finding the means to put into effect a well planned project whose success would bring glory to his country, he should meet only with rebuffs and shrugging of shoulders; but when the task was accomplished and the victory won, then honors and money flowed in and people vied with each other to be seen in his company. Repeatedly he experienced the same thing. We can remember how, in 1924, slurs were cast upon his name; how, between man and man and publicly in the press, he was pronounced destitute of serious purposes as a scientist; and how malicious and wholly unfounded stories of his personal life were put in circulation.

'Roald Amundsen was more than a man among men; he was a true leader of men,' says Professor Sverdrup of his friend, whose works will now be disseminated throughout the Northern world to speak for themselves of the man and his heroic achievements.

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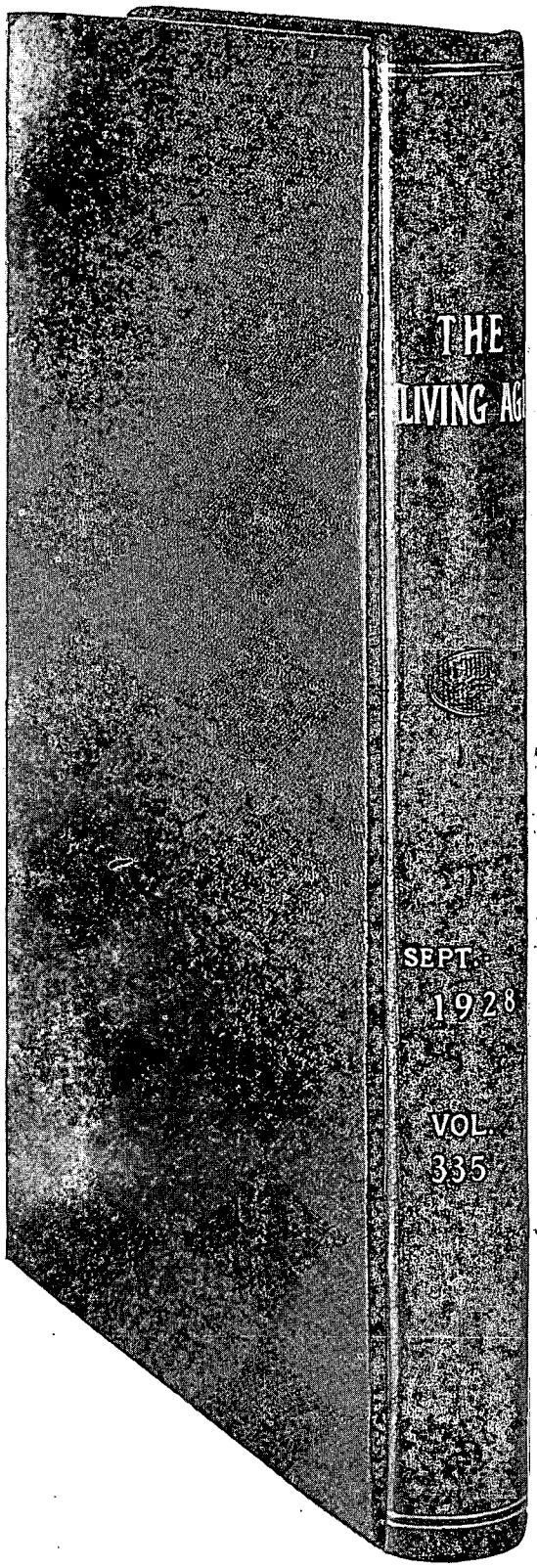

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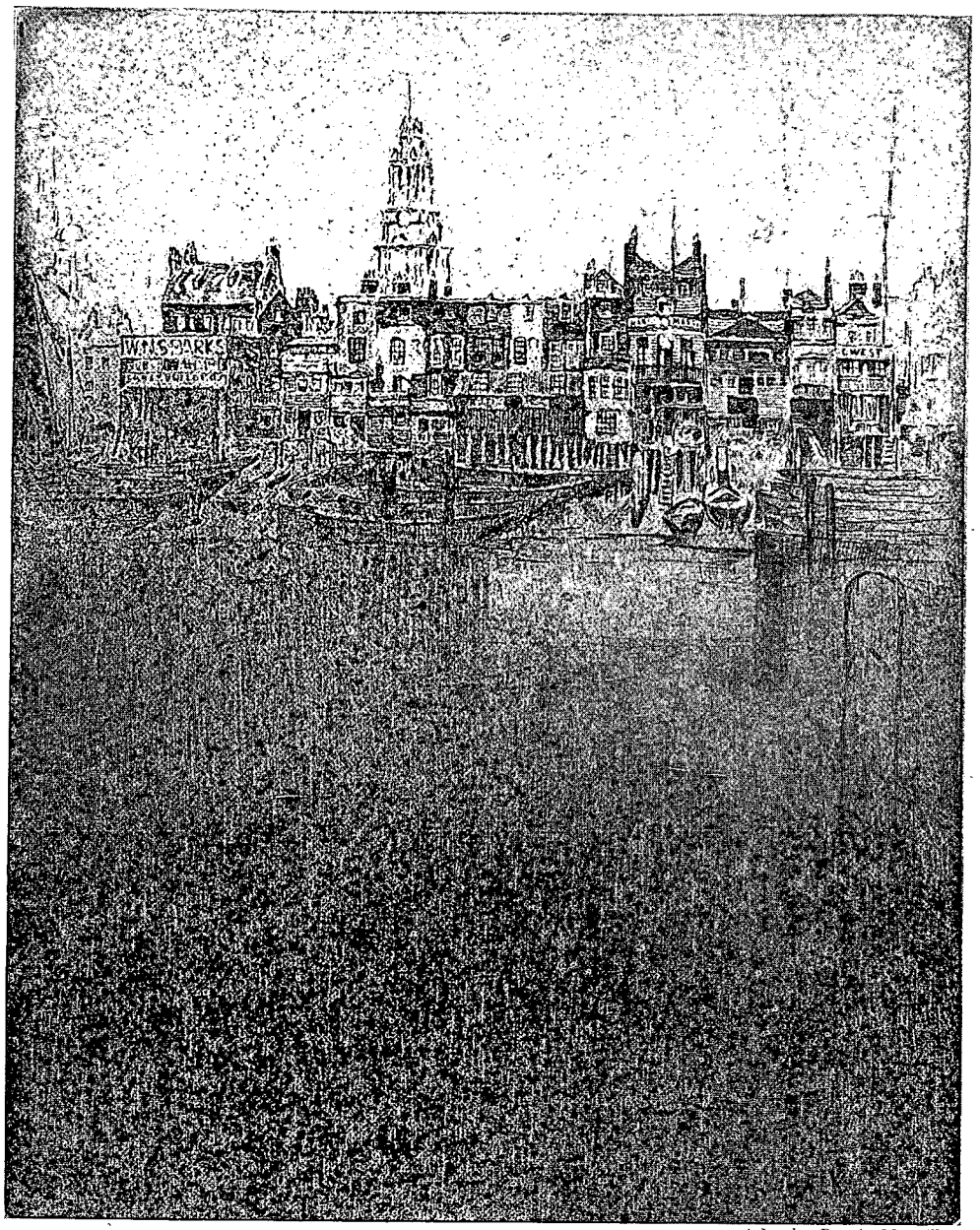

A London Reverie, Macmillan

LIMEHOUSE: JOSEPH PENNELL

'OLD RIVERSIDE HOUSES at Limehouse — a part of that fascinating north bank which is seen by those who have the enterprise to go down by water from Westminster to Greenwich and acquire the full meaning of the phrase "The Port of London."'

Travel Books

WITH the motto, 'Read before and after you travel,' a new book shop has been opened in New York exclusively devoted to helping those who wish to read about such foreign countries, or new parts of their own country, as they intend visiting. The shop occupies an attractive office in Number Eleven Broadway, the Bowling Green Building, and is accessible to most of the large steamship offices. It is under the ægis of an experienced traveler and adviser in literary matters, Miss May. Her advice on what to read before and after traveling can be relied on to be well considered and useful. The Travelers Book Shop has already issued a catalogue of travel books, entitled *Interesting Books on European Travel*. In addition to descriptions of books, this pamphlet contains a great deal of useful information. It may be had by writing the Travel Editor of THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City, or the book shop itself, direct. Arrangements have been made with the book shop whereby any travel book reviewed in THE LIVING AGE can be procured from the Book Shop, either direct or through the Travel Editor of THE LIVING AGE, and will be delivered post free anywhere within the United States.

Information concerning travel books and bibliographies for prospective travelers will be gladly supplied on request by the Travel Editor.

THE STATION. *By Robert Byron. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $5.00.*

If you like tales of travel in strange lands, the glories of a long dead civilization, and Byzantine art, then read Robert Byron's *The Station*. In it, Byron lays before us the beauty of Grecian landscape, the gorgeous wealth of long hidden mosaics, frescoes, jewels, and paintings, and the five thousand strange monks and their monasteries perched on rocky crags in this land of Athos, where, for nine centuries, few men and no women ever penetrated, and some of the finest treasures of Byzantine art were hidden from the world.

For anyone planning to go to Athos this book will be invaluable. For in it is endless detailed information about trains, letters of introduction, hostelries, art objects worth seeing, officials that helped smooth the author's path, and such amusing and amazing personalities as are to be met *en route*. But to the lover of literature it is impossible. The author is self consciously — very self consciously, and equally mildly — witty from the first to the last page. Worse than that, judging by the words he uses, we feel sure Byron thumbed the dictionary of synonyms hunting for the longest ones possible. Also, he takes every chance to use a stilted phrase. For instance, in an effort to say that after work he felt a new thrill in going out into the summer evening, he says, 'And when the hour came to chase the gossamer of organized pleasure, there was a new thrill in thrusting the naked bosom of a stiff shirt upon the undarkened summer evening.' This might pass as a piece of occasional wit; but it is hard to endure continuously for two hundred and eighty-three pages.

But the book has much useful information for a traveler to Athos. And its photographs are superb. It is worth buying for them alone.

ELIZABETH IVES

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARDS. *By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $3.75.*

The material in this book, originally presented in the form of lectures on comparative national psychology at the Geneva School of International Studies, will furnish stiff mental exercise for the cosmopolitan spirit in search of a guide to the distinctive characteristics of the French, the Spanish, and the English peoples. Mr. Madariaga is singularly well equipped to move the three about as chessmen in an adroit intellectual game. By virtue of Spanish birth, a Scotch marriage, and prolonged residence in France, he has become a ferment in the international thought of Geneva and an adornment to Oxford University. With amazing dexterity he shifts from the Frenchman, man of thought, to the Englishman, dominated by will or the tendency to action, and to the Spaniard, man of passion. He ranges through the various permutations and combinations of the types, showing the form taken by passion in the man of action, or by will in the man of thought.

It is obvious that the possibilities in such a game are infinite and dangerous. Mr. Madariaga manipulates with equal ease the institutions of family, politics, religion, and

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love, penetrating their protean guises in the three countries of his choice. Even where he is superficial, he dazzles one with his assurance. He risks the opinion that the qualities of a nation that make for positive success in international life may arise from the combined defects of the individuals making up the nation. One must read him with a mind alert for occasional hollow conclusions. One must decide whether or not it is wise to accept his fundamental premise that to each national group may be assigned a specific type. Once that premise is accepted, his essay with its concrete, flashing examples of the interplay of these type characteristics is bound to stretch and make more elastic the roaming mind.

MARGARET H. IRISH

PASSING THROUGH GERMANY, 1928–1929. *Edited by K. Kiesel. Berlin: The Terramare Office. 1928.*

To one reviewer at least, this compact little manual constituting a symposium on German life for the year 1928–1929, with its quietly handsome letterpress and fine photogravure, seems in almost faultless taste. In no sense a guidebook to Germany, it gives the industrialist, historian, traveling student, or culture-seeking tourist an annual chronicle of German musical and artistic happenings. It also contains brief articles on thirty or forty German towns important as art, university, or industrial centres, together with a group of miniature essays on the contemporary German arts.

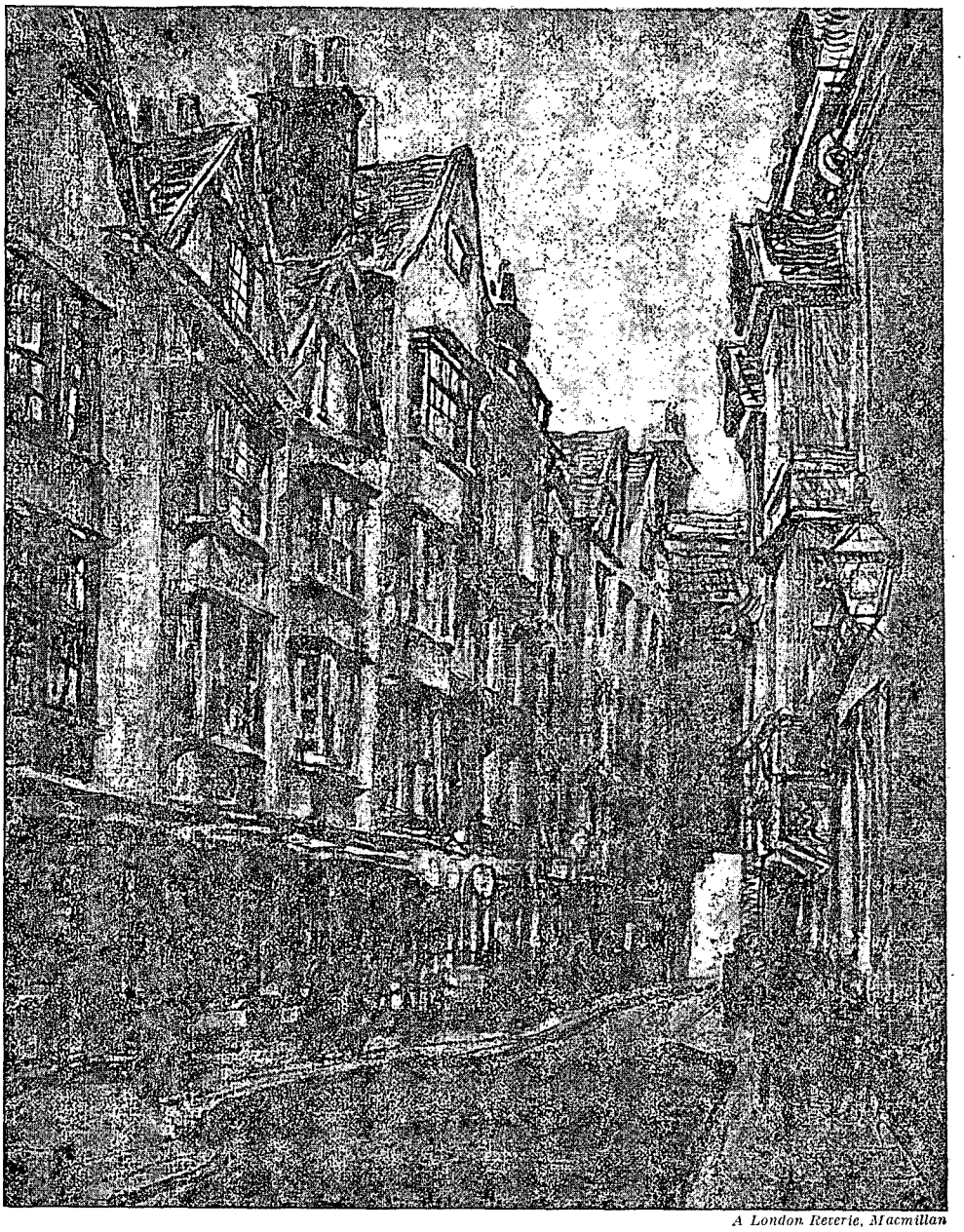
The contents of the present volume (the fifth in an annual series) partake of more than a mere *entente cordiale*, for the contributors are drawn from England, France, the United States, and Germany itself. Thus it happens that Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum honors the fourth centenary of Dürer's death with a little essay on *Dürer as a Religious Artist*. Supplementing this, Kurt Pfister, German critic of note, contributes an important paper on *Modern Religious Art in Germany and Austria*.

There is a brief paper by Henrietta Strauss, music critic of the New York *Nation*, whose purpose is to remind music lovers that in addition to the internationally known festivals at Bayreuth, Munich, and Salzburg, the unheralded performances at Düsseldorf, Baden Baden, and Frankfurt merit general attendance. Dr. Fritz Elsas, Berlin housing-expert, contrasts the administration of public utilities in German cities, where they are entirely municipal property, with those in American communities, where gas, water, and electricity are usually supplied by private companies; and finds advantages in both systems.

Graceful literary vignettes of Berlin and the little-appreciated town of Fulda have been contributed by Phillippe Soupault, French novelist. Thomas C. Hall, exchange professor at Göttingen, adds a paper of great practical value, entitled *What an American Student May Expect from a German University*. One is tempted to suggest that this contribution be reprinted as a pamphlet and glued to each student passport just beneath the German visa.

The group of articles mentioned here should indicate the worth of the some seventy or eighty remaining, most of which, regrettably, are unsigned. Above all to be prized are the one hundred and forty plates illustrating the text, not one of which shows the ordinary crudities of photographic reproduction.

JOHN J. TROUNSTINE



A London Reverie, Macmillan

CLOTH FAIR: JOSEPH PENNELL

'CLOTH FAIR, demolished a few years before the War, was the most considerable relic of Jacobean London. Gabled houses with overhanging stories are now almost as rare in Central London as they are in New York.'

HISTORY OF THE FAR EAST IN MODERN TIMES. *By Harold M. Vinacke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $6.00.*

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY. *By L. Adams Beck. New York: Cosmopolitan. 1928. $5.00.*

THE PILGRIMAGE OF BUDDHISM. *By James B. Pratt. New York: Macmillan. 1928. $5.00.*

The traveler whose Grand Tour includes the lands westward from the Golden Gate needs guidebooks to the social and mental topography of Asia. A new landscape is more easily comprehended than a new social order.

Professor Vinacke, in this new volume of the Borzoi Historical Series, has recognized the necessity for a social history of Asia as the foundation for an understanding of political developments. Hence the reader is directed to a consideration of the economic and cultural changes in China and Japan, the countries with which this book is chiefly concerned, rather than to their political contacts with the Western powers. It is unfortunate that the work was finished before the final triumph of the Nationalist forces in China, but this was a development which could not be foreseen. The book suffers for the general reader in its obviously college text-book character, and the maps would have been improved by the use of colors more distinctive under electric light. The work will be welcomed by all who are interested in the less obvious phases of the recent changes in the Orient as a first essay of the new history in this field.

The most interesting way in which to present philosophy is through the lives of the teachers themselves. And Mrs. Beck's work is eminently interesting. She has championed Eastern ways of thought more enthusiastically then critically, but for the average reader this book will be better than a more scholarly and less entertaining tome. This volume can be recommended for shipboard

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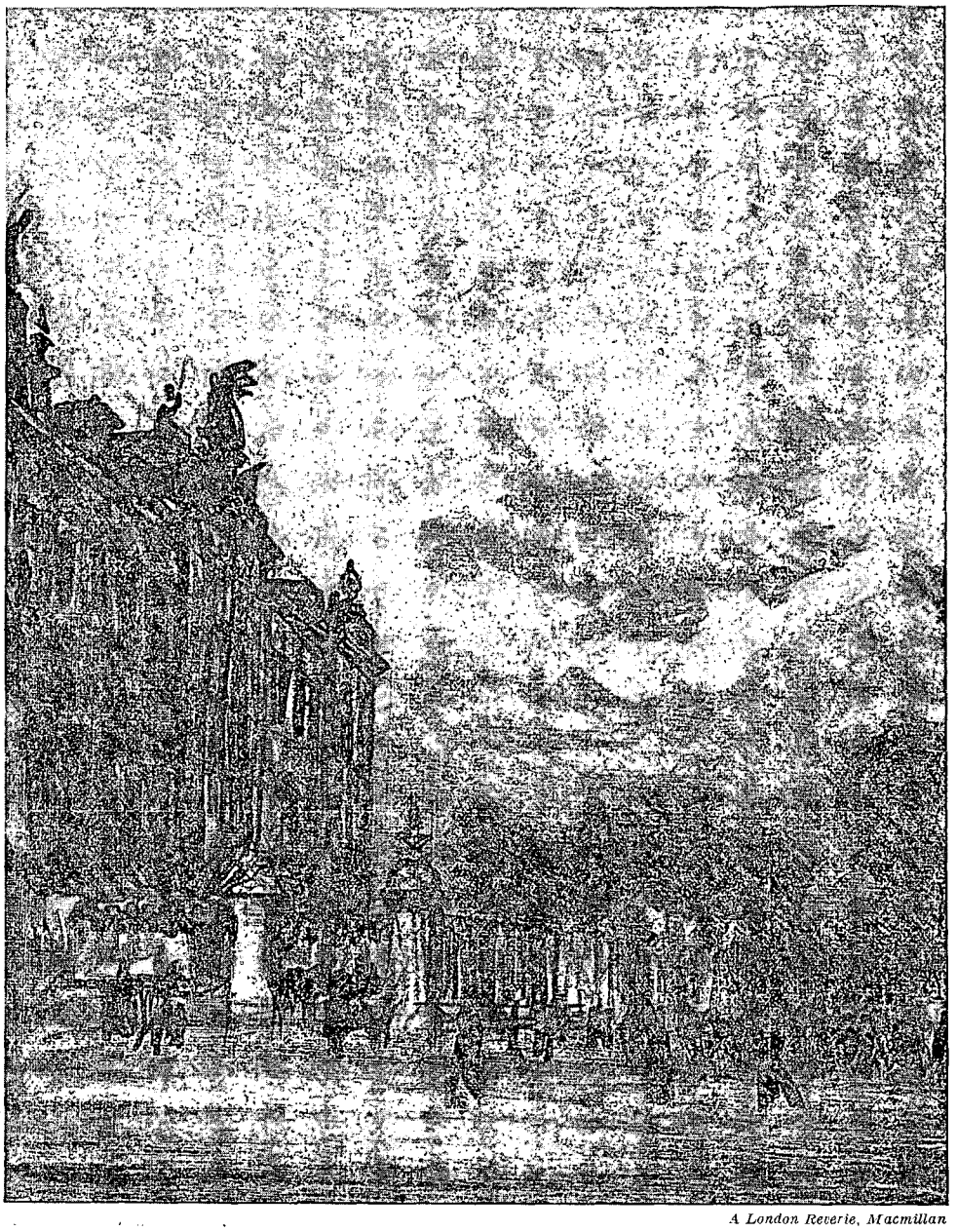

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE: JOSEPH PENNELL

'THIS is the old façade of Buckingham Palace. It was ugly, and the sculptured decorations along the top were very bad and grossly out of proportion. Some years before the War these were removed and the palace refaced after designs by Sir Aston Webb, P. R. A., one of the instances in which alteration has meant improvement.'

reading as an introduction to the works of the Oriental mind.

Like Christianity, Buddhism is an exile from the land of its birth. Professor Pratt has followed it in its double journey, through Burma and Ceylon to the Malay peninsula, and through China to Korea and Japan. The debased Buddhism of Tibet and Mongolia has been omitted as foreign to the standard faith. As readers of his previous work, *India and Its Faiths*, know, Professor Pratt is as much interested in the social as in the philosophical manifestations of the Oriental religions. His chapters on Buddhist temples and the Buddhist social order, monkish and lay, will be appreciated by all who are interested in understanding what they see. His gentle humor and clear exposition can even abate the terrors of Buddhist theology and metaphysics. This book should afford entertainment and profit to both student and globe-trotter.

W. E. WRIGHT

COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA. *By Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928. $3.00.*

Samoans, like bread-fruit, have hitherto belonged with all things alien and strange. Now, skillfully, without stirring up irrational race prejudice, Miss Mead has brought the Samoans inside the pale of vital experience. Her book is probably the most readable account of a remote civilization yet offered to the American public. Young, audacious, she has lived with Samoan natives, has learned their language, and has sat cross-legged for hours on the floors of their huts. She has seen Samoan births and deaths, ceremonies and intimate ways of life. From her observations she fashions a startling commentary on our complex pattern of existence. She graces the scholarly soundness of her material with humor and lucidity of style.

ROADS TO THE NORTH. *By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated by Julia McCune Flory. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1928. $3.00.*

There are two kinds of readers of travelers' tales. There are those who seek hints as to easy and efficient ways of getting about. They are practical and ask how and why. There are also those who, like the philosopher Kant, remain at home and see the world from the vantage point of the library. *Roads to the North* is written especially for the latter category, and is an account of a bicycle trip through the Midlands and up the East Coast of England. The trip concerns the adventures of the author and an actor friend, George, 'not so well known on Broadway'; they began at Southampton, that clean salt-tanged city, and traveled to Morpeth beyond Newcastle.

The tone of the author is cultivated, casually humorous, leisurely in manner and polite in gesture. About most of the places visited, he has much out-of-the-ordinary information, some interesting speculations, and a fund of good gossip. What, however, enhances the value of the book is a series of neatly turned epigrams concerning characters whom he encountered in the towns, at the inns, and on the roadways. Of the carpenter he says, 'He who works in wood comes close to the heart of nature, close therefore to the love of men.' Again of metal-workers, he declares, 'Workers in iron are toughened by the metal of their occupation.'

Indeed this is the type of this book, a series of reflections by a cultivated gentleman about things and people in another land, and thus this book joins that great throng of impressions of travel which must always delight the stay-at-home.

PAUL ANDERSON

HEROES FROM HAKLUYT. *By Charles J. Finger. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1928. $3.50.*

With sympathy and deftness Mr. Finger has chosen the choicest morsels of Hakluyt, the gallant old chronicler of 'The Principal Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over-land to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the Earth at any time within the compasse of these 1600 yeeres.' It appears, says Mr. Finger, that Richard Hakluyt grew weary of hearing Frenchmen and Spaniards brag of their splendid exploits over the whole surface of the earth. Therefore he delved into ancient accounts, and brought his knowledge of cosmography to bear on them and set down with pride the hardy beginnings of Britain's far-flung sea power.

Mr. Finger has condensed the prosy, long-winded parts of Hakluyt into simple, lucid, transitional paragraphs. Guided by him, we sail with the earliest adventurers into frigid northern seas before William the Conqueror has crossed the Channel. Later, we penetrate Russia with Richard Chancellor in 1553 to witness the magnificence of the Muscovite court and the formal opening of Anglo-Russian trade relations. From the deck of the 'Golden Hind' we see the light on Sir Humphrey Gilbert's ship go out suddenly beneath a mighty sea. As we follow Drake's course around the globe we realize what a ruthless, unscrupulous highwayman of great waters he was. Yet he did 'courteously entreat' the natives of the west coast of North America. Indeed, according to the record, many a British navigator in this early time took particular care in dealing with savages to

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'allure them unto him by every fair means,' and only when they failed to understand British motives was force used.

There are other good things in this book — Sir John Hawkins acquiring and trading in negroes as if they were so many pounds of salted meat; the tale of Lord O'Sullivan, who surreptitiously fitted out pirate ships for his pleasure and profit; the sailing of 'Prince Edward the sonne of King Henry the third'; a graphic account of the conflict with the Spanish Armada; and various treasures lumped together at the end, such as the mention of incubators in Egypt in the 16th century, and the conquest of Chile.

This is a book for children and for all grown-up children. Paul Honoré has put into it appropriate wood-cuts, glowing, vague in outline, massive. And the rich outer cover is one to be kept.

MARGARET H. IRISH

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDICINE. *By Charles Singer. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1928. $3.00.*

The valuable uses of a good — and this is an excellent — book of this nature are too many to list, but one, not the most obvious, may be appropriately mentioned here. The traveler with a lay or learned interest in medicine could scarcely hope for a better companion-guide. For he will surely wish to know of anything of any significance in the history of medicine which may reside in the otherwise famous places he visits. And of this Dr. Singer will tell him. Padua sheltered the man who did for anatomy what Copernicus did for astronomy; in Leyden we may see where clinical teaching as it exists to-day was begun; we may look on Constantinople with more interest as the place where a learned English lady gained that knowledge of inoculation with which, on her return to England, she spurred Jenner forward.

This is one specific use of the book. It will lend itself to many more, not the least being reading for information and interest. Dr. Singer has done marvels of condensation, and yet he avoids the dryness of mere outline. The book is so constructed that, after adequate treatment of Greek, Roman, and mediæval medicine (or the lack of it), to the Renaissance and modern workers goes the more generous portion of the book. The illustrations are copious and excellent.

The praise the work merits can best be expressed by saying that, in a book of 362 pages similar in typography and format to the average volume of fiction, the author has substantially achieved the objects he sets forth in the preface: —

'To stress the principles of medicine rather than the details of practice; to treat of those principles in as small a space as may be,' and to conserve that space by voluntary omissions, such as that of extended biographical matter; to sketch the 'ideas that . . . present themselves to him as the most important and fruitful,' and, for the benefit of lay readers, to keep as much as possible free of technical phraseology.

D. C. ANDERSON

A VOYAGE TO PAGANY. *By William Carlos Williams. New York: Macaulay. 1928. $2.50.*

Childe Harold in 1928. The younger generation in its quest of futility, rather nicely set in France, Italy, and Austria. If you know the spots, you can fish a travel interest out of the pageant of the hero's heart.

SPANISH SUMMER. *By George Craig Stewart. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Company. 1928. $5.00.*

A handsome little book, decorated with ornate etchings by J. J. Myall, and containing a series of short essays on Spanish cities and customs, done in pleasing but overly subjective style.

INDIA. *By Martin Hürlmann. With over three hundred illustrations in photogravure. New York: B. Westermann Co. 1928. $8.00.*

These two volumes are the current additions to the 'Picturesque' series now being imported by B. Westermann. The series cannot be praised too highly for those who like beautiful photographs of foreign scenes. It is amazing how evenly high a standard of photography and reproduction has been maintained in these volumes. The brief introductions, written by scholars, succeed in giving a tremendous amount of cultural information about the countries involved in a very short space. Each volume is supplied with an excellent sketch map and index.

Surely no public library or private person with a penchant for reading about foreign lands can afford to be without at least three or four volumes of this series. They are not books which one would wish to read through or leaf over and then be done with; they are rather treasure-houses of visual information with which to supplement one's reading. And for the man who has already traveled in the countries with which they are concerned they will be a constant stimulus to delighted travel memories.

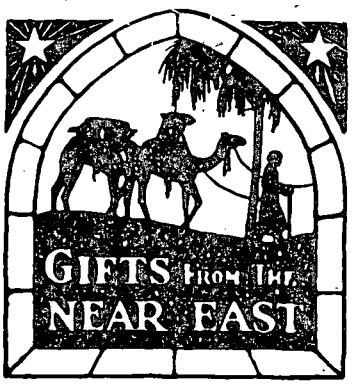
THE OXFORD ADVANCED ATLAS. *By John Bartholomew. Third Edition. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1928. $3.50 (without Index, $3.00).*

Appleton's Modern Atlas. Edited by George Philip, F. R. G. S., and W. R. McConnell, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1928. $4.00.

The almost simultaneous publication of two such excellent atlases fills a long felt gap in popular reference literature. It is very difficult to say which atlas is the better. For North America, Appleton's is easily more complete; for Europe, the Oxford. *Appleton's Modern Atlas* may be slightly superior to the *Oxford Advanced Atlas* in South America and Asia Minor; the latter has an equal superiority in Africa, Australasia, and the rest of Asia. The Oxford maps, engraved by Bartholomew, are of course infinitely better than Appleton's, but Appleton's, in turn, are far above the average. Both volumes are exceedingly useful. For the American abroad, one is inclined to give preference to the Oxford; the beauty of its maps will certainly afford many hours of pleasure to a traveler foresighted enough to provide himself with a copy.

MODERN JAPAN AND ITS PROBLEMS. *By G. C. Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1928. $3.00.*

The Japanese are idealists, their traditional politeness is mistaken for deceitfulness by the West, which can never understand them, and their civilization is struggling to survive the influence of America and especially of Hollywood. From an interesting beginning, Mr. Allen carries on a dull and statistical review of the economic situation in Japan.



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AUSTRIA. *By Kurt Hielscher. With over three hundred illustrations in photogravure. New York: B. Westermann Co. 1928. $8.00.*

A LONDON REVERIE. *Fifty-six drawings by Joseph Pennell arranged with an introductory essay and notes by J. C. Squire. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $8.00.*

The drawings reproduced herewith are sufficient review for this book. To those who like Pennell's subtle, misty technique, which leaves more unsaid than that of almost any artist of similar temperament, the volume will offer endless joy. Mr. Squire's notes, three of which appear here as captions, are brilliantly unobtrusive, and his introduction, a gem of delightful reverie. Concerning such a book there is little to be said. One can only tell those who have eyes to study it; they will be rewarded.

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The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 322*)

always convey the precise shades of meaning of foreign tongues.

The staff which now supplies translations for THE LIVING AGE leads, intellectually and philologically, a varied and adventurous life. No matter how skilled a translator may be, he finds that all languages have disconcerting and irritating gaps. What one language can say, another cannot. There is, for example, a word that Russians find so useful amid all the ills that flesh is heir to — *nitschevo*. Literally it means 'not anything.' But actually it means almost everything. It is the phrase with which your true Russian shrugs off all disasters, major or minor. If a clumsy passer-by treads on his toes and apologizes, the Russian accepts the apology with '*Nitschevo*.' If a revolution reduces one from wealth to poverty and drives one into exile, it is still, '*Nitschevo!*' No English word quite takes its place.

English is revenged, however, because it presents at least equal difficulties to its translators. The French translator of *Hamlet* stumbled badly when he sought to render Shakespeare's 'Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this.' He made it *quelle action furieuse et sanglante* — which is perfectly literal and yet somehow misses Shakespeare's phrasing entirely. The German translator who attempted Mr. Charles Merz's *Great American Bandwagon* found himself baffled by the American vocabulary in almost every sentence; and the still more unfortunate Teuton who tried to translate *What Price Glory* finally gave up in despair and sent for a German war veteran to supply equivalent profanity from the German side of the firing line.

In spite of expense and difficulty, translations continue to be a distinctive feature of the new LIVING AGE. That such matter is highly esteemed by our 'internationally minded' friends does not admit of doubt. The proportion which translated material bears to the total text of the magazine necessarily varies, as influenced by the efforts of the present Editors to follow the lines laid down by the first Editor, eighty-five years ago, by furnishing a fairly complete picture, month by month, of 'the conditions and changes of foreign countries.'

This number of THE LIVING AGE contains two translations of exceptional timeliness and value, Martin Wronsky's *From Berlin to Peking by Air* and A. Demangeon's *The Cape to Cairo Dream*.

Herr Wronsky is the Director of the great German airways system, the *Deutsches Luft Hansa*, which not only operates freight and passenger services all over Germany, but extends its lines throughout Europe, and is contemplating a service to South America and Asia. His article, which we print in translation, was written for the centenary number of *Reclams Universum*, a literary and scientific periodical which, since its foundation in 1828, has contributed to the prestige and prosperity of the city of Leipzig. The article is important as a considered utterance of the head of a large corporation devoted to air transport, on the future of long-distance commercial flying. It reveals what conservative Europeans are planning for the future of flying.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Africa, as pointed out in *The World Over* in this number, has drawn the attention of mankind to the richest undeveloped country in the world. M. Demangeon's article on the most important of Africa's economic problems, transportation, may be considered authoritative. Cecil Rhodes's dream, a Cape-to-Cairo railroad, was the earlier conception of what transport facilities Africa needed. It turns out not to be what Africa needs at all.

AS THIS, the January number, will reach subscribers just before Christmas, THE LIVING AGE takes this opportunity of wishing its friends a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

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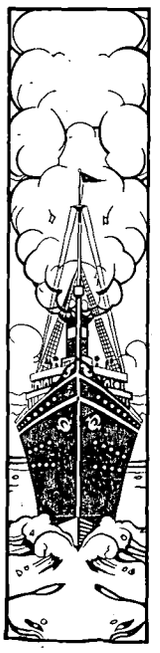

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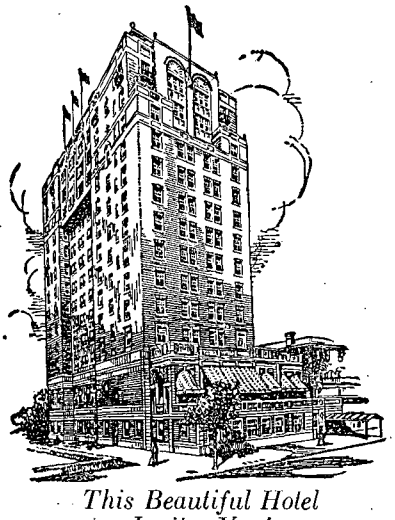

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The Cape to Cairo Dream

(*Continued from page 368*)

the Germans from the port of Dâr-es-Salaam on the Indian Ocean to Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika. It was finished in February of 1914. There is little hope of much carrying trade from the steppelike regions that it crosses; but, like the Uganda line, it is being pushed into the heart of Africa, to the frontiers of the Belgian Congo. When the Germans were building it, they talked of it as the eastern section of a transverse trans-African railroad which, passing through the rich Katanga region, would eventually connect the Portuguese colony of Angora on the Atlantic with German East Africa on the Indian Ocean.

FINALLY, there are the several railroads which the Belgians are pushing inland toward this same Katanga region, a so-called 'El Dorado' of copper. The first of these lines begins on the shores of the Bay of Lobito, near Benguela, in Portuguese territory. It climbs on a section of cog rail the slopes of the coastal hills to reach the high, healthy plateau of Bihe. It goes on through Chinga. Already it has reached a point beyond Silva Porto and is moving toward Dilolo, whence it will eventually reach the mining region of the Katanga. A passable road now connects the present railhead with Fungurume, a junction point on the Katanga railroad between Elisabethville and Bukama. This road, now used by motor trucks and automobiles, is the old caravan route of the slave traders. When the railroad itself is completed, it will provide the shortest and quickest means of access to the copper mines of Katanga: from London to Kambove through Lobito and Katanga is 7400 miles; through Matadi and Luebo, 7500; through Matadi and Stanleyville, 8300; through Capetown and Bulawayo, 10,200; through Beira on the Indian Ocean and Bulawayo, 11,450. This railroad will also be the best method of reaching Rhodesia. Thus another transverse trans-African railroad is being set up, another wedge driven into the domain of the trans-African railroad that runs from north to south.

But the Belgians are not satisfied with this. They seem determined to have a railroad to the Katanga which will pass entirely through Belgian territory. Already they have completed a 750 mile narrow-gauge line from Bukama westward to Luebo. Luebo is on the Kasai at a point where this great river is navigable at all seasons of the year. Work was begun from both ends and was pushed through quickly. The line was inaugurated by the King of the Belgians only last summer. Now one may reach the Katanga without taking the wide detour which the old route followed, along the north-swinging curve of the Congo. The itinerary runs as follows: from Matadi, at the mouth of the Congo, to Leopoldville by the Belgian Lower Congo railroad; from Leopoldville to Luebo by boat on the Congo and the Kasai; from Luebo to Bukama by the new railroad just described. The trip from Leopoldville to Bukama is thus cut to a distance of 1400 miles, and requires only one transshipment. The train schedules correspond with the schedule of ships sailing from Antwerp. Travelers leaving the European port on the 22nd of May, for instance, have arrived at Elisabethville in the centre of Africa on June 26; and, if they had wished to, they could have gone on and reached Bulawayo by the 30th of June, and Capetown by the 2nd of July.

THE great rail route from the Cape to Cairo, which follows the meridians, to-day seems only a dream, a figment of the imagination. There is no real flow of traffic from north to south. Traffic flows from east to west along the parallels. If a transcontinental railroad is to exist in Africa (leaving out of consideration French North Africa), it will be a transverse one, rather than the longitudinal railroad that sprang from a British dream quite foreign to the economic life of the African continent.

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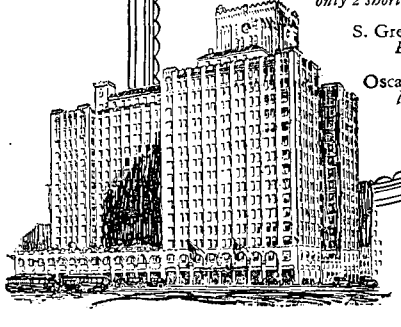

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World

¶ We must establish the respectability of peace and get rid of the false glamour surrounding war. — *Reverend Frederick Norwood, D.D., pastor of the City Temple of London, England.*

¶ Mussolini: 'If it is necessary, will you do to-morrow what you have done, what we did together, yesterday?'

Seventy thousand Italian World War veterans: 'Yes!' — *Report of the Roman celebration of the Italian victory over Austria at the Battle of Vittorio Veneto.*

¶ There is still talk about renouncing war, and pious platitudes about universal peace are on everyone's lips. But there has been no real progress toward the abolition of war. Locarno agreements and Kellogg pacts are mere eyewash to bamboozle the people while statesmen carry on their secret negotiations to prepare for the next war. — *The Right Honorable Philip Snowden, M.P., former Chancellor of the British Exchequer.*

¶ I do not think that all the statesmen of Europe and of the world who have solemnly pledged their nations against the institution of war can be called visionary idealists. — *U. S. Secretary of State Kellogg.*

¶ I cordially welcome the spirit and letter of the Kellogg Pact. I am firmly convinced that none of the great civilized powers want war or want to gain their ends by means of war, and if everyone would show a little more confidence in this feeling and less feverish anxiety that war may come if we do not arrive at elaborate agreements of numbers, classes, armaments, etc., in great detail, our feet will be guided into the way of peace. — *The Right Honorable W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty.*

¶ As our relations are getting better our armaments are growing bigger. The nations are sharpening their arms on the stones of the Temple of Peace. The armaments of France today are four times as powerful as those of the great German army of 1914. — *The Right Honorable David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of England.*

¶ Though cannon may be muzzled and poison gas manufacture in suspense, our gigantic war propaganda plant has never been properly scrapped, and, under cover of the night, the factories still go on stealthily pumping out a few 'extra special' samples of the good old fumes. There's hardly a morning passes when some of it does not drift on to the breakfast table, folded up, usually, in twenty-four sheets of paper. — *General Sir Ian Hamilton, D.S.O.*

¶ If one sets apart the disarmament imposed upon certain nations by the peace treaties, one finds the world just as strongly armed as in 1914. Wherever there is liberty of action I find that preparations are actively under way to bring armaments up to the highest point of efficiency, and in general to organize armies and navies to conform to the political needs of the respective countries. — *General von Seeckt, former Commander of the German Reichswehr.*

¶ The armies of the world are ready to fight. The navies only await the order to lift anchor and go into action. Aërial armies are ready to destroy our cities in one night. Within a few weeks the world's war machines could again imperil civilization.

Four years of war are now only unthinkable because they would be unnecessary. The apparatus of war, evolved since the end of war to end war, would probably destroy civilization in a few months. — *The Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, former British Home Secretary.*

¶ We are in the profession of arms, and yet it is ultimately for peace that we are laboring and calling to the other peoples for coöperation and support, for therein alone, we believe, lies the highest glory of a nation and the happiness of mankind.

The great war impressed mankind with the miseries attending it and finally awakened them to the futility of continuing it indefinitely. — *Keisuke Okada, Japanese Minister of the Navy.*

¶ We have an obligation to do something toward freeing the world of war. We must interest all of the people, make them think, make them work out the solution with us. War is a senseless slaughter of youth that takes as its victims the best in the land.

We are not so much concerned with armament as with the men behind the armament. We must educate them. The limitation of armament is helpful and should be encouraged. It is human nature, however, that makes the trouble. Now that war has become a matter of industries, we are the best prepared nation in the world. This brings us a frightful responsibility to do straight thinking on the subject. — *Major General John F. O'Ryan, U. S. A., retired; former Commander 27th Div., A. E. F.*

¶ May I draw your attention to the fact that the Germans consider this date [Armistice Day] as the day on which they were betrayed by Mr. Wilson and his Allies by the so-called 'fourteen points' offered to, and accepted by, the German people as well as by the entente as the basis for the treaty of peace? Trusting this offer as genuine, honorable, and loyal, Germany signed the armistice. Not one of the 'fourteen points' is contained in the Versailles treaty! —*Count Schmettow, Acting Chief of the former German Kaiser's Household.*

¶ The American people themselves through their control of their Government have brought on each foreign war in which the United States has become involved. It behooves our citizens to inform themselves upon international questions and conditions, if they would have their country avoid foreign wars. — *Colonel Samuel C. Vestal, U. S. A., Chief of the Historical Section of the Army War College.*

¶ There is a grave danger that the world will allow itself to be chloroformed by general declarations in favor of peaceful intentions. If a man says he is against shooting and, at the same time, purchases two new revolvers, what would you think of him? He might say he did not intend to use them, but I think you would have your doubts. — *Lord Riddell, British journalist and publicist.*

Browsing in the Balearics

(*Continued from page 339*)

The same glamour hangs over Miramar, where Jaime II built for Raimon Lull a college for teaching Arabic, then the language of scholars. Recently, from 1868 to 1913, it was the realm of that eccentric Austrian archduke, Ludwig Salvator, who, having lost his princess true love, came here to live the life of a happy hermit. A linguist and man of the greatest learning, son of a Bourbon grand duchess, he isolated himself here with those trees which he loved so much that they finally became an obsession with him. He could not bear to have one cut and, in order to protect them, gradually came to own all that his eye could see. He it was who established the Hospedería where any passing stranger could have for three days and nights free lodging, fuel, and oil. In spite of his gardens, his art collections, his great houses, all that remains of the archduke now is a few memories, and the hull of his ocean-going yacht which lies rotting in the bay of Palma.

Indeed one can wander for many happy weeks over the islands. Mallorca you will find half mountain and half plain, the north coast a mass of peaks coming abruptly to the sea, and always the constant battle between waves and rocks being waged. From one wee town to another you may wend your happy way, never finding the distances uncomfortably great, always finding the landscape an utter delight — crags and torrents and majestic mountain sides, rolling hills massed with fragile pink of peach blossoms, or apple or quince or almond. The air is fragrant with wild hyacinth, lavender, rosemary, mountain mint; here you may see orange trees by the half-acre, their golden fruit glistening bright against the shiny leaves; here are hillsides soft with the dusty green leaves of olive trees, here are round-towered windmills with vast sails.

There are *talayotes*, Cyclopean tower-like circular structures with entrances high above the ground. Perhaps they were fortified dwellings or perhaps tombs.

But in the Balearics, the dead do not intrude themselves with unpleasant insistence, and the living do everything possible to add to your happiness. Mallorca is a sort of Lotus Land where one yields completely to the charm of the present, content with the mood of the moment, looking neither to the past nor to the future. In Mallorca to-day there is peace and serenity in full measure, pressed down and overflowing. Small wonder we resent those disgorged boat loads of prying tourists!

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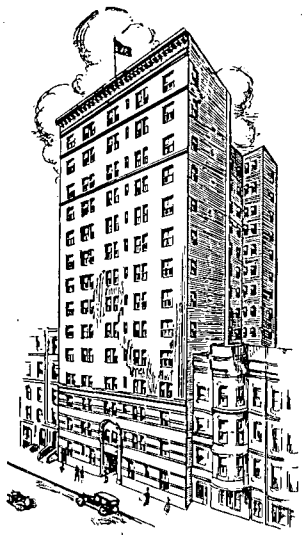

Restaurant direction
Pierre Couset

World Records

(*Continued from page 322*)

Williams, of the U. S. Army 'Three Musketeers team,' recently lost his life at Los Angeles, Cal.

¶ TALKING. Although the Editors of THE LIVING AGE do not find themselves always in accord with the *Sunday Times* (London), they accept without cavil its recent award for continuous garrulity, and quote: 'Until the other day the world's record for talking was held by an American lady, whose proud boast it was to have spoken without stopping for forty-three and a half hours; now comes the news that a Berlin actor ran on for 132 hours. 'The first duty of a man is to speak," said Stevenson; "that is his chief business in this world." All the same, nobody would be allowed to pursue his business for 132 hours on end; this is a clear case for the eight-hour day.'

¶ BIRDS. According to a special dispatch from the *New York Herald Tribune's* London Bureau, tourists may find in the aviary at the London Zoo a world's champion bird with a unique record. Known as the turacou or plantain eater, it has acquired so completely the British habit of tea drinking that it indignantly rejects water for beverage purposes; and, unless the tea is sufficiently strong and sugared to taste, the turacou will cackle and chatter with rage until served to its satisfaction.

¶ PROHIBITION. All previous records in the enforcement of the Prohibition Law were proudly surpassed by the enforcement officials of the U. S. Government in the past fiscal year. Convictions, 48,820, or more than 4,000 a month, and more than 150 for each court day. Fines, in the aggregate, more than $7,000,000, or nearly $600,000 a month and $20,000 each day. Prison sentences, in the aggregate, 7,700 years, which, if served by a single individual and a representative of each succeeding generation, would be finished in the year of Our Lord, 9628.

¶ BOOK REVIEW. For the month's most subtle and intriguing book review, that of Beveridge's *Abraham Lincoln*, by Mr. Philip Morrell, in the *Sunday Times* (London), readily claims attention. Space limitations prevent its complete reproduction here, but the first paragraph, earnest, eloquent, and eulogistic, deserves repetition — with the emphasis of italics which the author did not use. 'Of all great national heroes Lincoln is at once the strongest and the most attractive,' declares Mr. Morrell. 'In the breadth of his humanity, his eloquence, his tenderness he belongs to the world; but he is also essentially national, an American of Americans; from no other country could he have sprung; *and when we are tempted sometimes to think less kindly than we ought of that great race, which speaks a language not unlike our own, and yet is in many respects so foreign*, let us recall the story of Abraham Lincoln and ask ourselves what other nation in modern times has produced a more admirable man.'

Fortunate it is that America labored to produce Lincoln. For this world service, it is easier for Britishers to forgive Americans a few of their many shortcomings.

¶ FILIAL DILEMMA. For the month's oddest filial dilemma the claim of Miss Mariska Kramaz, of Budapest, Hungary, is entitled to recognition. Two years ago, as Mariska was mourning at the deathbed of the woman supposed to be her mother, the dying one disclosed that she and her deceased husband were not Mariska's real parents, but had adopted her from the White Cross League when she was a few months old, her mother having been an unmarried woman of the same name — Terez Kramaz — born in Felsö-Putnak.

Not long after, Mariska received a letter from the Hungarian Consulate in São Paulo, Brazil, which informed her that Terez Kramaz, born in Felsö-Putnak, was alive and in comfortable circumstances, having emigrated to Brazil after placing her fatherless child with the White Cross League. Mariska joined her newly discovered mother in Brazil, and soon after Mrs. Kramaz died and left her fortune to Mariska. The girl then returned to Hungary, where she received a letter from a solicitor in Ungvár stating that a client of his, Terez Ramaz, born in Felsö-Putnak, claimed to be the mother of Mariska, and could prove that it was her illegitimate child that had been placed at the White Cross League over twenty years before, though she had since become reunited to the man who had been its father.

Now Mariska would like to know who she really is. Can you blame her?

¶ OLDEST WOMAN DOCTOR. Born in St. James, London, in 1830, Dr. Harriet Clisby, now living in West Kensington, is recognized as the oldest woman doctor in the world. At the age of 28, she was the first woman editor of what is said to have been the first phonographic magazine, published in Adelaide, Australia, by Sir (then Mr.) Isaac Pitman. Later, Dr. Clisby lived in New York for three years, and in Boston, Mass., for twenty years more. In 1885 she left Boston and settled in Geneva, Switzerland, thence to London in 1911, where she still resides, 'remarkably vivacious and active,' according to reliable reports. Dr. Clisby has retired from active practice, but offers 'spiritual, hygienic, or psychological assistance' gratis to anyone in need. She recently celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday, which makes her about 14 years older than THE LIVING AGE.

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